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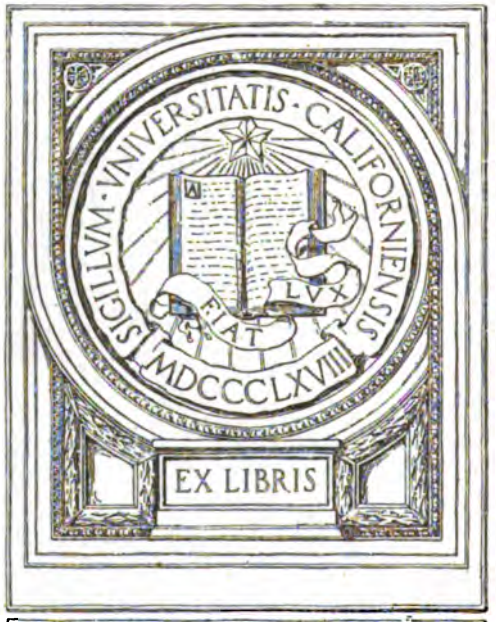

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THE

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A Monthly Periodical

DEVOTED TO THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES,
FOLK-LORE, TRADITIONS,

AND THE

SOCIAL AND MATERIAL INTERESTS OF THE CELT
AT HOME AND ABROAD.

EDITED BY

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.,

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The Celtic Magazine.

EDITED BY

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. Scot.

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THE HERO TALES OF THE GAEL.

I.—Introduction.

Some of our most important Hero Tales have not yet appeared in a form accessible either to the general public or to those students who interest themselves in popular and folk tales. It is the intention of this series of articles to supply this want: translations, with introductions and notes, will be given of the leading tales that mark each cycle of our Gaelic heroic literature. Our sources are chiefly the following :—For two of the most important tales—the story of Deirdre and the Cow-spoil of Cualgne—we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. A. A. Carmichael and the Gaelic Society of Inverness, respectively collector and publishers of excellent popular versions of these tales, taken down in vigorous Gaelic. For the translation we are alone responsible. A second source is J. F. Campbell's "Leabhar na Feinne." This collection of Heroic Gaelic Ballads contains only Gaelic texts: it is entitled Vol. I., it being Mr. Campbell's intention to issue a translation of the work. The death of the author has cut off all hope of this, and the work remains practically a sealed book for those who cannot read and understand Gaelic. These ballads, as we shall see, are mostly rhymed prose tales, and some of the Gaelic introductions are as important as the ballads they preface. Our third source is various: some four or five of these tales we have ourselves collected in a popular and somewhat debased form, and there are others scattered in various publications, more or less ephemeral, of which we shall make use.

Our versions, it will be observed, will all be modern and popular; they will be all native to the Gaelic Highlands, where they have been orally collected within the last century and a-half. The only work, connected with our subject, that could be counted on as native previous to last century, is the Book of the Dean of Lismore (circa 1512), for all our early Edinburgh manuscripts are couched in Irish Gaelic, and most of them are clearly of Irish origin. Consequently we hold these "suspect," and confine ourselves purely to the popular heroic literature of the Highlands as taken down and written since the time of Culloden. We shall, of course, make reference to the Dean of Lismore's Book, for it is written in the Gaelic vernacular of his time, at least for the most part, but even it we may suspect of Irish influence, for the Dean, being a cleric, was strongly drawn towards ecclesiastical and literary Ireland, the seat of the Middle-Age Celtic Church and Literature, and the district in which he wrote—Perthshire—has been, next to Argyle, most directly connected with Ireland, belonging, as it does, to the Southern and more Irish dialect of the Gaelic. But this brings us to consider the relationship between the Hero Tales and Ballads of Ireland and those of Scotland.

ARE THE GAELIC HERO TALES OF IRISH ORIGIN?

In the full blaze of the Ossianic controversy, the Irish writers claimed that Ossian and Fingal belonged to them and to them alone; the Scottish Gael had merely borrowed these tales; even Macpherson could not keep his fabricated Fingal out of Ireland: and they could point to definite historic dates and definite localities as the times and scenes of these events. Such were the arguments used, with many disparaging remarks as to the purity and antiquity of the Scottish Gaelic as compared with its near sister dialect of Ireland. But it is not the controversialists of the past and present that alone held or hold this view. In a modified form it has commended itself to Prof. Windisch, who, in his "Keltische Sprachen," says that his opinion "tends to the conclusion that all these poems, as well as the sagas which they include, are of Irish origin, and I scarcely believe that the Scots brought them in this shape from their earlier settlements. I think it much more probable from the style of composition that

many poems were brought over in later centuries either orally or written." Here the Professor touches two questions; the Scots or Gaels came from Ireland; did they bring the sagas of the race with them? Secondly, many of the "Ossianic" poems appear to be later than this period; they introduce the Ossianic heroes as fighting with the Norse and especially with Manus who fell in 1103; were these composed in Ireland and brought across to Scotland, for the ballad of Manus is found on both Scotch and Irish soil, in Miss Brooke's *Reliques* as well as in Gillies' *Collection?* Or was the communication between the two countries in the later Middle Ages so close and constant in language and literature that in these respects the two peoples were practically one? We shall find that the latter alternative is nearest the truth.

For Ireland and Scotland had practically a common language and literature till the time of the Reformation, and even after the Reformation the ebb of the Irish influence was felt in our earliest printed works and in the orthography adopted. The first Gaelic book printed in Scotland was Bishop Carswell's Gaelic Prayer Book (1567), and it, as O'Donovan, than whom no better judge could be found, says, "is pure Irish and agrees with the Irish manuscripts of the same period in orthography, syntax, and idiom." At that time the literary language for the two countries was identical; but we must not think that the popular dialects were in any such harmony with one another. We have every indication that the popular Gaelic of Scotland was travelling with greater rapidity down the grooves of change than the literary dialect of the time, which itself was changing from middle Irish to modern Irish. Once the Reformation broke the chain of connection, the Scotch Gaelic proceeded on its course of change unchecked by literary influences, and it is certain that during the last three hundred years our Gaelic has undergone greater changes than during any similar period of time previously. Little or nothing has been borrowed in the popular literature or in the popular language from Ireland since the Reformation. The common literary stock of hero tale and ballad belongs to the pre-Reformation time. The Gaels, in our opinion, came from Ireland originally; in how many immigrations is unknown; but the last and almost the only

one known was that Christian colony which Fergus, son of Erc, led into Scotland in the end of the fifth century. Culture, literature, and Christianity followed in their wake with Columba and his monks. The Irish bards carried the tales and poems of the mother country among a kindred people, and doubtless received in turn whatever Albanic genius was able to add to the common stock of Gaelic literature. This went on for nigh ten centuries, and Scotland was a second home not merely for the Irish priest and Culdee but also for the Irish poet and harper. "Even in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries," says Dr. Sullivan, in his article on Celtic Literature for the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, "the Irish poets and musicians included Scotland in their circuit, and took refuge, and sought their fortune there. We shall mention one instance as it happens to be instructive in another way, that of Muireadhach O'Daly, better known on account of his long stay in Scotland as Muireadhach Albanach, or Muireach the Scotsman." This Muireach Albanach is believed to have been the ancestor of the Mac Vurrichs, hereditary bards to Clanranald, the direct descendant of whom figures in the Ossianic controversy.

The conclusion we come to on this question as to whether our Gaelic Hero Tales are of Irish origin is simply this: we think the question is unfairly put; for when those tales were in the process of formation, a period which ends with the Reformation, but which goes back to the origin of the Gaelic race of both Scotland and Ireland, the Gaelic-speaking peoples of Ireland and Scotland were one as regards language, literature, and culture. The first tale with which we shall commence our series, and also one of the very oldest, proves this. It is the story of Deirdre, and there the scenes are shifted from Ireland to Scotland and then from Scotland back again to Ireland. Of course Ireland, as the seat of the Gaelic race, produced most of the literature of that race, but we must not, because it is in the cultured language of Middle-Age Ireland that the best specimens of our Gaelic literature is contained, say that Ireland produced all this literature. Besides, these Hero Tales, from their very nature, are for the most part as old as the Gaelic language itself and belong to no particular epoch of the language or the race; they develop with

the language and culture of the people, "grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength."

Scotland has advanced its own popular dialect to the position of a literary language, adopting many Irishisms, besides the orthography, in the process. The old Irish-Scottish literary language was lost and so too was its written literature. It is only the purely popular part of the old Gaelic literature, what was in the mouth and on the lips of the people, that has been retained. The more learned and literary pieces are unknown; the histories and genealogies have disappeared, and with them, too, the many monkish manufactures that traced Irish history back to times previous to the flood. It is, therefore, what is purely popular of the remarkable Irish-Scottish literature that has lasted to our time, and it comes to be a question whether this popular or folk literature is a broken-down form of the older learned and written literature, or whether the learned literature was an attempt to raise the popular literature to the dignity of history and rational incident. We may put the question in a more concrete form, thus: Are these Hero Tales the genuine popular tradition handed down through countless generations by oral transmission, or are they Tales written by literary men at definite times and places, and degraded by getting into general circulation among the people, who handed them down by oral tradition and made them get still more "marred in the telling"? This is a difficult question to answer, because both processes probably went on at the same time: we shall be able to answer the question better after we have been through the tales, but meanwhile we may draw attention to what Mr. Alfred Nutt has said in our last number on this subject (pp. 552-4), and merely say that we incline to the view that the popular form of the Hero Tales is the oldest, while the literary form, is, for the most part, a rationalised or euhemerised (Bowdlerised ?) form of the popular Hero Tale.

CONTENTS AND CYCLES OF THE GAELIC HERO TALES.

The whole of our Gaelic Hero Tales centre round only two chief heroes: these heroes are Cuchulinn and Fionn. The Irish heroic literature, combining as it does the literary and popular elements, has at least one more important cycle of tales. This cycle is called the Mythological Cycle, and deals with the mythic

conquests of Ireland before the Christian era, the successive and strange races that inhabited the land, and the long list of Milesian kings that ruled for nigh two thousand years previous to the Christian era. The second cycle is the first cycle of the Scottish Gael, viz., the Cuchulinn Cycle, whose "circa" is the first years of the first century after Christ. The third cycle is that of Fionn —our second cycle in Scotland. This cycle is placed some three hundred years later than the Cuchulinn Cycle, towards the middle and end of the third century. The first Irish Cycle deals, as we said, with the early mythical history of Ireland and Scotland, and, however old it may be, it was completely recast by the monks in the Middle Ages, and all obtrusive Paganism was removed. Consequently the Irish gods became merely earthly sovereigns, chiefs of an early race that seized on and colonised Ireland. Monkish manufacture begins Irish history before the flood, when the Lady Cesair took the island. But she and her company were drowned, all except Finntan, who survived the flood in a Druidic sleep and lived for generations to relate the tale. Several post-deluvian "takings" of the island then follow; but the outstanding invasions amount to four. These are the Fir-bolgs, overcome by the Tuatha-De-Danann, both of whom were successively annoyed by the Fomorians or sea-rovers; and, lastly, came the Milesian or the real Gaelic Irish race. The Fir-bolg, Fomorians, and Tuatha-De-Danann fight with each other by means of Druidic arts mostly, and it is incontestably established that the Tuatha-De, as indeed the name shows, were the higher gods of the Gaels. The Fomorians were the gods of misrule and death; that is also clear. The Fir-bolg may have been earth-powers, or they may have been the pre-Celtic inhabitants; it is hard to say. When the Milesians arrived they found the Tuatha-De-Danann in possession; the Tuatha kept them at bay by Druid magaic, but at last came to terms with the Milesians or Gaels, gave up Ireland to them, and themselves retired to the *Sids* or fairy mounds, and to the Land of Promise, from which places they still watched and tended the actions of men. Now these facts, such as they are, appear in sober chronological order in the Irish annals, with minute details and genealogies. The Tuatha-De came to Ireland in the year 1900 B.C., and the Milesians in 1700.

Such is the Mythological Cycle. Passing over some seventeen hundred years, we come to the beginning of the Christian era and to the Cuchulinn Cycle. Ireland was then divided into five provinces and over each was a king. An overking ruled at Tara in Meath. The stories of the Cuchulinn Cycle for the most part centre round the kings of Ulster and of Connaught. The cycle pens with Meave (Medb) as Queen over Connaught, whose consort and husband was Ailill, a weak and foolish man. Meave was a masterful woman, very beautiful but not very good. Some tales represent her as maternally of divine origin, and she herself seems ever young and fair. Ailill was her third husband. She had been married to Conchobar Mac Nessa, King of Ulster, but they had mutually divorced one another. The reign and rule of Conchobar is the Golden Age of Irish romance. He himself is a king of the patriarchal despotic type, a brave and able man, surrounded with a band of heroic warrior knights, called the "Knights of the Red Branch." Fergus Mac Roich, who had been king before Conchobar, was for a time his subject; Fergus had married Nessa, Conchobar's mother, and it was through her that Fergus lost the throne and her son gained it, for she had bargained, as the price of her hand, that her son must get one year's rule as king. Once on the throne, Conchobar remained there, despite Fergus and with the consent of the people. There were three great heroes at his court, three brothers, sons of Usnach and nephews of Conchobar. Their names were Nois, Ardan, and Ainle. They were fleet as hounds in the chase and the three of them could successfully defy a province. They sang so sweetly that every human being who heard them was enchanted and the cattle gave two-thirds more milk. Just when these heroes were at their best, there was emerging from boyhood the greatest of all Gaelic warriors—Cuchulinn, son of Sualtam, "fortissimus heros Scotorum," as Tigernach says. We are now at the opening of the tragic scenes of the Deirdre story; up to this point we have followed the Irish accounts, which are fuller and more consistent than such facts as can be gleaned from our own popular tales. The story of Deirdre we shall tell in our next in English as it was recited in Gaelic over twenty years ago to Mr. Carmichael by a Barra Seanachaidh.

(To be continued.)

THE TRAGEDY OF CLACH-NAN-CEANN.

A Sgeulachd of the Rannoch Camerons.

When Lady Struan's mind was sufficiently composed, she enquired particularly regarding the relations subsisting between Marsali and The Mackintosh of Mackintosh prior to the marriage of the former with Ewen. William explained the circumstances as well as he could. "Ah! Struan," said her Ladyship, "I surmised there was an affair of jealousy in this case; and some men are very revengeful when they are slighted in love." "I was always under the impression," said Struan, "that, in love matters, women were much more revengeful than men." "That may be quite true," said she, "as a general rule; but, wherever you find a plausible and oily-mouthed man like The Mackintosh, who seems to drop honey at every word he utters, depend upon it, such an one has all the vices of a woman without any of her virtues, and is capable of perpetrating very cruel deeds." "Bravo!" exclaimed Struan, "you have hit the nail on the head; but that will not relieve poor Marsali!" "Then," said Lady Struan, "let us send her provisions and clothing, and particularly such things as will bury those poor murdered boys with decency." "That is something to the purpose now!" said Struan. "And," said Lady Struan, looking at her servants, "which of you maids will volunteer to go up to assist Marsali, and be her companion for some time?" "Please, my lady," said Margaret Robertson, a modest, comely young woman, "I will go; and my sister might take my place here." "Well done, you brave and thoughtful girl!" said Struan; "prepare to go immediately; and your sister shall have your place." Margaret curtsied, and retired blushing; and William's heart thrilled as his eye followed her with warm admiration. And now Lady Struan, having graciously bowed to William (which honour he respectfully acknowledged with a low inclination of his body) retired, following after Margaret Robertson to the house to help that young woman to prepare for her journey.

In a very short time, the expedition started from Dunalastair House. It consisted of Struan, William Cameron, Margaret Robertson, fourteen armed men, and several ponies carrying

panniers laden with provisions and other things, each horse being led by a man. They travelled westward along the north bank of the *Dubhag*, passing on their way Milton of Lochgarry, Drummaglass, Auchtiobart, Drumcastle, *Tom-a-chlachaig*, and Craigvar, until they reached Kinloch Rannoch, then, as now, a village of some importance, at the east end of Loch Rannoch. Here they soon launched a boat, which, on account of its large size, was called *Long Shruain*, or "Struan's Ship;" and, having stowed in the contents of the panniers, and sent away the ponies and *gillies*, the whole party went aboard and set sail for *Tigh-na-dige*.

In the list of inedited Gaelic poems collected by the Dean of Lismore, there is one entitled "Long air Loch Raineach," or, "A ship on Loch Rannoch;" and, whether or not Struan's was the original of the ideal ship, this voyage of his deserved to be celebrated by the Celtic muse. A sail along this loch from east to west, save in a storm, when it is sublime, is always beautiful. The *Sliosmìn* on the right, and the *Sliosgarbh* on the left, continually present new scenes of varied loveliness; while, in the rear, the conical Schiehallion seems to grow in charming symmetry and grace, until, at length, two miles along, it is a perfect gem; and then, in sailing on, it lessens inch by inch, and, like a small triangle in the clouds, vanishes at last behind the hills. Truly it is beautiful to sail along the Loch from east to west, extracting pleasure from the outer world; but far more beautiful it is to sail like Struan, to visit the widow and the fatherless, and so to realise that higher pleasure in the soul of doing good.

"Chuir Struan Long air Loch Raineach
Bho'm fac e aluinneachd Schiechaillion,*

* Schiehallion is a very beautiful object from all points in Rannoch whence it can be seen; but probably the best point of view is from the public road that goes along the loch side under the farm-house of Annat. Here it appears perfectly symmetrical, and is truly a gem in the noblest setting of hills on each side and woodland and loch in the foreground. I remember one day in July, 1885, when driving in company with a number of Fifeshire gentlemen, coming upon this point in the afternoon when there was a dead calm on the loch. The sun shone above in a cloudless sky; and all the surrounding hills with their woods and other greeneries were reflected in the bosom of the lake as in a mirror; but the great wonder was the part played by Schiehallion in this fairy scene, presenting as he now did a perfect cone below as well as a perfect cone above. One of the company, who was the editor of a newspaper, was so entranced with the sight that, springing out from the carriage, he rolled him-

'S e seoladh eadar Sliosan boidheach
'S gu sonnraichte fa-chomhair na-h-Annait ;
Ach 'nuair a chuir e 'n Long fo sheol
Gu comhnadh choimhneil 'thoirt do Marsail,
'S an sin bha'n aluinneachd bha mòr
Is thar gach òr an Alb' is Sasuinn."

That is—

"Struan put a ship on Loch Rannoch,
From which he saw the beauty of Schiehallion,
When sailing between the pretty Slioses—
More especially over against Annat ;
But, when he placed the ship under sail
To render kindly aid to Marsali,
'Twas there the great beauty was
And more precious than all the gold of Scotland and England."

Meanwhile, Marsali, left alone in *Tigh-na-dige* in charge of the living and the dead, now felt more keenly than even on the previous day, the horrors and desolation of her widowhood. That morning she lay long in bed, literally "watering her couch with her tears;" and when the cries of her only living child roused her, she groaned deeply, and said :—

" Iain bhig, bhoidhich, bhioraich,
An t- eun mn dheireadh air an iris,
Cha'n ioghnadh leam ged tha thu bìdeil
Is cat a mhilltich air ar milleadh ;
Ach ged a tha sinn' 'n diugh cho diblidh
'S ar fuil air iobair air clach-a-chruithne
'S fhearr leam 'nis bhi'n Tigh-na-dige
No bhi le michliu 'am Cheann-a-cinnidh."

That is—

" O little bonnie *Ian Biorach*,
The last bird left upon the roost,
I wonder not although thou cheep
Since the cat of ruin has ruined us ;

---

self on the ground, and roared, " Isn't there anybody amongst you that will sympathise with me in appreciating one of the most perfectly beautiful pictures that ever appeared on the face of nature?" Although not so mercurial as our able and excellent friend, we yet, one and all, thoroughly enjoyed the scene which, in its mos striking features, we cannot expect to see often repeated. The sunsets on Schiehallion in the summer and autumn months are often gorgeous—so brilliant, indeed, in their purple and golden colourings that a picture truly representing the mountain bathed in such a warm glow of light and shade would be pronounced to be an exaggeration. The various phases of the mountain under clouds would also afford a delightful and not unprofitable subject of observation. It often passes through twenty different phases in one day.

But though to-day we are so feeble
And our blood has been sacrificed on the stone of cruithne,*
I'd rather now be in *Tigh-na-dige*
Than be with infamy the Chief of a Clan."

Hereupon she arose from her bed; and having lit a fire, and swept the house, and attended to her little boy's wants, as well as her own, she sat down for a long time on a stool, in the midst of what really was the silence of death in her household. *Iain Biorach* seemed awestruck and tongue-tied; while poor "Strone" gave an occasional whine, and at length placing his chin on his mistress's knee, looked up in her face so mournfully and lovingly, that the faithful beast appeared to sympathise with her in her sorrows.

"A Shroin, a choin Eoghain," arsa Marsaili,
"D'am bu dual bhi coir, agus caoimhneil."

That is—

"Strone, thou dog of Ewen," said Marsali,
"Thou hast a right to be worthy and kind."

At this point, little *Iain* finding utterance, said, "Nach eirich iad tuillidh, a Mhathair?" That is, "Won't they rise any more, Mother?" Marsali's heart was too full to answer this question, so artlessly put; but, under the influence of the excitement produced by it, she rose from her seat, and, having carefully removed the white linen sheet, gazed full on the mangled features of her three murdered boys, and said, "A Thi Uile-chumhachd-aich, c'arson a cheadaich Thu do'n duine aingidh fuil neochiontach mo thriuir mhac a dhortadh? Ach O mo Dhia! nach do cheadaich Thusa do dhroch dhaoine do Mhac fein a chuir gu bas? Agus A Mhuire bheannaichte! ma dh' amhairc thusa roimh so air do Mhac is e air a chrann-cheusaidh, cha'n eil aobhar talaich agamsa 'nis. Ach na'm biodh dearbhadh agam gu'm bheil na h- anaman a dh'fhalbh tearuinte, an sin bhithinn sona." That is, O Almighty One! why didst Thou permit the wicked man to shed the innocent blood of my three sons? But, O my God! didst Thou not permit wicked men to put Thine own Son to death? And O blessed Mary! if thou didst once on a time

*Called then "*Clach-a-Chruithnd,*" or "The Stone of the Picts;" but ever since the Tragedy it has been named "*Clach-nan-ceann,*" or the "Stone of the heads."

behold thy Son on the Cross, I have no cause of complaint now. But if I were to have evidence that the departed souls are safe, I should then be happy."

Scarcely had Marsali uttered the above pious ejaculations, and decently covered again the faces of the dead, when a wonderful sight presented itself to her view. A swarm of large, black flies came in by the door, and having buzzed their way across the room alighted in such numbers on the white linen sheet that covered the bodies that in some places it looked almost black with them. Having obtained a foothold they all seemed determined to keep possession of the sheet; and their large, bloated bodies and the disagreeable odour they emitted made them very disgusting inmates in a house. In less than five minutes after this, however, another swarm of white flies came in by the door and proceeded straight to where the black flies lay. Here a fierce and notable contention took place over the bodies of the dead, which ended in the white flies victoriously driving all the black flies not merely from the linen sheet but also completely out of the room. This battle of the flies is handed down in the following lines:—

Chunnaic Mharsail comhrag gheur
Eadar Chumhachdan nan speur
Thar chloinn a chaidh a chuir gu bas
Mar dhearbhadh air gun d' fhuair iad gras;
Oir fhuair a chuileag bhan a bhuaidh
Thar cuileag dhubh a bhais 's an uaigh;
'S thug so do Mharsail solas mòr
Gun robh na mairbh a nis an gloir.

That is (somewhat freely rendered)—

Marsail beheld a contest sair
Between the powers of the air
Over her children that were not
As proof to her they mercy got;
For soon the white flies cleared the room
From the black flies of death and doom,
And Marsail joyed (so runs the story)
Assured the dead were now in glory.

Having been thus comforted, Marsali washed her face and combed her hair, and, putting on her best attire, shone bright with the additional lustre always imparted by deep sorrow overcome to a beautiful woman; and, in the new strength given her,

she went out to revisit *Clach-nan-Ceann*—that stone of destiny which now marked a new epoch in the history of her family. She found both the stone and the sword in front of it still gory with the blood of her boys. "A Phrionnsa na sìthe," arsa Marsali, "a dhoirt a mach d' fhuil fein gu sith a chuir air chois a' measg dhaoine, c' uin a bhuilicheas Tu sith ar an duthaich bhochd thruagh so? C' uin chuireas Tu crich air dortadh na fola 'n ar measg? Greas an t-am 's an cuir mort Chlach-nan-Ceann greann air Mòr-Shluagh na h- Alba." That is, "O Prince of Peace," said Marsali, "who didst shed Thine own blood to promote peace amongst men, when wilt Thou bestow peace on this poor, miserable country? When wilt Thou make an end of the shedding of blood in our midst? Hasten the time when the massacre of *Clach-nan-Ceann* shall rouse a universal feeling of horror amongst the people of Scotland."

When Marsali had uttered this heartfelt and appropriate prayer, she raised her eyes eastwards towards *Beinn-a-Chuallaich*, whose bold escarpment from its hither side presented the appearance of a rocky coast that had long been beaten by the waves of some primeval sea, and on the loch below beheld Struan's well known ship sailing swiftly in the direction of *Tigh-na-dige*. She said—

"Chi mi nis an sealladh uasal
Thall fa chomhair *Beinn-a-Chuallaich*
Long fo sheol an duine choir
A chunnaic mi an raoir am bruadair.

"Is mòr ar feum air daoine treun'
Gu daoine breun 'a chuir fo uamhainn
'S a chuir an geill do 'n dia'ul e fein
Gum bheil aig neamh an lamh an uach dair.

"Mi'm sheasadh so aig *Clach-nan-ceann*
Far'n deach' mo chlann an dé a phronnadh
Cha'n ioghnadh leam ged tha mi fann
Is moran autrom air mo bhrollach.

"Ach ged a tha mi air mo leon
Is barrachd broin ri taobh mo theallaich,
Nis chi mi neamh ag obrach seimh
An aghaidh eiceirt ann 'an Raineach."

That is (freely translated)—

"I see a sight serenely fair
In front of *Beinn a Chualaich* there
The good man's ship upon the deep
That I saw last night in my sleep.

"Great is our need of champions brave
To terrify each wicked knave,
And to his face the devil tell
Heaven has the upper hand of hell.

"While near this stone I now remain
Where yesterday my boys were slain,
No wonder though I feel opprest,
And heave a heavy sigh for rest.

"But though my heart is sorely wounded,
And my fireside with grief surrounded,
I see in Rannoch here this hour
Heaven working 'gainst oppression's power."

In a short time the ship arrived at a point opposite *Tigh-na-dige;* and Struan and his party at once proceeded to effect a landing. The first to go ashore was William, who eagerly ran to see how Marsali did, and to apprise her of the distinguished visitor she was to expect. The rest, however, soon followed, all being filled with a curiosity, not unmingled with awe, to see the scene and subjects of the bloody tragedy that had been enacted the day before. When Struan reached the top of the slight elevation that rose above the shore, he beheld Marsali and her little boy standing beside *Clach-nan-ceann*, with William at her right hand conversing with her. He admired her tall and commanding form, and her grave and beautiful face. She bowed gracefully to him; and Struan returned to this salutation a bow at once profound and deferential. He felt instinctively that he was in the presence of a superior woman. "Madam," said he to her, "I understand you are in distress, and I am come to give you all the assistance in my power." "Honoured chief," replied Marsali, "I am indeed in unspeakable affliction; but He who rules over all has wonderfully sustained me, and it was surely He that put it in your heart to come here to give me comfort and assistance." Struan here presented Margaret Robertson and said, "I have brought this young woman to help you, and she has come of her own accord." "I feel very grateful to you both for this," said Marsali; "and I regard her as an angel sent from heaven to minister to me in the hour of need!" Hereupon Margaret stepped forward, and taking up *Iain Biorach* in her arms, kissed him. The poor little boy, notwithstanding his recent rough experience at the hands of strangers, took kindly to her at once, and flinging

his arms around her neck kissed her in return. This sight was too much for Marsali. She cried out "Buidheachas do NI MATH gum bheil mi faicinn *gradh* an duigh far an robh *fuath* an dé," that is, "Thank goodness I see *love* to-day where there was *hatred* yesterday!" and laying aside that dignified reserve which she had been trying to maintain in Struan's presence, she took Margaret in her arms and tenderly embraced her, and cried and sobbed over her like a child. The scene was very affecting to all present. William felt a secret thrill in his bosom which rose up like an apple to his throat. Struan took out his pocket-handkerchief and appeared for some time to be very busy in blowing his nose; and, whether from this exertion or from some deeper cause, copious tears were seen to flow down the worthy gentleman's cheeks. "But where," said he, recovering his equanimity, "where were the boys killed?" Marsali at once pointed to the stone on which, as well as on the sward below, the clotted blood of her children could still be so clearly seen. "Ah, yes!" said he, making an effort to restrain his feelings; "but where are the bodies of the murdered boys?" Hereupon she, taking little Iain Biorach by the hand, turned round and slowly walked towards *Tigh-na-dige*, at the same time making a sign to the chief and the rest to follow, which they did in deep silence. On entering, Marsali uncovered the faces of the dead; and Struan, after having looked on them for some time, raised up both his hands, and, shaking them with horror, said:—

A Mhicantoisich rinn thu'm breamas,
Le do bhruidealachd an Raineach;
Oir eiridh 'chloinn so anns gach àl
Le moran bheairnean 'na do thalla;
Is biths tu fein ad' thruaghan grannd'
'Dol bho ait' gu ait' fo mhallachd,
Faicinn nam paisdean mar an sgathain
Eadar Baideanach is Lochabair.

That is, literally—

O, Mackintosh, thou didst the mischief
By thy brutishness in Rannoch;
For these children shall rise in every age
With many breaches in thy hall;
And thou thyself shalt wander a sorry wretch
From place to place beneath a curse,
Beholding as in a glass the little ones—
Betwixt Badenoch and Lochaber.

(*To be continued.*)

GEORGE, FIFTH EARL OF CAITHNESS OF THE SINCLAIR LINE.

[By George M. Sutherland, F.S.A. Scot., Wick.]

(Continued.)

The principal employment of this Earl in his more youthful days was in fighting and scheming against the Earl of Sutherland and his followers. He was a most turbulent and wayward nobleman, but withal possessed of considerable shrewdness. In marrying Lord Huntly's sister, it was evidently with the design of getting Huntly's influence used in his own favour, and to the detriment of the House of Sutherland. His father was for a time almost an absolute ruler in the two northern counties; but the aims of the son were to no practical purpose, except in stirring up ill-will and dissensions among the rival clans in Sutherland and Caithness. The result was that the Sutherlands, Sinclairs, Mackays, and Gunns had anything but peaceful times. Latterly, it seems that the Earls of Caithness and Sutherland had made themselves to believe that the clan Gunn was the cause of all their differences. In 1585, a meeting took place at Elgin between the two Earls for the purpose of adjusting their dissensions, in the presence of the Earl of Huntly and some friends. At this meeting a conciliation was effected. The bond of peace was to be the destruction of those members of the clan Gunn who resided in Caithness. Sir Robert Gordon writes—"Then was it concluded amongst them that some of the clan Gun should be made away, chieflie such of that tryb as duelt in Catteynes, becaus they wer judged to be the principale authors of these troubles and commotions which were liklie to ensue in that dyacie." The clan Gunn were innocent to a great extent of the charges imputed to them. The members of that clan were merely secondary agents, and were as a rule drawn into the disturbances through causes over which they had very little control. The Sutherlands, Sinclairs, or Mackays invariably, by some artful means, succeeded in getting the Gunns to take up one of the opposing sides. Their troubles

were therefore in a way forced upon them by outside influences. The two Earls had agreed at Elgin to muster their forces to destroy the Gunns. But the Earl of Caithness, when he returned to Girnigoe Castle, had some little time for reflection. He thought that he had no great concern in slaying the Gunns. Sir Robert Gordon tries to make out that "In tyme of warr, they (the Gunns) have alwyse served the Earl of Southerland and Macky," but if the Earl of Sutherland could have trusted them in this fashion, it is curious to note that when Lord Caithness did not interfere with them, the Earl of Sutherland got the Earl of Huntly to hold another conference, which came off at Dunrobin, with the avowed object of destroying the Gunns. The Earl of Sutherland was anxious to have this work done, while the Earl of Caithness hesitated, as if his heart was not in the concern. Sir Robert himself even writes—"The Earles of Huntley and Southerland desired the Earle of Catteyness to fulfill his promise at Elgyn, whereunto he seemed to condiscend. Then agane they determine and conclude to pursue the Clan Gun." If the Earl of Sutherland could have so implicitly relied on the services of the Clan Gun in time of war, it said very little for him that he should have persisted so much in getting them destroyed. But in virtue of the agreement that had been come to, the Earls mustered their forces, and hemmed in the Gunns on all sides. It is believed that the Gunns received some intimation of the intended attack from the Earl of Caithness, but that they, on the other hand, did not believe in the friendliness of his intentions, when they saw the Caithness men come to their border. The Gunns, while inferior in numbers, made up their minds to fight their enemies from whatever quarter they came. Sir Robert graphically describes the position of the Gunns:—"Yit they had in mynd that nothing wes befor them bot enemies, the deip and bottomless ocean behind them, no place of retrait; no suretie bot in valor and victory; so, haveing the advantage of the Hill, they set upon the enemy with a resolute courage." Accordingly, the battle of Aldgown was fought in 1586, and the clan Gunn was victorious. In the battle upwards of 140 Caithness men were left dead on the field. Henry Sinclair, who was a cousin of the Earl of Caithness, and a brother of the Laird of Dunn, was

also killed on this occasion. Instead of the Sutherland men giving any assistance to their allies, the Caithness men, it appears that they pretended not to have known of the battle, and quietly returned to their own bounds with all the booty they had collected. This was by no means fair treatment of the Caithness men, especially when it is considered that the Earl of Sutherland was mainly responsible for the policy that had been determined on to punish the Gunns. Nevertheless, Sir Robert Gordon observes, in his usual hypocritical manner, that "by the speciall help and assistance of the Almightie God (in whose hands are the hearts of men, and the events of things), the Clan Gun overthrew the Catteynes men at Aldgown," and farther on, that "the Catteynes host had been all destroyed, had not the darkness of the night favored their flight, withholding the victors from following the chase." When the Earl of Caithness became aware of what had happened at Aldgown, his wrath knew no bounds, and having the Chief of the Caithness Gunns, whose name was John Mack-ean-Mack-rob, in his charge at Girnigoe Castle, he had him hanged, without any ceremony, on the castle gibbet at Girnigoe Castle.

The Earl of Sutherland was not satisfied with what had happened, notwithstanding his craven conduct, but was resolved, still further, to hunt down the Gunns. The conferences, which had taken place at Elgin and Dunrobin, were now transferred to Girnigoe Castle. Sir Robert Gordon mentions that a friendly meeting was held at Ben Graeme, in Sutherland, and that Sir Patrick Gordon of Auchindoun was present as the peacemaker. It is doubtful if ever the meeting occurred in Sutherlandshire, but there is proof of a meeting of the kind in Girnigoe Castle, probably in 1587. There exists a document dated 16th June—evidently in the year 1587—between the Earl of Caithness on the one hand, "and Sir Patrick Gordon of Auchindoun, knight, taking the burden on him for a noble and potent lord, Alexander, Earl of Sutherland;" and reference is made therein to the cruel slaughter and murder of the Caithness men, as the kinsmen, friends and dependants of the Earl of Caithness; and the said Sir Patrick Gordon, on behalf of the Earl of Sutherland, concurred with the Earl of Caithness to take steps "in the pur-

suit of the said Clan Gun to the death." After this paction between the two Earls, the Earl of Sutherland took the field against the Gunns. Houcheon Mackay, who had previously assisted the Gunns, saw that it would be unsafe for him to do so any longer. Through his desertion the Gunns became at once aware that their cause was hopeless, and, therefore, they resolved to proceed to some of the Western Isles. On their way thither they were met and completely overthrown, at a place named Leckmelm, by the Sutherland men. Their captain, George Gunn, was made a prisoner by the Earl of Sutherland and taken to Dunrobin Castle. He was afterwards sent to Girnigoe Castle, where he was detained for some time by the Earl of Caithness, and afterwards liberated. For a time the Gunns were hotly pursued, and Sir Robert Gordon mentions that they were "hunted to and fro by their neighbours until the year of God 1588, that there fell out trouble and discord betwixt the Earles of Southerland and Catteynes."

(*To be continued.*)

UNPUBLISHED PROVERBS.

Am fear nach cluinn air choir cha fhreagair air choir.
He who does not hear rightly will not answer rightly.

An rud a chuir an Diabhul a dh-Ifrinn—foighneachd an rud air am b' fhearr an robh brath aige.
What sent the Devil to Hell—asking what he knew full well.

An rud a ni Dhomhnall dona millidh Domhnall dona.
What wicked Donald makes wicked Donald spoils.

Mar mhadadh ag òl eanruich ainmeannan Chlann 'ill-Eathain —"Eachann, Lachann; Eachann, Lachann."
Like a hound lapping broth are the names of Clan Maclean; "Eachann, Lachann:" Hector, Lachlan.

Barail an duine ghlic is tinne theid air an fhirinn.
A wise man's opinion comes nearest to the truth.

B' fhasa chriathrodh na chur air muin eich.
It were easier to riddle him than to set him on horseback.
(Said of a person a long time dead and buried)

AM FOMHAIR AGUS AN GILLE RUADH.*

CHAIDH mac righ Eirinn agus a bhrathair aon uair air àm geamhraidh do 'n bheinn-sheilg ach cha do thachair riu ach fitheach. Thilg mac an righ air, agus dar a chunnaic e marbh e agus fhuil air an t-sneachda, thuirt e ri bhrathair gum falbhadh e a dh' iarraidh, agus nach tilleadh e gus am faigheadh e, te air am biodh falt cho dubh ri ite, agus gruaidh cho dearg ri fuil, an fhithich air an t-sneachda. Dh' fhalbh e agus bha e a' siubhal agus a' sior iomachd ; agus dar a thainig an oidhche chunnaic e rionnag sholuis fada uaith, agus dar a rainig e is e bothan tighe a bha ann. Rinn muinntir an tighe a bheatha gun iarraidh gun fharaid, agus dh' fhan e an oidhche sin, mar gum b'i oidhche Di-Sathuirn a bhiodh ann. Air madainn an la-ar-na-mhaireach chaidh iad uile do thigh-coinne, mar gun rachadh iad do 'n t-searmoin. Dar a rainig iad an eaglais bha duine marbh na shineadh anns an dorus ; agus an aite ceum a thoirt seachad air bha a' h-uile aon mar a rachadh a stigh a' saltairt air. Dh' fheoraich mac an righ dé bu chiall da so, agus dh' innis iad da gur e duine a bh' ann nach do phaidh fhiachan agus gum biodh e ann an sid gus am paidheadh h-aon-eigin air a shon. " Mor no beag iad ni mise sin," arsa mac an righ. Is e coig tasdain deug, no seachd deug, no ceithir fichead agus a h-aon, no naoi ceud, a bha ann. Phaidh e na fiachan mar a thuirt e, agus thog iad leo an duine marbh agus thiodhlaic iad e, agus thill iad dachaidh. Anns a' mhadainn an la-ar-na-mhaireach dh' fhalbh mac an righ air a cheum agus air a thuras agus bha e a' siubhal agus a' sior iomachd gus an robh e a fas sgith. Thug e suil m' an cuairt da agus co a chunnaic e a' tighinn air a chulaobh ach gille ruadh, truagh, ceann-ruisgte, cas-ruisgte, a dh' fheoraich dhe dar a rug e air, " A bheil gille a

*This folk tale has been kindly sent us by Mrs. Wallace, Manse of Tiree. Her brother, Rev. Mr. Campbell, Tiree, is a well-known collector of folk tales, as readers of the *Scottish Celtic Review* know. Mrs. Wallace says:—" The foregoing and similar tales were written from full notes taken during the recital of them by old and young people now living in Tiree, 'a chur seachad mo mhulaid'—to alleviate the deepest sorrow, as much as to gratify a taste acquired in childhood and the wish to do something to help those who have already done, with their great gifts and abilities, so much towards preserving what must be to every educated mind a charming national literature." The English translation is on the opposite pages.

THE GIANT AND THE FAIR MAN-SERVANT.

THE King of Eirin's heir and his brother went once in the winter time to the hunting hill (field), but they did not meet with anything except a raven. The King's son shot at it, and when he saw it lying, killed, on the snow, he said to his brother that he would go to seek, and that he would never return until he found a maiden whose hair would be as black as the wing, and her cheek as red as the raven's life blood on the snow. So he went away, and was travelling and continuously going until night fall, when he saw a beam of light at a great distance from him. When he reached it he found it was a small wayside house. The inmates of the house welcomed him, without being asked by him, and without questioning him, and he remained that night. Early on the next morning they went together to a meeting house, as if they would go to church. When they came to the church, there was a dead man lying in the doorway, and instead of stepping past him, every one, as they went in, trampled upon him. The King's son asked the meaning of their treatment of this man. They answered him—That he was a man who had not paid his debts, and that he would be left lying where he was until some one paid them for him. Be the sum large or small, I will pay it, said the King's son. The sum was fifteen shillings, or seventeen, or eighty-one, or nine hundred, and he paid the debt as he said he would. Then the dead man was lifted away and buried, and they all returned home. When the next morning came, the King's son went early on his journey, and he was travelling far and near, until he began to get weary. On looking about him, he saw coming up to him, a wan woe-begone human being—a red-haired youth, bareheaded and barefooted, who asked him, Do you want a man-servant. I have not much means of keeping a man-servant, said the King's son, or of taking him with me. I am only a poor forlorn wanderer going in search of my fortune and my choice. But, said the young man, I will not ask much from you. So they began "argle-bargling" until at last the King's son consented to the young man becoming his body servant. There was now a giant to encounter. There is a

dhìth ort ?" "Chan 'eil moran doigh agamsa air gille a chumail," arsa mac an righ, "no thoirt leam. Chan 'eil annam ach duine bochd, allabanch, a' falbh a dh' iarraidh m' fhortain agus caomhaig." "Od," ars' an gille, "cha bhi mise ag iarraidh moran ort ann." Thoisich iad air thurta agus air tharta, gus mu dheireadh gun d' thug mac an righ leis e gu bhi na ghille aige. Bha an so fomhair dol a bhi romhpa. "Tha uamh mhor air thoiseach oirnn ann a' so shios anns a bheil fomhair," thuirt an gille, "agus cha leig e duine seachad air gun a mharbhadh ; ach ni sinn cleas air. Fanaidh tusa ann an so agus ni thu mar gum biodh tu a' cur air doigh airm ; theid mise a sios agus ma dh' fhaodteadh gum faigh sinn sabhaladh." Rainig e an uamh agus bha am fear ud a stigh roimhe. "Is math leam gun d' thainig thu," ars 'esan ris a' ghille. "Tha conadh orm gu feoil, agus bidh tu agam air mo dhinneir, agus a rithisd air mo shuipeir." "Is fearr dhuit deanamh air do shocair," ars' an gile, "agus mac righ Eirinn shios ud air son do bheatha thoirt diot." Sheall am fomhair am mach agus ghreas e a stigh agus thuirt e ris a' ghille ruadh, "Tha da bhrathair agam is miosa na mise ri tachairt ort fhathast, agus gu d' thoirt seachad orra bheir mi dhuit brata, agus dar bhios e ort, chan fhaic duine thu, ma chuireas tu am folach mi fo 'n chloich so." "Cuiridh," ars' an gille ; agus fhuair e am brata. Thog am fomhair clach mhor a bha an taobh na h-uamha agus dar a chaidh e stigh foidhpe leig an gille sios air a h-oir i air muin an fhomhair agus bha e na spreadhan. Fhuair iad an so a'h-uile ni a bha anns an uaimh, agus dh' fhalbh iad gun stad gus an do rainig iad creag mhor am measg stallan, agus thuirt an gille ri mac an righ gun robh brathair do 'n fhomhair romhpa anns na stallan ud shios, agus esan a dheanamh a'cheart chleas a rinn e roimhe air cur an ordugh an airm, agus gun rachadh e fhein a sios far an robh am fomhair. Dh' fhalbh e. Dar a rainig e bha am fear ud a stigh. "Thainig thu," ars' esan ris a' ghille ruadh ; "tha mi gun bhiadh, agus is math leam agam thu. Theid mi a gheurachadh mo sgeine." "Agad no bhuait mi" ars' an gille, "bidh e cho math dhuit an toiseach sealltainn shios ud, agus chi thu mac righ Eirinn le fheachd agus le armachd a' tighinn a thoirt bhuaitse do bheatha agus do storais." Am mach ghabh am fomhair agus cha robh aige an sin ach na creagean a' freagairt do ghlaodhaich agus

great cave down there before us in which a giant dwells, said the man-servant, and no one ever gets past him alive, and we must trick him. You will stay here and do as if you were putting in order (drilling) an army, while I go to meet the giant; and perhaps we may escape from him safely. He reached the cave and the giant was there before him. I am glad you are come, he said to the man-servant. I am ravenous for flesh meat, and you will suffice for my dinner and afterwards for my supper. It will become you better not to be in such haste, said the man-servant, for the son of the King of Eirin is close at hand, prepared to take your life. The giant looked out and hastened in, and said to the fair man-servant: I have two brothers worse than me that you must yet encounter; but to take you past them safely I will give you a quilt that will make you invisible when you put it on, if you will hide me under this stone. I will, said the man-servant, and he got the quilt. The giant then lifted the great stone that was in the side of the cave, and, when he went under it, the man-servant let it down edgeway upon the giant and he was ground into powder. They then took possession of all the treasures in his cave and went on their journey without any hindrance until they came to a great rock amongst precipices. The man-servant then said to the King's son that a brother of the giant was before them in these precipices and that he must use the same art as before in putting in order his army while he would go down where the giant was. And he went. When he reached he found him at home. You have come, said he to the fair man-servant. I am without food and I am glad to have you. I will go to sharpen my knife. Have me or want me, said the man servant, it will be as well for you first to look from you and you will see the King of Eirin's son with an armed force coming to take your life and your treasures. Out rushed the giant, but before him there, the rocks were resounding to shouting, screaming, whistling, and clash of arms, and his running was no faster than his leaping again to his house, and he did not know what to do. I hid your brother yesterday, said the man-servant, and he gave me in return a quilt, as a reward. I will bestow upon you a pair of shoes, said the giant, and when you put them on no one will hear you walking, if you will let me down to the foot of the precipice

sgreadail agus feadraich agus faobhair airm, agus cha bu luaithe ruith na leum dha a stigh, agus cha robh fios aige de a dheanadh e. "Chuir mise am falach do bhrathair an de," ars' an gille, "agus thug e dhomh brata mar dhuais" "Bheir mise dhuit brogan," ars am fomhair, "agus dar a chuireas tu ort iad cha chluinn duine thu a' coiseachd, ma leigeas tu sios mi gu bun na stalla as an t-sealladh." "Ni mi sin," ars' an gille, agus chuir iad feist mu theis-meadhoin an fhomhair, agus dar a bha e thun a bhi shios leis a' chreig leig an gille ruadh as e, agus chaidh e as an amhaich. Fhuair iad an so gach or agus airgiod a bha aige agus dh' fhalbh iad. Bha an rathad reidh romhpa gun mhaille gun stad air an ceum gus an do rainig iad tigh an fhomhair mhoir mu dheireadh. Rinn iad an so mar rinn iad roimhe. Chaidh an gille sios thun an tighe agus dh' fhuirich mac an righ a' cur an ordugh nan arm. Dar a rainig an gille bha coig stuib mu choinne an tighe agus ceann air ceithir dhiubh agus fear falamh. Chaidh e stigh agus thainig an nighean na chodhail. Dh' innis e dhi gun robh mac an righ shios ud. Chuir i ga iarraidh e, agus dar a thainig e a stigh dh' fhalbh ise a nuas agus spain aice na laimh. Dh' aithnich mac an righ gum b' i sid an te bha na bheachd ach cha do leig e fainear ceann a sheud no shiubhal. Thuirt ise ris mur biodh an spain ud a bha na laimh aige aig am braiceas am maireach gum biodh a cheann air an stob fhalamh a bha e a' faicinn am muigh ann an sid. Thuirt mac an righ, "Thoir dhomh i agus gleidhidh mi i" "Chan 'eil thu ri 'faotainn mar sin," ars' ise agus dh' fhalbh i leatha g' a falach a dh' ionnsaidh an fhomhair mhoir, a h-athair, a bha a' fuireach an uaimh a' chladaich, agus thuirt i ris e ghleidheil na spaine ud an sid gus an tigeadh ise g' a h-iarraidh. Chuir am fomhair sid fo'n chluasaig ach thainig an gille ruadh gun fhath gun fhios agus am brat agus na brogan air, agus thug e leis an spain. Dar a bha iad aig am braiceas an la-ar-na-mhaireach dh' iarr ise an spain, agus thuirt mac an righ, "An d' thug thu dhomh i?" "Chan ann mar sin a thug mi dhuit i" ars' ise agus ghlaodh i air son a mharbhadh. "Dean air do shocair," ars' esan rithe; is ann aig mo ghille a bhios a leithid sin." Ghlaodh e air a ghille agus shin e dhi an spain oir. An oidhche so a rithist thug i a' chir airgid as a ceann agus leig i fhaicinn da i, agus thuirt i ris, "Biodh

out of sight. That I will, said the man-servant, and they put a fastening round the giant's waist, but when he was almost at the last ledge of the rock, the fair man-servant loosened his hold of the fastening, and the giant was killed. The servant and his master were now enriched with all the gold and silver that the giant had, and they went their way. The road was smooth before them, without let, hindrance, or obstacle, until they reached the dwelling of the last great giant. They did now as they did before. The man-servant went down to the dwelling and the king's son remained to put his army in order. When the man-servant reached he saw five pales before the dwelling with heads on four and one empty. He entered the dwelling and a maiden came to meet him, and he told her that the King's son was thereabouts. She sent to invite him, and when he entered the dwelling she came towards him with a spoon in her hand. The King's son saw that she was the maiden he was in search of, but he did not show the purpose of his journey and travel. She said to him if he would not have the spoon she had in her hand at breakfast time to-morrow, that his head would be on the empty pale that he saw out there before the house. The King's son said, Give me it and I will keep it. You are not to get it in that way, said she, and she went to get it hidden, to the great giant, her father, in the cave at the sea-shore. She told him to keep the spoon until she would return for it. The giant placed the spoon under his pillow, but the red-fair man-servant came without notice or word with the quilt and the shoes on him, and took away the spoon. Next morning, when they were at breakfast, the maiden asked for the spoon, and the King's son said, Did you give it to me. I did not give it to you in that way, said she, and she called out to have him killed. Do not be so instant, said he to her, it is my man-servant who keeps such things as that, and he called to his man-servant, who came and handed her the golden spoon. This evening again she took the silver comb from her head, showed it to the King's son, and said to him, You must have this for me at breakfast time to-morrow. Give it to me and I will have it for you, he said. It was not that you might get it that I showed it to you, said she. As before, she went with it to the giant, and the man-servant followed her with the quilt and shoes on him.

so agad domhsa aig mo bhraiceas am maireach." "Beir dhomh i agus bidh i agam," ars' esan. "Chan ann air son thu gu faotainn a tha mi ga leigeil fhaicinn duit," ars' ise. Dh' fhalbh i leatha a dh'ionnsaidh an fhomhair mar a rinn i roimhe, agus dh' fhalbh an gille air a deighinn agus am brat agus na brogan air. An uair a rainig i am fomhair thuirt i ris, "Nach tu a tha a' dol a dheanamh a' chairdeis ris an fhear so nach do rinn thu ri cach." Dh' fheuch esan fo'n chluasaig agus cha robh mir d' an spain òir aige. "Ma fhuair iad an spain chan fhaigh iad a chir," ars' esan. Dh' eirich e agus chuir e i ann am preas am falach mar a shaoil e, ach c'aite an do chuir e i ach an laimh a' ghille aig mac an righ. Dh' fhalbh esan dachaidh agus i aige. Aig a' bhraiceas an la-ar-na-mhaireach dh'iarr ise a' chir agus thuirt mac an righ, "An d' thug thu dhomh i?" "Cha b' ann air son a toirt duit a leig mi fhaicinn i," ars' ise, agus ghlaodh i stigh riu gu mharbhadh. Ach thuirt esan rithe, "Dean air to shocair, is e mo ghille a bhios a' gleidheadh a' h-uile ni d' an t-seorsa sin a bhios agam. Thig a stigh," ars' esan ris a' ghille, "agus feuch a bheil a' chir agad." Thainig an gille ruadh agus a chir airgid, agus shin e sid dhi. Dh' fhalbh i an oidhche so a rithist agas thuirt i ris gum feumadh e coig cinn, agus coig mill, agus coig muinealan an fhomhair mhoir ud a bhi aige aig am braiceas am maireach, agus dh' fhalbh i a thoirt fios do 'n fhomhair. A mach a ghabh an gille ruadh air a deigh agus am brata agus na brogan air agus thug e leis an claidheamh. Dh' innis ise do 'n fhomhair mar bha ri eirigh dha. Dar a dh' fhalbh i thug am fomhair air gu oisinn na h-uamha agus an claidheamh aige. Thoisich an gille ruadh air leis a' chlaidheamh aige fhein, agus dar nach tigeadh ceann bhar an fhomhair tigheadh muineal dheth agus cha robh e faicinn ni ach faileas a' chlaidheimh a bha an dorn a ghille gus an d' thugadh dheth gach ceann agus muineal a bha air. Chairich an gille ruadh air gad iad agus thill e dhachaidh agus iad aige air a mhuin. Aig a' bhraiceas an ath là thuirt ise, "A bheil cinnn agus mill agus muinealan an fhomhair mhoir agad dhomh?" Thuirt esan gur e sid ni a bha duilich dhasan fhaotainn. Ghlaodh ise a stigh iad air son a mharbhadh. "Dean air do shocair ort," arsa mac an righ, "feuch a bheil iad aig a' ghille agam." Thainig an gille stigh agus chaith e air an urlar iad. Bha an nighean an so aig mac an righ ri fhaotainn ri phosadh. Rinn iad

When she reached the giant, she said to him, It is you who are showing such great friendship for this one that you did not show to the others. He looked under his pillow and no golden spoon was there. If they got the spoon, he said, they will not get the comb. He rose to put it in a hiding place, as he thought, but where did he put it but in the hand of the King's son's man-servant. At breakfast time next morning the maiden asked for her comb, and the King's son said, Did you give it to me? It was not to give it to you that I showed it to you, said she, and she called them in to kill him. Do not be so quick, he said to her, it is my man-servant who keeps everything of that kind that I have. Enter, he said to the servant, and try if you have that comb. The red-fair man-servant came in with the silver comb and gave it to her. This evening she went again and said to him he must have the five heads, five bumps, and five necks of the great giant, who was down there, at breakfast time to-morrow, and she went to tell the giant. But after her went the red-fair man servant with the quilt and the shoes on him, and he took his sword. She told the giant what was to happen to him. When she left him, the giant went to the corner of the cave and took his sword. The red-fair man-servant began with his sword, and when the giant's heads would not yield, a bump would be cut off, and all the time the giant could not see anything but the glancing of the sword that was in the man-servant's hand, until every head and neck that he had were taken off him. The fair man-servant placed them on a string, and carried them home slung over his shoulder. At breakfast time next morning, the maiden asked: Have you the five heads and five necks of the great giant for me. He answered —That was a very difficult thing for him to get. She then as usual called them in to kill him. Have patience, said the King's son, perhaps my servant may have them. And the man-servant came in and threw them down before her. The King's son was now to get the maiden to be his wife. A great marriage-feast, joyous and gladdening, was made for them. At the end of the year the man-servant said that it was time for him to leave them. What gift will you take from me for your good service to me, said the King's son to him. What reward are you willing to

banais mhor, aighearach, ghreadhnach. An ceann bliadhna thuirt an gille gun robh an t-àm aige-san falbh. "De an duais a dh' iarras tu uam air son do sheirbhis mhaith?" thuirt mac an righ ris. "De a tha thu toileach a thoirt domh," ars' an gille. "Aon ni a dh' iarras tu ged a b'e mo bhean no mo nighean e," ars' am fear eile. "Cha ghabh mi duais sam bith uait agus chan iarr mi do bhean no do nighean, do chuid no do chuideachd" thuirt an gille, "A bheil cuimhne agad fhein air an fhear a bha an dorus an tigh-choinne agus a phaidh thu na fiachan air a shon?" "Tha cuimhne agam air," thuirt esan. "Is mise an duine sin," ars' an gille, "agus tha nis an t-am agam tilleadh do 'n aite as an d' thainig mi." Dh' fhalbh e agus chan fhacas riamh tuilleadh e.

ENGLISH.

give me? answered the man-servant. Whatever you choose to ask from me, said the King's son, even if it should be my wife or daughter. I will not take any gift or reward from you, said the fair man-servant; neither will I ask from you either your wife or daughter, or treasures or friends. Have you any remembrance of the man who was lying at the door of the meeting-house and whose debts you paid. I remember, said the King's son. I am that man, said the man-servant, and now it is time for me to return to the place from whence I came. And he went away and was never more seen.

UNPUBLISHED PROVERBS.

B'e sin im a chur a dh-Eirinn.
That were sending butter to Ireland.

Capull a chur a dh-Innse-gall.
Sending a horse to the Lowlands.

Giubhas a chur a Loch-abar.
Sending pine wood to Lochaber.

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[By Alexander Mackenzie.]

The Macleods of Lewis.

(Continued.)

Gregory's account of the close of the long dispute between the Mackenzies and the Macleods, and the ultimate extinction of Roderick Macleod's heirs male must be given at length. He says that being at length forced to evacuate the stronghold of Berrisay, by the Mackenzies, "Neil retired to Harris, where he remained for a while in secret, but at length surrendered himself to Ruari Macleod of Harris, whom he entreated to take him to the King of England. This the Chief of Harris undertook to do; but when at Glasgow with his prisoner, preparing to embark for England, he was charged, under the pain of treason, to deliver Neil Macleod to the Privy Council at Edinburgh, which he accordingly did; and, at the same time, Neil's son, Donald. Neil was brought to trial, convicted, and executed, and died 'very christianlie' in April, 1613. Donald, his son, been banished out of Scotland, went to England and remained there three years, under the protection of Sir Robert Gordon, Tutor of Sutherland. From England he afterwards went to Holland, where he died. After the death of Neil Macleod, the Tutor of Kintail apprehended and executed Ruari and William, two of the sons of Ruari Oig Macleod. Malcolm, the third son, was apprehended at the same time, but made his escape, and continued to harass the Mackenzies with frequent incursions, having allied himself to the Clandonald of Isla and Kintyre, in whose rebellion, under Sir James Macdonald, in 1615, Malcolm MacRuari Macleod took a prominent part. On the suppression of this rebellion, he retired to Flanders, whence, in 1616, he made a visit to the Lewis, and there killed two gentlemen of the Clankenzie. He then joined Sir James Macdonald in Spain, and remained there till the return of that Chief to Britain in 1620. On this occasion, Malcolm Macleod accompanied Sir James; and of his further history we only know, that, in 1622, commissions of fire and sword were granted to Lord Kintail and his clan against Malcolm

MacRuari Macleod.'* Tormot Macleod, the last surviving *legitimate* son of Ruari Macleod of the Lewis, was imprisoned, as we have seen, at Edinburgh Castle, in 1605. Here he remained for ten years, when the King gave him liberty to go to Holland, to the service of Maurice, Prince of Orange; and he died in that country. His elder brother-german, Torquil Dubh, executed by the Mackenzies in 1579, left issue by his wife, a sister of Ruari Macleod of Harris, three sons, Ruari, William, and Torquil. The second of these seems to have died soon; and although the others are mentioned by Sir Robert Gordon as youths of great promise at the time he wrote his account of the Siol Torquil, they appeared to have both died without lawful issue to inherit their claims to the Lewis, which has now remained for upwards of two centuries, without challenge, in the possession of the Mackenzies. The representation of the ancient and powerful family of Macleod of Lewis devolved, on the extinction of the main stem, on Gillechallum Oig Macleod, or MacGillechallum of Raasay, whose father, MacGillechallum, Garve, is mentioned in a charter, dated 1572, as heir male of the family of Lewis, failing issue male of the body of Ruari Macleod, then Chief of the Siol Torquil." This is the same MacGillechallum, who escaped from the massacre on the Island of Isay, when all the other members of his family, as already detailed, were murdered by his own relative, Ruari Nimhneach Macleod.

During several months in the beginning of 1615, Malcolm, the only surviving son of Ruari Og Macleod of Lewis, is found committing various acts of piracy on the West Coast and in the Isles, in company with Coll Macgillespick, and others of the clan Donald of Islay, and in April of the same year he is, along with his associates, included in a commission of fire and sword issued in favour of eight of the principal Western Isles chiefs. Malcolm, however, escaped capture, though one of the King's ships, with a pinnace, had been engaged to support the island chiefs in their attempts to capture him, and although a reward of three thousand merks was afterwards offered for his apprehension, for his share in the piracies and the active part which, during the latter half of

* *Record of the Privy Council*, 14th November, 1622, and 28th November, 1626.

the same year, he took in Sir James Macdonald of Isla's rebellion. Sir James, having made his escape to Antrim, in the north of Ireland, afterwards crossed to Spain, and got clear of his pursuers, while Malcolm Macleod and others of his supporters found shelter on the Glynns and Route estates of the Macdonalds in the same Irish county.

In March, 1616, the Privy Council ordered Campbell of Lundy, brother of the Earl of Argyll, to appear before them to receive instructions for putting down certain rebels who continued to infest the Western Isles under the leadership of Malcolm MacRuari Oig Macleod of the Lewis. Lundy, however, refused to take any action under the Commission, in consequence of which Malcolm again escaped, and retired to Flanders. He subsequently returned for a short time to the Lewis, where he killed two leading men of the Mackenzies, and afterwards managed to escape, joined Sir James Macdonald of Isla in Spain, and in 1620 returned with that chief to Scotland. It is not known what was the outcome of the Commission of fire and sword granted to the Mackenzies in 1622, to pursue and capture him, but he is said to have escaped again to Ireland, where he died.

Sir Robert Gordon, Tutor of Sutherland, with whom Donald, Neil Macleod's eldest son, lived for three years in London, after he was banished furth of Scotland in 1613, gives the following interesting details regarding other members of the chief's descendants living when he wrote his *History of the Earldom of Sutherland.* He says—"Rory Macleod, the eldest son of Torquil Dubh, is at the University of Glasgow. Torquil Macleod, the third son of Torquil Dubh, was bred with his uncle, Sir Rory Macleod of Harris, and is a youth of great expectations." Sir Robert concludes his account of the Macleods of Lewis and their misfortunes, which he details at considerable length, in the following terms—"The Tutor of Kintail did repent himself of his proceedings against the Siol Torquil; his aim was always to have gotten the Lewis unto himself, from his nephew, the Lord of Kintail, now Earl of Seaforth, in exchange for the Coigeach, and the rest of the lands that he purchased in Ross and Moray; which exchange was refused by his nephew, who was ready to fall by the ears with his uncle, when he died the year of God 1626. Thus have

I run over the lamentable history of Macleod of Lewis, together with the tribe of the Siol Torquil; which punishment was justly inflicted upon them for killing and destroying one another with intestine and civil war."* Lord Kintail was created Earl of Seaforth in 1623, and Sir Robert Gordon's work, from which we quote, is dated 1630. It will thus be seen that Roderick and Torquil, two of the sons of Torquil Dubh Macleod, and grandsons of Old Rory of the Lewis, lived far down into the seventeenth century, though we can find no further trace of them.

Roderick Macleod married, first, Janet, an illegitimate daughter of John Mackenzie IX. of Kintail, and widow of Mackay of Reay. By this marriage he had issue—

1. Torquil "Conanach," so-called from his having been brought up with his mother's relations in Strathconan. He married Margaret, daughter of Angus Macdonald of Glengarry, widow of Cuthbert of Castlehill, Inverness, by whom she became progenitrix of the famous Charles Colbert, Marquis of Seignelay, Minister of Lewis XIV. of France. By her Torquil had issue—(1) John, who died before his father, he having been killed by his bastard uncle, Rory Og; (2) another son, who also died before his father; and (3) Margaret, who, on the death of her brothers, became his sole heiress. She married Sir Roderick Mackenzie (second son of Colin Cam XI. of Kintail), afterwards known as the famous Tutor of Kintail, progenitor of the Mackenzie Earls of Cromarty, now represented by the Duchess of Sutherland. It will thus be seen that Torquil Conanach, Roderick's only son by the first marriage, left no male issue. His mother, Janet Mackenzie, eloped with John MacGillechallum of Raasay, whereupon she was divorced by her husband.

Old Rory married secondly, in 1541, Barbara Stewart, daughter of Andrew, Lord Avandale, with issue—

2. Torquil "Oighre," to distinguish him from his elder brother, who had now been disinherited by his father, on the ground of his mother's alleged misconduct with Morri-

* *Earldom of Sutherland*, p. 276.

son, the *Breitheamh*, or Celtic Judge of the Island. Torquil Oighre, after he arrived at manhood, was, about 1566, drowned, during his father's life, while on a voyage in his birlinn from the Lewis to the Isle of Skye. He also died without any male issue.

Roderick Macleod married, thirdly, a sister of Lauchlan Maclean of Duart, with issue, two sons—

3. Torquil Dubh, whom he declared his heir, and who, for a time, maintained possession of the Lewis. He married a sister of Sir Rory Mor Macleod of Harris and Dunvegan, with issue, three sons—Roderick, William, and Torquil, all of whom are said to have died without legitimate issue. Torquil Dubh himself was, as we have seen, killed by his elder brother, Torquil Conanach, in July, 1597.
4. Tormod, who entered the service of Maurice, Prince of Orange, where he died without legitimate male issue, when the male representation of the Macleods of Lewis devolved upon the family of Raasay.

It would have been observed that Old Roderick, the date of whose death we are unable positively to fix, had also five bastard sons—Tormod *Uigeach*, Murdoch, Neil, Donald, and Rory Og, all of whom took a leading part in the final struggle of the Macleods for their ancient rights to the great Island principality of the Lewis.

We shall next give the account of these proceedings, preserved in the oldest manuscript history of the Mackenzies in existence. Though it may possibly be considered a little partial in some of its details, it will be found exceedingly interesting, and well worth quoting in this connection.

MEDICAL SPELLS AND CHARMS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

I.

[By Alexander Macdonald.]

The following charms refer more especially to the diseases of cattle and their cure, but it must be remembered that many of them, such as the "ruaidhe," "beum-sula," "casg-uisge," and others, are also incident to humanity, and precisely the same processes of cure were resorted to in the case of man as in that of brute. The diseases and their cures by spells and charms are both of them numerous, and I confine myself to a few only which I know best.

In the case of the "ruaidhe," which meant a lodging of the milk in the udder of the cow or a woman's breast, the charm or "eolas" repeated was the same in both cases. It ran :—

"Tha eolas agam air an ruaidhe,
Gur ann air buaidhe 's air blioc,
A chuir Moir' a tonnaibh a cinn,
'S a chuir Brighde a roinn a fuilt:
'Chriosda, faicibh sibhse chioch sin air at:
Gu ma slan a chioch 's gu ma crion an t-at;
Trian an duigh 's trian a maireach,
'S uile gu leir an earar."

I possess a charm for the redness,
It was for produce and milk
That Mary took from the ringlets of her head
And Bridget from the shedding of her hair.
Oh! Christ see Thou that breast swollen
May the breast be healed and the swelling disappear;
One-third to-day; one-third to-morrow;
And the remainder the day after.

In regard to "beum-sula," however, there is a little difference. I find two incantations to have been used. I cannot determine whether one was meant for persons, and another for animals. But I myself do not think such to have been the case. The existence of the double charm being most probably a circumstance of locality.

It may be necessary to make a few remarks upon this disease

of "beum-sula," which was at one time so common in the Highlands. The idea is of great antiquity, and wide as the world. By the Greeks it was believed that the *evil-eye* possessed a malignant power, and that it was characteristic of persons subject to envy and passion. Pliny makes mention of it in his works* as a reason for the wearing of amulets and talismans among the Romans, remarking that women with double eye-balls could injure others. In more modern times the belief in the iniquitous influence of the evil-eye is well illustrated among the Turks; and it has been since times immemorial so prevalent in the Highlands of Scotland as to take a leading place among the beliefs of the Highlanders. No person, animal, or thing was considered safe from the terrible power of the eye that would split the stone—"*an t-suil a sgoilteadh a chlach.*" And it was observed that the deep-sunk eye was the most baneful, the belief being that a person whose eyes were much out of sight—"*fada-fo-dhion*"—had a more envious heart, and more cunningly-selfish ambitions than a person whose eyes were prominent. Indeed, it must be confessed that there is something in this contention too. But several determining features and qualifications in the person's character are to be dealt with before coming to a conclusion.

When it was believed that the "evil eye" had taken effect, the person to whom the ceremony of the cure was known was at once sent for. This person might happen to be either a man or a woman; but there was at one time in the Highlands an order of men who seem to have devoted all their time to the work, the "Cliar-sheana-chain," going from place to place somewhat like the Dr. Faustus of continental renown, and living by their magic. The last of these may have been the man, well-known in Inverness-shire by the name of *Murchadh-nan-Gobhar.* He was noted for his magical cures, and also for other rather unfavourable potencies. But, however, whether performed by man or woman, the cure was always successful, unless an error was made in repeating the charm, in which case on the Continent some dreadful punishment was at once inflicted on the magician *by the devil*, but in our country no such punishment existed, the cause

* Nat. History, Book 7.

given for the failure of a cure at any time being that the disease was not what it was represented to be. A case which illustrates this once came under my notice. It was thought that a calf was suffering from the effects of the evil-eye. The magician, a neighbouring rather intelligent woman, was sent for. She got a wooden vessel—a *meadar-bleoghainn*—and putting a certain quantity of water, taken out of a running brook over which dead and living had passed, into it, and also a sixpenny piece, she stirred or swilled the water about in the vessel after a certain manner, predicting that if the evil-eye had taken effect upon the calf, the sixpenny piece would stick to the "earr" (bottom) of the vessel. This, however, it did not do in this case; and it was at once understood that the ailment from which the calf suffered was not to be ascribed to the evil-eye. This was the "silver-water" cure. But, properly speaking, it does not seem to have been so much a cure as it was a means of discovering the cause of the ailment, so far as the evil-eye might be that cause. I am not acquainted with any incantation repeated while this cure was being performed. The orthodox "charm" generally made use of for the *beum-sula* was:—

Deanamsa dhutsa eolas air suil,
A uchd 'ille Phadruig naoimh,
Air at amhaich is stad earrbuill
Air naoi conair 's air naoi connachair,
'S air naoi bean seang sith
Air suil seana-ghille, 's air sealladh seana-mhna,
Mas a suil fir i, i lasadh mar bhigh
Mas a suil mhnath' i, i bhi dh' easbhnidh a cich.
Falcadair fuar agus fuarachd da' fuil,
Air a ni, 's air a daoine,
Air a crodh 's air a caoraich fein.

Let me perform to you,
A charm for the evil-eye
By the love of Holy St. Peter
Against swelling of neck and stoppage of bowels,
Against nine "conair" and nine "connachair,"*
And nine slender fairies
Against a bachelor's eye, and an old maid's eye.
If a man's eye may it flame like gum (resin),
If a woman's eye may she want her breast;

* Can your readers explain these words?

A cold plunge and coldness to her blood,
Such to her gear, to her men,
To her cattle and sheep.

In the Beauties of Gaelic Poetry we find the following reference made to this charm:—"During its repetition the singular operation of filling a bottle with water was being carried on; and the incantation was so sung as to chime with the gurgling of the liquid as it was poured into the vessel, thus forming a sort of uncouth harmony according well with the wild and superstitious feelings of the necromancers. From the fact that one or two Irish words occur in it and that the charm was performed in the name of St. Patrick, it is probably of Irish origin; but we know that it held equally good in the Highlands of Scotland as it did across the channel."*

We cannot but notice the conspicuous part water takes up in these remarkable cures. It was a sort of a universal medium for the practice of the magical art, and indeed it seems to have held that place in the magical world for at least many centuries back. We have it invariably resorted to in the Arabian mythology for the breaking of spells and effecting the transformation of one being into another. The water was sprinkled on the victim, and, at the same time, some words repeated; which immediately from a magician or enchantress was followed with the desired result. Again, in the 8th Eclogue of Virgil, we are introduced to a sorceress who, in order to recover the lost love of Daphnis, requests her attendants to bring her "running water from the brook" with which to work a charm—a charm which she believes to be sufficiently powerful to "call the moon from its sphere, make the cold-blooded snake burst in the field," and strong as the one "by which Circe turned the companions of Ulysses into beasts.' Among Highlanders it had such virtues attributed to it, when treated according to the mysterious arts of the practitioner, that it was almost on all occasions used in connection with the practice of magic, particularly when the supposed cause of any trouble was of a non-material nature.

But, still further, with respect to the evil-eye, there is a third cure, if we are to accept the silver-water cure as one. There is

* Page 268 (Note).

one called "Eolas-a-Chronachaidh," the name applied to the one already given being "Casg-heum-sula." Eolas-a-Chronachaidh ran as follows :—

' Paidir a h' aon,
Paidir a dha,
Paidir a tri,
Paidir a ceithir,
Paidir a coig,
Paidir a sea,
Paidir a seachd,
'S neart nan seachd paidirean a
Sgaoileadh do ghalair air na
Clachan glas ud thall." *

Bead number one (paternoster)
Bead number two
Bead number three
Bead number four
Bead number five
Bead number six
Bead number seven:
And may the strength of the seven beads
Cast out your disease amidst the gray-stones over by.

While repeating this charm, the magician counted the "beads," giving a line of the charm just as each bead was passed. It must be a very old charm, and seems to have been at times used for the relief of sprained ankles and dislocated joints. It seems also to be the one referred to by the poet, John Roy Stewart, in his psalm composed after the rout of Culloden. Having sprained his ankle he went on to say :—

" Ni mi ú ubhaidh rinn Peadar do Phol
'S a linghean air fa's leum bruaich,
Seachd paidir, 'n ainm Sagairt 'us pàp
Ga chuir ris 'na phlasd mu'n cuairt."

When taken for this purpose there was apparently no charm repeated. The process was one of application, and suggests a considerable resemblance to some Pagan customs.

* Does the last part of this charm point to the world-wide belief in the passage of a disease or evil-spirit from animate to inanimate nature? We know how prevalent the idea was that persons were relieved of certain mischievous "possessions" by the power of magic, compelling these "possessions" to take refuge in stones, trees, and sometimes even in water. Is not this suggestive in that direction? [This charm is given by W. Mackenzie (Gaelic Society of Inverness, Translations, vol. viii., p. 126 as the latter part of a toothache charm. Ed., *C. M.*]

For sprains and dislocations there was, however, a more specific incantation in vogue. It was denominated "Eolas-sgochadh-feithe." The performance accompanying the charm was as follows:—A thread of common worsted was got and knotted here and there. The thread was afterwards drawn through the fingers of both hands, and the words of the charm whispered as the knots on the thread came in contact with the fingers. Thus again comes near a Pagan custom mentioned in Virgil as part of the injunctions of the sorceress to her servants:—

> "Knit with three knots the fillets: knit them straight;
> Then say these knots to love I consecrate."

The charm for this "eolas" is an interesting one:—

> "Chaidh Crisod air muin each donn,
> 'S bhrist each donn a chois;
> Chuir Criosda smuais ri smuais,
> Cnaimh ri cnaimh, 's feoil ri feoil,
> 'S shlanaich cois each donn."*

> Christ rode a brown horse,
> And the brown horse broke its leg:
> Christ put marrow to marrow,
> Bone to bone, flesh to flesh,
> And the brown horse's leg was healed.

This was a never-failing cure for such as suffered from sprains and dislocations, and was applicable both to persons and animals also.

"Casg-uisge," stoppage of urine, was a serious trouble, and would have been troublesome, as already stated, to both people and cattle. The charm for it was more or less of the usual kind, but seems to be somewhat incomplete:—

> "Triuir a thachair orm a tighinn as an Roimh, ... Peadar agus Pol. 'S e bu dusgadh dhiobh 's iad nan codal suain. . . . . Dhiarr Moire mhin as aoa Iosa Criosda stad a chur le 'fhuil 'S ruith chuir le fhual; 's e 'thighinn gu min gun trioblaid gun strith, mar uisge le gleann."

> Three met me coming from Rome
> Peter and Paul . . . . . .
> What awakened them as they slept soundly . . . . . .
> Meek Mary in the name of Jesus Christ†
> Desired that a stop should be put to its blood,
> And that its urine should run;

* [Cf. W. Mackenzie, op. cit. p. 125.—ED.]

†Or by *the skill of Jesus Christ.*

So that it would pass smoothly
Without trouble or distress,
As water down a glen.

There was another ailment incident to cattle called the "tairbhean," a sickness resulting from eating too much of the young grass or any such. The charm for it was:—

"Ni mi 'n obaig a rinn Calum-Cille do dh' aon bho na caillich—
Air a bhulg 's air a bhalg
'S air a ghalair dhearg 's air an tairbhean.
Bristidh mise 'm builgean, 's marbhaidh Moire 'mhialag."*

I shall perform the charm
Performed by St. Columba
To the old woman's one cow
For the distemper, and ringworm? (blisters)
The erysipelas and swelling: (surfeit)
I shall break the blister
And St. Mary will kill the vermin.

The following is a charm for the toothache in English. It may not be native, being apparently borrowed from the South:—

St. Peter sat on a new-rolled stone
Weeping and wailing;
Jesus came by and said—
What ails you, Peter?
Oh, Lord, my God, the toothache.
Jesus said be healed;
And who ever will carry
These few lines for my name's sake
Will never feel the toothache.

This charm, it will be seen, embraces more than one disease; and pretends to be applicable to one as to another. Indeed, it seems, on a little consideration of these charms, that now and then it did not matter much if the wrong charm entirely was made use of, at least so long as that was not revealed to the sufferer. Of course, in the case of cattle, there could be no fear of such a revelation. In whatever way the cure was effected, if success did attend on or follow the attempt of curing, by means of spells and charms, it need hardly be said that the charm or spell was not the real cause of the cure.

[*Cf. W. Mackenzie, op. cit. p. 127-8.—Ed.]

THE FAIRY SNUFF-BOX.*

THERE was once a man in Trotternish, in the Island of Skye, who had no snuff. He went to all the shops in the place for more, but they had all run out of it—bha iad uile air ruith a mach ais. He heard that there was a pedlar—ceannaiche-siubhail—in the township of Kilmuir, who had plenty of snuff. So after him he went. But when he reached Kilmuir the pedlar was after going to Waternish. He went after him there, but when he reached, the pedlar was after going to Edinbane. He went after him there, but when he reached, the pedlar was after going to Dunvegan. He went after him there, but when he reached, the pedlar was after going to Stein. He went after him there, but when he reached, the pedlar was after going to Portree. He went after him there, and when he reached, he found the pedlar before him. He bought a few pounds of snuff and went away. On his way home he got thirsty, and went for a drink to a spring near the road. When he was coming from the well he saw an old gray-headed man sitting beside the road. He entered into conversation with him, and told him of the trouble he had before he got the snuff. "Well," said the old man, "I will give you a snuff-box, full of snuff, and if you will always give it open to others, the snuff in it will never be spent." The man took the box, thanked the old man, and went away. He had the snuff-box for a considerable time after this; yet the box never failed, because he always gave the box open to other people. Some time after this Lord Macdonald came to collect his rent, and this man, while paying his rent, offered him "a snuff," having first, of course, opened the box. "Would you dare," said his lordship, "to give the box open to me. Shut it, for I can open it myself." The man complied, and shutting the box, handed it to his lordship. He opened it, when lo! it was empty. The man explained the mystery, whereupon his lordship, on account of the loss he inflicted on the man, gave his croft to him free as long as he lived, besides many presents.

* From Mr. Kenneth Macleod, Eigg.

"NETHER-LOCHABER."

AN ACROSTIC.

Nourished by nature's delicious dishes,
Envying none but the foxes and fishes;
Teaching in tenderest, truthfullest fashion
How to be happy sans perilous passion;
Eager to prove that the North of the nation
Revels in riches that conquer creation;
Laughing at louts who may fancy him foolish
Offering incense to bleak Ballachulish;
Cheerful, content, among Scotia's heather;
Hearty in wettest or windiest weather;
Altered by fame or by flattery never,
Brilliant and pure as the pebbliest river;
Equal of Scotia's sunniest sages,
Royal "Lochaber" will tunnel the ages.

WM. MURRAY.

Hamilton, Ontario, 23rd September, 1887.

REVIEWS.

STUDIES IN THE TOPOGRAPHY OF GALLOWAY. By Sir HERBERT EUSTACE MAXWELL, M.P. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1887.

WE confess that we opened this work, not merely with the suspicion with which we regard all amateur works on topographical etymology, but with some misgiving caused by the fact that the author is a busy politician not likely to be able to give but the scantest attention to a subject like the etymology of place names, which requires careful philologic training with full knowledge of ancient local history; nor were we much assured when we found the preface speaking of the "agitated course of politics" which lately brought about three elections for the county of Wigtown, and entailed "almost incessant parliamentary work." But we are glad to say that our suspicions and misgivings were unjust. The book is a painstaking and intelligent piece of work, and although

we have to criticise it on the score of inaccuracy in dealing with the difficult and delicate subject of Celtic philology, we have nothing but praise for it as a whole.

An Introduction of 44 pages prefaces the "Studies" proper. The Introduction contains the general principles with a full account of the sources and authorities made use of in the work. The "Studies" contain the place names alphabetically arranged, and with each name are given the parish in which it is and the derivation, accompanied when necessary by the approximate English pronunciation, while variant forms from old charters and other sources are often given. In the Introduction the author glances at the old history of Galloway, but unfortunately he deals with the racial problems on the lines of theories put forward many years ago by Professor Rhys, but now abandoned by their author. The Welsh inscriptions led Professor Rhys to assert that in the 6th century Welsh and Gaelic were one language, and that all differences had arisen since then. This extraordinary theory misled Mr. Elton in his valuable work on the "Origins of English History," and here again it misleads Sir Herbert Maxwell. The 6th century inscriptions found in Wales are now known to be not early Welsh, but early Gaelic. Professor Rhys has corrected himself in his *Celtic Britain*. The distinction between Welsh and Gaelic is over two thousand years old. We have in former numbers indicated our opinion as to the language of the Picts, and we hold, with Sir Henry Macandrew, that the Picts of Galloway are mythical. The people called Picts of Galloway by the 12th century chroniclers were merely the Gaelic-speaking inhabitants of that country. The mistake in calling them Picts arose from a mis-reading or mal-reading of Bede, as a glance at the laboured note on page 133 of Skene's Vol. I. of Celtic Scotland proves. Gaelic was spoken in Galloway "until the closing years of the sixteenth century," and Sir Herbert maintains that it was identical with the Gaelic of the Highlands, for both it and the Highland Gaelic are spoken of in common as *Ersche*. The extensive use of the word Blar (field), which is little known in Ireland, goes to prove among other things that what our author contends for is fairly true; but, on the whole, the Gaelic dialect of Galloway would appear to have been somewhat like its position, midway

race, the student of topography has to take account of the influence between the dialects of Antrim and Argyle. Besides the Gaelic which the British or Welsh language exerted on place names during the supremacy of the Strathclyde Britons. He has further to consider the still more powerful element introduced in the change from Gaelic to English—the Teutonic element. These and other interesting points are discussed fully in the Introduction. The author follows Joyce for the most part in his principles of Gaelic topography, and no better guide could be proposed.

The "Studies" themselves are more open to hostile criticism. To begin with, the Gaelic translation offered for "Topography of Galloway"—An Tir-Chunntas Gallgaidhel—is barbarous in the extreme, and the offensive form is met with thereafter as a heading on every alternate page, much to the annoyance of any one that knows the Gaelic language. Places receive their names, as the author says, "from some distinctive characteristic, from a definite event, or from the name of some individual who identified himself with them." There are thus three classes of names—descriptive, historic, and personal. Places named from events or persons are more easily traced, but names descriptive of place characteristics, or even of the social and political conditions under which the names were given are not so easily decided upon. History will settle the first class, but descriptive names are very slippery, and the worst of them is that the outsider, who has not seen the place, cannot test the accuracy of the etymology by reference to the appearance and characteristics of the place. He can judge only the form of the word—whether it answers to phonetic and etymological laws. We have to complain that our author has vouchsafed scarcely any descriptions of places so as to afford a test of accuracy. A graver omission, however, consists in not having given a description of the places for which he offers no etymology, which are many, and about which he tells us no more than that they are located in a certain parish. He does not even mention whether the place is a hill, dale, vale, house, farm, or village. More information as to the older farms would also have been of importance. As to the derivations offered, it is not often easy to say whether they are right or wrong. For instance, prefixes like Pen and Pin require careful consideration as to

whether they are British or English—British *pen* (head) or English *penny* in Pennyland, which appears on Gaelic soil often as Peinn ; and we suspect that most, if not all, of the Galloway Pens are from the latter source. There are other derivations which we need not hesitate to condemn ; these are the etymologies offered for general terms like field, island, port, top, and so forth. The following are a few examples of wrong etymologies : Gaelic *leae* is not allied to Lat. *lapis*, nor *gabhar* to *caper*, nor *achadh* to *ager(?)*, nor *breac* to Greek *perknos*, nor *coille* to Lat. *silva(?)*, nor *baile* to *polis*, nor *coirce* to *granum*, nor *cas* to *pes*, etc. These Gaelic words are borrowed from, not allied to, the respective languages : *eilean* from *island*, *ceap* from *cippus*, *crois* from *cruix*, *poll* from *palus*, *capall* from *caballus*, *amhuinn* from *oven*, and so forth. These errors arise from unacquaintance with the views of trained Celtic philologists, and lack of a good grounding in philological principles. Despite these defects, the work is a valuable contribution to Celtic topography; even as a mere list of place names it will be found of use, not to speak of the valuable Introduction and many suggestive notes throughout.

THE OLD-IRISH GLOSSES AT WURZBURG AND CARLSRUHE. Edited with a Translation and Glossarial Index by WHITLEY STOKES, D.C.L. Part I.—The Glosses and Translation. (Trubner & Co., London.)

THIS volume is printed for the Philological Societies of London and Cambridge, and it is needless to say, what may be said of any work edited by Dr. Stokes, that on the score of palaeographic and philologic accuracy it cannot be surpassed. The book contains the Old-Irish glosses found in four Latin MSS. of the ninth century preserved at Wurzburg and Carlsruhe, and this first volume has the Latin and Old-Irish text together with a translation, while a second volume, which is to be sent to the printer in February next, will comprise the introduction and glossarial index. It need hardly be said that the second volume will be of more importance and interest even than this first one. We may expect that the glossary will take rank beside the author's own index to the Felire of Angus the Culdee and Prof. Windisch's Dictionary to the Irische Texte. These indexes and vocabularies are simply in-

valuable in the absence of that Early Irish Dictionary which has been promised us so long from both Germany and Ireland.

The glosses in the four MSS. have already been published. Professor Zimmer in 1881 published the glosses of three of them—those of the Codex Paulinus, the Priscian and the Beda, giving the Latin and Gaelic texts but no translation. Dr. Stokes says that Zimmer's edition was edited "so incompletely and inaccurately as to render a revised edition desireable." Besides, his edition lacks a translation and vocabulary. The fourth glosses are those on the Augustine Codex at Carlsruhe, which were published in 1884 by Professor Windisch with a German translation; and, as a German translation is for many British Celtists nearly as difficult to understand as the original Irish glosses, Dr. Stokes has done well to print and translate the glosses even for this, as well as to "render the present work complete." It must not be supposed that these glosses are of mere philologic value. They are also most important as showing the high state of scholarship in Ireland in the 8th and 9th centuries—the knowledge, for instance, of Greek among Irish monks, rare at that time in Western Europe, and as showing also the theologic views held by the Irish Church at the time on the knotty points of Pauline and other theology. Dr. Stokes' translation, which is done with admirable accuracy, enables the ordinary reader for the first time to make these discoveries for himself.

Dr. Stokes has also sent us an extract from Vol. 28 of the *Zeitschrift* for Comparative Philology (pp. 372-380) containing two articles of his own. The first article (pp. 372-9) contains the 12th century Irish glosses and notes on Chalcidius in a MS. of the Bodleian Library, and, if we remember rightly, they were published in the *Academy* last April. Dr. Stokes gives the Latin and Irish texts, and thereafter a commentary, wherein he translates and comments on the Gaelic text, and gives some etymologies. Old-Irish *ocus* (and), Gaelic *agus* he takes from an Old Celtic form *agnusto-s* cognate with Latin *angustus*, the *c* being equal to *gg*. Old-Irish *aréir*, Gaelic *an raoir* (last night) is possibly connected with Skr. *rātri*. The second article concerns three additional

Irish stems in *-i*, which Dr. Stokes has found, viz., *all* (rock), *delg* (thorn), and *gruad* (cheek). *All* he connects with German *fels* in our *felspar; delg*, Gaelic *dealg*, with Anglo Saxon *telgan* (virgultum); and *gruad*, for Old Celtic *groudos*, with Lat. *grandis*, Eng. *great* (?) For this last connection he compares *maxilla* (jaw) to *magnus*.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Educational Conferences held lately at Oban and Stornoway, if they have thrown no additional light on the problems of education in the Highlands, have at least kept the subject well to the front. Meanwhile we may take this opportunity of noticing the latest Bluebook or Report of the Education Department. In Mr. Robertson's district the Highland Minute is doing good, at least in the increase of grants. "It is encouraging to note," he says, "that of the 157 schools inspected this year the returns now to hand show that 74 schools claimed varying amounts of the premium on average attendance, and that 26 of these claimed the maximum grant (8/-)." Mr. Sime finds it "extremely difficult to say how far that Minute has fulfilled the expectations of its promoters." Mr. Macleod says nothing about it.

BESIDES Attendance, the other leading provisions of the Highland Minute aimed at the encouragement of Secondary Schools, the employment of Gaelic-speaking pupil-teachers, and the teaching of Gaelic as a specific subject. The only information we get on these points is a few remarks from Mr. Sime on Gaelic as a specific subject. He says: "A few schools have offered Gaelic as a specific subject; the pupils offered numbering 39. . . . The schools that have put forward pupils in Gaelic are Raining's School, Inverness, and the Schools of Cross, Shawbost, and Valtos, in the Lewis," apparently four in all. Mr. Sime justly remarks of the way Gaelic is put on the Code, "the conditions of examination are of a most unsatisfactory nature, as no curriculum is prescribed, and managers are invited to submit a graduated scheme to Her Majesty's Inspector. I have never seen a graduated scheme or had an interview with the managers on the subject; but I have not on that account refused to examine pupils (as I probably ought to have done), nor have I declined any scheme for the first year's work offered to me."

THAT Ishmael of Celtic Scholarship, Professor Zimmer of Greifswald University, in Germany, has been getting, in recent numbers of the *Academy*, some "lassooing" at the hands of Messrs. Standish H. O'Grady and Whitley Stokes for a paper of his in the "Gottingen Literary Review" for last March. "This learned person has ever since 1881 been fairly running amuck," says Mr. O'Grady. Professor Zimmer belongs to the robust controversialists of Johnsonian days; Gifford and Croker are his prototypes. He tells M. D'Arbois de Jubainville that his ignorance is abysmal,

and he devotes a volume of "Celtic Studies" to Professor Windisch's Irish Texts, where choice bits of learned but lively Billingsgate may be met with. The paper in the "Gottingen Review" deals with M. de Jubainville's "Catalogue of Irish Epic Literature," wherein the learned Professor demonstrated, with his usual blunt vigour, what M. de Jubainville would be the first to acknowledge, that his Catalogue was incomplete, and on a few points inaccurate. The review, however, contains some excellent and novel information about Ossianic poetry, and the Professor discusses the relationship of the Ossianic to the Cuchulinn legends, inclining to the belief that the Ossianic is greatly derived from the Cuchulinn cycle. As usual, Professor Zimmer makes some amazing blunders for so really able and learned a man, and Mr. S. O'Grady and Dr. Stokes have been letting him know about them.

THE Gaelic Society of Inverness has entered on the active work of the session which promises to be a very interesting and important one. A large number of papers on Highland and Celtic subjects are promised during the winter. At the Society's opening meeting the Secretary laid on the table a copy of Dr. Charles Mackay's new work, "A Glossary of Obscure Words and Phrases in Shakespeare and his Contemporaries," presented by Mr. John Mackay, C.E., Hereford, for the Society's Library. This is but one of a great many obligations under which Mr. Mackay's generosity has placed the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

DR CHARLES MACKAY'S book is in truth a sumptuous volume beautifully printed on first-class paper. It evinces a very wide and minute knowledge of the works of the Bard of Avon and his contemporaries and interpreters. Beyond this, however, we are sorry we cannot go further in praise of the work. It has been avowedly prepared for the purpose of demonstrating from Shakespeare and the writers of his time that Gaelic or Keltic "formed a considerable portion of the vernacular speech of that day." The method adopted to prove this, and the results derived from the exercise are such as will only serve to bring upon the author the pity and the ridicule of all who know anything of Gaelic, its philological history, or even its colloquial and grammatical use. The book is destitute of any useful suggestion pertinent to the purpose of its publication, and the sentiment with which intelligent Gaels will read it will be of sincere regret that the accomplished and genial author should have entered upon a field late in life where he is in serious danger of marring a splendid literary reputation.

The Celtic Magazine.

EDITED BY

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. Scot.

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THE OLD CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD OF KINGUSSIE (ST. COLUMBA'S.)

[By Alexander Macpherson.]

"Stop, Stranger, whosoe'er thou art,
And to thyself be just;
These mouldering tombs address thine heart—
Catch wisdom from the dust."

In giving a few gleanings and traditions gathered from various sources—meagre as these unfortunately are—regarding the old Church and Churchyard of Kingussie, it may not be out of place, by way of introduction, to give a glimpse or two of the great Missionary Saint and Highland Apostle by whom, according to popular tradition, the Church was planted, and to whom it was dedicated.

In the very interesting Life of St. Columba, by the elder Dr. Norman Macleod—the large-hearted, Highlander-loving, Minister for so many years of St. Columba's Gaelic Church in Glasgow—it is related that Columba, with twelve of his favourite disciples, left Ireland 563 A.D. in a little *Curach*, built of wicker-work covered with hide, arriving on Whitsun-Eve in that year at the "lonely, beautiful, and soft-aired Iona," which subsequently remained his home down to the date of his death in 597 A.D. The Highlands —indeed the whole country north of the Forth and Clyde—were at that time, we are told, like a vast wilderness, without way or road through the thick, dark woods—the hills extensive and full of wild beasts. But in spite of all this Columba persevered.

During four-and-thirty years he never rested nor wearied in the work of founding churches and spreading the Gospel of Christ. In his day he established three hundred churches, besides founding one hundred monasteries, and, as he penetrated, in the course of his mission, so far north as Inverness, the probability undoubtedly is that the old Church of Kingussie was one of the number thus planted by him.

No traces remain of the buildings which he thus raised, but some particulars of their general character have come down to us. "There was an earthen rampart which enclosed all the settlement. There was a mill-stream, a kiln, a barn, a refectory. The church with its sacristy was of oak. The cells of the brethren were surrounded by walls of clay held together by wattles. Columba had his special cell in which he wrote and read: two brethren stationed at the door waited his orders. He slept on the bare ground with a stone for his pillow. The members of the community were bound by solemn vows. . . . Their dress was a white tunic, over which was worn a rough mantle and hood of wool left its natural colour. They were shod with sandals which they took off at meals. Their food was simple, consisting commonly of barley bread, milk, fish, and eggs." According to the evidence of Adamnan, his successor and biographer, the foundation of Columba's preaching and his great instrument in the conversion of the rude Highland people of that early time, was the Word of God. "No fact," says Dr. Macgregor of St. Cuthberts, "could be more significant or prophetic. It was the pure unadulterated religion of Jesus that was first offered to our forefathers, and broke in upon the gloom of our ancient forests. The first strong foundations of the Scottish Church were laid broad and deep where they rest to-day on the solid rock of Scripture. It was with *The Book* that Columba fought and won the battle with Paganism, Knox the battle with Popery, Melville the first battle of Presbytery with Episcopacy—the three great struggles which shaped the form and determined the fortunes of the Scottish Church."

The picture of the closing scene in the life of St Columba, on 9th June, 597, A.D., as given by Dr. Boyd of St. Andrews—the well-known "A.K.H.B."—in his eloquent lecture on "Early

Christian Scotland," is so beautiful and touching that I cannot refrain from quoting it:—

"On Sunday, June 2, he was celebrating the communion as usual when the face of the venerable man, as his eyes were raised to Heaven, suddenly appeared suffused with a ruddy glow. He had seen an angel hovering above the church and blessing it: an angel sent to bear away his soul. Columba knew that the next Saturday was to be his last. The day came and along with his attendant, Diormit, he went to bless the barn. He blest it, and two heaps of winnowed corn in it, saying thankfully that he rejoiced for his beloved monks, for that if he were obliged to depart from them, they would have provision enough for the year. His attendant said: 'This year at this time, father, thou often vexest us, by so frequently making mention of thy leaving us:' For like humbler folk, drawing near to the great change, St. Columba could not but allude to it, more or less directly. Then, having bound his attendant not to reveal to any before he should die what he now said, he went on to speak more freely of his departure. 'This day,' he said, 'in the Holy Scriptures is called the Sabbath, which means Rest. And this day is indeed a Sabbath to me, for it is the last day of my present laborious life, and on it I rest after the fatigues of my labours; and this night at midnight which commenceth the solemn Lord's Day, I shall go the way of our fathers. For already my Lord Jesus Christ deigneth to invite me; and to Him in the middle of this night I shall depart at his invitation. For so it hath been revealed to me by the Lord Himself.'

"Diormit wept bitterly; and they two returned towards the Monastery. Halfway the aged Saint sat down to rest, at a spot afterwards marked with a cross; and while here a white pack-horse that used to carry the milk vessels from the cowshed to the Monastery, came to the Saint, and laying its head on his breast, began to shed human tears of distress. The good man, we are told, blest his humble fellow creature and bade it farewell. Then ascending the hill hardby, he looked upon the Monastery, and holding up both his hands, breathed his last benediction upon the place he had ruled so well; prophesying that Iona should be held in honour far and near. He went down to his little hut, and pushed on at his task of transcribing the Psalter. The last lines he wrote are very familiar in those of our churches where God's praise has its proper place: they contain the words of the beautiful anthem which begins 'O taste and see how gracious the Lord is.' He finished the page; he wrote the words with which the anthem ends: 'They that seek the Lord shall want no

manner of thing that is good,' and laying down his pen for the last time he said, 'Here at the end of the page I must stop; let Baithene write what comes after.'

"Having written the words, he went into the church to the last service of Saturday evening. When this was over, he returned to his chamber and lay down on his bed. It was a bare flag and his pillow was a stone, which was afterwards set up beside his grave. Lying here he gave his last counsels to his brethren, but only Diormit heard him. 'These, O my children, are the last words I say to you—that ye be at peace, and have unfeigned charity among yourselves; and, if then you follow the example of the holy fathers, God, the comforter of the good, will be your helper; and I, abiding with Him, will intercede for you; and He will not only give you sufficient to supply the wants of this present life, but will also bestow on you the good and eternal rewards which are laid up for those who keep His commandments.' The hour of his departure drew near, and the Saint was silent; but, when the bell rung at midnight, and the Lord's Day began, he rose hastily and hurried into the church, faster than any could follow him. He entered alone and knelt before the altar. His attendant, following, saw the whole church blaze with a heavenly light; others of the brethren saw it also; but as they entered the light vanished and the church was dark. When lights were brought, the Saint was lying before the altar. He was departing. The brethren burst into lamentations. Columba could not speak; but he looked eagerly to right and left, with a countenance of wonderful joy and gladness: seeing doubtless the shining ones that had come to bear him away. As well as he was able he moved his right hand in blessing on his brethren, and thus blessing them the wearied Saint passed to his rest. St. Columba was gone from Iona. . . . There is but one account of his wonderful voice—wonderful for power and sweetness. In church it did not sound louder than other voices, but it could be heard perfectly a mile away. Diormit heard its last words: the beautiful voice could not more worthily have ended its occupation—with kindly thought of those he was leaving; with earnest care for them; with simple promise to help them, if he could, where he was going; it was fit that good St. Columba should die."

To quote the beautiful lines of the late Principal Shairp, of St. Andrews, another warm-hearted friend, by-the-way, of the Highlands and the Highland people:—

"Centuries gone the Saint from Erin
Hither came on Christ's behest,
Taught and toiled, and when was ended
Life's long labour here found rest;

And all ages since have followed
To the ground his grave hath blessed."

Little or no reliable information regarding the old church of Kingussie earlier than the 12th century has come down to us. About the middle of that century, Muriach, the historical Parson of Kingussie, on the death of his brother without issue, became head of his family, and succeeded to the Chiefship of Clan Chattan. Obtaining a dispensation from the Pope of the time, he subsequently (about 1173) married a daughter of the Thane of Calder, by whom he had five sons, and surnames about this time having become hereditary, Mac-pherson—that is, "Son-of-the-Parson"—became the distinguishing clan appellation of his posterity. The village of Kingussie occupies the precincts of the ancient priory, built by George, Earl of Huntly, about the year 1490, on the site, it is believed, of the old church of St. Columba; and in course of the improvements recently made in the churchyard, a portion of one of the gables of the chapel of the Monastery was distinctly traced.

Mr. Sinton, the esteemed minister of Invergarry—so well known as a collector of the old folk-lore and songs of Badenoch—thus relates one of the most ancient traditions which has survived in Badenoch in connection with St. Columba:—

"St. Columba's fair—*Feill Challum-Chille*—was held at Midsummer, and to it resorted great numbers of people from the surrounding parishes, and some from distant towns, who went to dispose of their wares in exchange for the produce of the country. Once upon a time the plague or *Black Death*, which used to ravage Europe broke out among those who were assembled at *Feill Challum-Chille*. Now this fair was held partly within the precincts consecrated to St. Callum, and partly without, and so it happened that no one who had the good fortune to be within was affected by the plague, while among those without the sacred bounds it made terrible havoc. At the Reformation, a plank of bog-fir was fixed into St Columba's church from wall to wall, and and so divided the church. In the end which contained the altar the priest was allowed to officiate, while the Protestant preacher occupied the further extremity."

The example thus shown in such troublous times of the "unfeigned charity" so touchingly inculcated by the good St.

Columba with his dying breath more than a thousand years previously, reflects no little credit upon Badenoch, and it does not appear that the cause of the Reformation suffered in any way or was retarded in that wide district in consequence. "The sockets of the plank," adds Mr. Sinton, "were long pointed out in the remains of the masonry of the old church." Unfortunately, when part of the north wall of the churchyard was repaired, nearly thirty years ago, these remains appear to have been incorporated with the wall and almost entirely obliterated.

Here are some further reminiscences received from Mr. Macrae, the Procurator-Fiscal at Kirkwall, like Mr. Sinton, a worthy and much-respected native of Badenoch :—

"One of my earliest—indeed, I may say, my earliest—recollection," says Mr. Macrae, "is connected with this churchyard. I remember one hot summer Sabbath afternoon—it must, I think, have been in the year 1845—sitting with my father upon a tombstone in the churchyard listening, along with a crowd of others, to a minister preaching from a tent. I cannot say who the minister was, but I was at the time much impressed with his earnestness, and with what, on reflection, I must now think was a most unusual command of Gaelic language and Gaelic idioms. In one of his most earnest and eloquent periods he, and the large congregation listening to him, were startled by seeing the head of a stag looking down over the dyke separating the churchyard from the hill road which was used as a peat road, and which used to be the short cut by pedestrians to Inverness. The stag was tossing his head about, evidently bellicose. The bulk of the congregation were from the uplands of the parish—Strone, Newtonmore, Glenbanchor, etc., and they, by their movements, recognised the stag as a young stag that the worthy and much-respected occupants of Ballachroan attempted to domesticate. They were not in this attempt more successful than others, for the stag's great amusement was to watch, from the uplands, persons passing along the public road, and then giving them, especially if they were females, a hot chase. That Sabbath he had, as I subsequently learned, been in the west Kingussie Moss amusing himself by overturning erections of peat set up to dry. Those of the congregation who knew his dangerous propensities became very uneasy, and, in consequence, the service was interrupted, but some of those present managed to get him away, after which the service was proceeded with.

"I used to be very often in the churchyard. It had a great attraction for all the youths in the west end of Kingussie. The

ruins of the old church engrossed our attention next to witnessing funerals. The walls of the church were, when I first remember them, more perfect than they are at present. The church consisted of a nave rectangular without a chancel. The east and south walls were almost perfect. The west gable was away. The stones of the north wall were partially removed and used for repairing the north dyke of the churchyard. There were traces of windows in the south wall, but whether these windows were round, pointed, or square could not be inferred from the state of the walls.

"In the remains of the north wall there was, about two yards, I should say, westward from the east gable, an aperture with a circular arch, which interested us boys at the time very much. It was about eighteen inches in length, twelve in height, and five in depth. We had many discussions in regard to it, some of us contending that it was a receptacle for the Bible, others that it was a canopy for a cross or an image, but it undoubtedly was a *piscina* where the consecrated vessels, paten, chalice, etc., used in celebrating mass, were kept when not used during the celebration. The piscina is generally in the south gable, and has a pipe for receiving the water used in cleaning the sacred vessels. I will be able to show you a perfect piscina in one of the side chapels of St. Magnus Cathedral when you are next here. It was, however, not unusual in northern or cisalpine churches, especially in those of an early date, to have the piscina in the north gable without a pipe. You may depend upon it that the church was of a very early date, probably of the earliest type of Latin Rural Church architecture in Scotland. It may have been built upon the site of an earlier Celtic church. You might probably ascertain this by directing the workmen you have employed in putting the churchyard in order to dig about five feet inwards from the eastern gable. If they should find there any remains of the foundations of a cross gable between the north and south gables, you may safely conclude that there was a Celtic church there, and that the Christian religion was taught in Badenoch before the close of the tenth century."

For a period of fully seventy years now there have been *three* churchyards in the village of Kingussie, namely, "St. Columba's," "The Middle Churchyard," and "The New Churchyard"—the first interment in the new one having taken place in 1815. Except in the case of the latter, there is no obligation incumbent upon the Heritors of the parish to keep the churchyards in repair, and even as regards the new one the obligation extends simply to the maintenance of the walls surrounding it. As regards the other

two, which are now but seldom used, the force of the old adage —"What is everybody's business is nobody's"—has, alas! as in the case of many other interesting old churchyards throughout the Highlands, been sadly exemplified. Up till within the last two or three years the venerable churchyard of St. Columba—where for a period extending over fully seven hundred years, so many generations of Macphersons, *Clann Mhuirich Bhàideanaich*, have been laid to rest with their kindred dust—was anything but creditably kept. Its surface was so irregular and many of the tombstones and mounds were so placed or raised above the ground as to render it almost impossible to cut the grass or remove the weeds. The whole ground was in consequence a tangled mass of long grass, rank nettles, and dockens. The walls had also been allowed to fall into a sad state of disrepair, and altogether the condition of the churchyard was felt to be so very discreditable that about three years ago the following appeal was prepared and widely circulated:—

"CLADH CHALLUM CHILLE"

"ST. COLUMBA'S CHURCHYARD, KINGUSSIE."

"The stone wall or dyke enclosing this interesting and venerable Place of Burial having become dilapidated, it is proposed to collect by general subscription a sum of money sufficient to put it in good order and repair, and thereby guard the sacred precincts from possible desecration. An estimate has been received for the partial rebuilding and thorough repair of the dyke, and this expense, along with that of other contemplated permanent improvements, which would add greatly to the appearance of the place and the amenity of the neighbourhood, will, it is calculated, cost altogether from £40 to £50. It is confidently anticipated that the sum required for so commendable an object will be readily subscribed in honour of the Dead who lie buried there; in honour of the hallowed site of the old church of Kingussie, a place of worship of remote antiquity, one of the most ancient north of the Grampians, planted, it is believed, by St. Columba himself, to whom the church was dedicated; and in honour of the "Parson" of that church, from whom the Macphersons of the Macpherson country derive the name which they now bear. Subscriptions will be received and duly acknowledged by Mr. A. Macpherson, British Linen Bank, Kingussie."

The response to that appeal has been so far very gratifying, the contributions already received amounting to close upon £50.

Besides subscriptions from residenters in the place, ranging from 1s. to 21s., the list includes contributions from the late Cluny Macpherson; Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bart.; Mr. Baillie of Kingussie; Colonel Macpherson of Glentruim; Mr. Brewster Macpherson of Belleville; Mr. Allan Macpherson of Blairgowrie; Mrs. Macpherson, Waitui, New Zealand; Mr. Donald D. Macpherson, Manchester; Mr. John Macpherson, Craigdhu, Crieff; the Rev. Eneas Macpherson, Larbert; Mr. James Macpherson, Edinburgh; Mr. G. R. Mackenzie, president of the Singer Manufacturing Company, New York; Mr. John K. Macdonald, and other natives of Badenoch, in the employment of that Company in Glasgow; Mr. Donald King, London; Mrs. Cumming, America; Mr. Hugh Bannerman, Southport; Dr. Murray, Forres; Mr. David Whyte, Glasgow; etc., etc. Not the least gratifying circumstance in connection with the appeal is the fact that through the kind exertions of Miss Macpherson of The Willows, Kingston (whose grandfather, Captain Clark of Dalnavert, a nephew of the translator of Ossian's poems, is interred in St. Columba's), subscriptions to the extent of several pounds have been received from Canada. The Canadian list of subscriptions includes such distinguished and well-known names as Sir John Macdonald, G.C.B., the Prime Minister of Canada (whose deceased wife was a daughter of Captain Clark of Dalnavert); Sir David Macpherson, K.C.M.S.; Mr. Hugh J. Macdonald, Winnipeg; Mr. A. M. Macpherson, Kingston; Lieut.-Colonel John Macpherson, Ottawa; and Mrs. Macpherson of The Willows, Kingston.

The result of the response already made to the appeal referred to is that not only, with a total expenditure of about £53, have the walls been partially rebuilt and thoroughly repaired, but that the churchyard itself has been all neatly laid out in terraces in conformity with the original formation of the ground, and the tombstones and graves in each terrace all reverently placed on a uniform level. The work is now so far finished that all who have recently seen the place acknowledge that a great improvement has been effected. Altogether, it is extremely gratifying to be able to state that the old churchyard of St. Columba has been rendered more worthy of the honoured name it bears, and of the

care due to it as the hallowed resting-place, for so many centuries, of all that is mortal of the old people of Badenoch. There is not, it is safe to say, one living Badenoch-Macpherson, or descendant of the famous "Parson" of Kingussie, all the world over, some of whose forbears do not sleep their "long last sleep" in the old churchyard of St. Columba. As with pensive thoughts, in the quiet Autumn-twilight, we survey their "mouldering tombs," we seem to hear long-silent voices plaintively speaking to us in the tender wailing strains of the Gaelic *Coronach*—so inexpressibly touching to all Highlanders—which, in our comparatively cold Saxon everyday tongue, may thus be feebly rendered :—

> "Return, return, return, we'll never.
> In War or in Peace, return, we'll never.
> Nor Love nor Gold can recall us thither,
> Till dawns the Great Day to unite us for ever."

Hearty thanks are due to Cluny Macpherson and Mr. Macpherson of Belleville for their kindness in supplying ivy and other plants for the churchyard, and to Mrs. Duncan Cameron, Kingussie, who not only subscribed to the Improvement Fund, but exerted herself so successfully in obtaining contributions from others. Similar thanks are also due to Mr. Roberts, C.E., who generously prepared the specifications for the work, and to Mr. George Macdonald for many kind services rendered in connection with the improvements. If a further sum of about £20 were subscribed—and let me express the earnest hope that such an amount will soon be forthcoming—this would not only clear off the present balance of about £5 against the Fund, but also meet the cost of the additional operations suggested by Mr. Macrae, Kirkwall, and of placing a small marble tablet, with a suitable inscription, in what remains of the wall of the old church. The minister of Invergarry has already kindly sent me a contribution of 20s. towards meeting the cost of the proposed tablet.

In a future paper I propose giving transcripts of the inscriptions on the many interesting tombstones in the churchyard, with descriptive notes, to be followed, as opportunity occurs, by similar papers on the other two churchyards in Kingussie, with which, as well as with St. Columba's, the history of the parish is so closely identified.

THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[By Alexander Mackenzie.]

The Macleods of Lewis.

(Continued.)

Having completed the history of the Macleods of Lewis so far as that can be done at present from authentic historical sources, we now proceed, as promised, to give the account of Old Rory's life and the extinction of his line, from the "Ancient" manuscript history of the Mackenzies. Having given a full description of Lord Kenneth Mackenzie's long-continued quarrels with, and final victory over, the family of Glengarry in connection with the lands of Lochcarron and Castle of Strome, the author of this, the oldest known manuscript history of the Mackenzies in existence, says—"This Lord Kenneth was no sooner free of Glengarry's troubles, but he fell in the next in conquesting the Lewis. But, for the reader's better understanding how the Lewis came to this Lord Kintail and his successors (whose rights thereto are always misrepresented by such as are alive of Macleod of Lewis's race, commonly called Siol Torquil, and the envious neighbouring clans), therefore I resolved to set down here all the circumstances of it and all the mischances that befel that family, as I was certainly informed, not only by some of that clan, but by several others who were eye-witnesses to their fatal fortune." The author having described the elopement of Old Rory's first wife with MacGillechallum of Raasay, the massacre of the Macleods of Gairloch and Raasay at Island Islay by Rory Nimhneach Macleod, and the sea battle in front of Raasay House, in which Alexander Mackenzie, younger of Gairloch, Macleod of Raasay, and many of their followers lost their lives, proceeds with his narrative of what followed. All the change we make on the original is to modernise the spelling. He says:—

Rory Macleod of Lewis after that Mackenzie's daughter was ravished from him by his kinsman (as I told) he took to wife Maclean's daughter. She was mother to Torquil Dubh Macleod and to Norman Macleod; he had also several bastards, such as Norman Uigeach, Murdo, Donald, Neil, and Rory Og, and he

and they became such outlaws and oppressors that there was few or no ships in the Lewis but they seized on and took them all as free gear to himself. This wronged so many of the inhabitants of the coast side of Fife that they used diligence of law against him and his. His eldest son, Torquil Oighre, gotten with the Lord Methven's daughter, sailing from the Lewis to Troternish with three score young men in company were all drowned. After his death, his second son, Torquil Cononach, gotten with Mackenzie's daughter in marriage, who was during his oldest brother's lifetime Laird of Coigeach, sought to be heir, but his father would not, but must needs have Torquil Dubh, gotten with Maclean's daughter, to be his heir, so that there fell out many debates betwixt them, and after debates there were several skirmishes betwixt the father and the son, two of the bastards, Norman Uigeach and Murdo, taking part with Torquil Cononach. Donald, Rory, and Neil took part with their father.

Shortly after it fell out that Donald killed Norman Uigeach, which occasioned Torquil Cononach, being assisted by his brother Murdo, to take Donald prisoner with him to Coigeach, which incensed his father the more against him. Donald, making his escape from Coigeach, came to his father Rory, who caused Donald presently apprehend his brother Murdo, which he did and carried him prisoner to Stornoway, where his father was. They moved Torquil Cononach to go to the Lewis, where he invaded the castle of Stornoway, and, after a short siege, took it and relieved his brother Murdo. Withal he apprehended his father and killed several of his followers. He took also all the writs and evidents they had of the Lewis, sent for his son, John Macleod (a brave young gentleman who was in the Marquis of Huntly's Court all this time shunning his father's and grandfather's debates), gave him the castle of Stornoway and the command of all the Lewis.

This John humoured his grandfather so well that they lived together, and being in peaceable possession of all the Lewis, and acknowledged as master, he went about to banish his bastard uncles, Donald and Rory, from possessing any part thereof, which they understanding plotted his death, and to that effect connives with one ill race of people who lived there called Clan Illoyhenan. When Rory Donald, and this clan had agreed, they came to a

water loch, a little towards the hill from Stornoway, where they saw seven ambushes betwixt the loch and the town, and sent one of their company to the castle to tell John that there were seven swans on that loch under a good advantage. The innocent gentleman, being desirous of sport (notwithstanding that his grandfather dissuaded him, and still told him that there was never a swan seen on that loch, and told him that he feared a plot), his destiny drawing near, he would not stay but went his way, accompanied with two Kinlochewe men only, whom he kept still in his company, and the traitor that led him by all the ambushes to the loch side. No sooner was he come there but the first ambush broke out, which he perceiving took to his heels, and runs back towards the castle. The second raised the third, fourth, fifth, and all of them (as he ran by) still shooting arrows. They killed his two men, but for all they could do he won the castle, and several arrows in him, whereof he immediately died, to the great misfortune of all his friends, and the utter ruin of that whole family.

We may remark here the fruits of fornication and adultery which was (as they say) the predominate sin of that family, and how providence ordered these fruits to be their only ruin (and not the hand of man), and brought upon them all the disasters, distractions, and all the murders that ever was amongst them, notwithstanding of the fabulous and envious reports which is still pretended, yea confirmed, by ill-set neighbours. But I will not insist on this shame, which was ever in that family (as the report goes), though the judgment fell in this misfortunate man's time, but I pray God it may not follow these (who have in any manner of way) descended of them.

Shortly after this his father, Torquil Cononach, apprehends (one of the murderers) his bastard brother, Donald, and caused execute him at Dingwall, in Ross. The writs and evidents that this Torquil brought out of the Lewis he gave the custody of them to Mackenzie, and withal tailzied the estate to him in case of no heirs male.

After the foresaid John's death, old Rory, by the persuasion of others (as was said), fell in his old disaffection, and would not acknowledge Torquil Cononach to be his heir; but would give

the estate to Torquil Dubh, gotten with Maclean's daughter, who was now come to perfect age, and began to rule the estate with his father. But Torquil Cononach daily skirmished with them, being assisted by as many as pleased to follow him from the in-countries. My lord Kintail, of whom he expected help (as was said), was at that time in war with Glengarry. In the meantime there fell out a discord betwixt Torquil Dubh and Rory Og, the bastard (the other of John's murderers). He apprehends him and sends him prisoner to his uncle Maclean; but making his escape (being in winter) he perished in snow and storm, leaving behind him three sons, Malcolm that killed John Mac Mhurchaidh Mhic Uilleam—a gentleman of the Clan Mhurchaidh that lived in Rainish, in the Lewis; after that he killed John Mac Domh'uill Phiopaire, my lord Kintail's piper. Afterwards he went to Germany, but, hearing Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine was there, he returned to Ireland where he died. His two other brothers, William and Rory, were taken afterwards by the Tutor of Kintail, and were executed as rebels.

Torquil Cononach and Torquil Dubh having their several factions, the one plotting the other's destruction, so that it fell out that the Brieve (that is to say Judge) in the Lewis who was chief of the Clan 'Illemhoire there, being sailing from the Isle of Lewis to the Isle of Rona, in a great galley, met with a Dutch ship, loaded with wine, which he took, and advising with his friends (who were all with him there) what he would do with the ship lest Torquil Dubh should take her from him, they resolved to return to Stornoway and call for Torquil Dubh to receive the wine, and if he came to the ship, to sail away with him where Torquil Cononach was, and then they might be sure of the ship and the wine to be their own; and, besides, he would grant them tacks in the best "roums" in Lewis; which accordingly they did, and call for Torquil to come and receive the wine. Torquil Dubh, nowise mistrusting them that were formerly so obedient, entered the ship, with seven others in company, when he was welcomed, and he commended them as good fellows that brought him such a prize. They invite him to the cabin to take his pleasure of the toast of their wine; he goes, but instead of wine they brought cords to tie him, telling him he best to render himself and his

wrongly possessed estate to his older brother; that they resolved to put him in his mercy, which he was forced to yield to; so they presently sail for Coigeach and delivered him to his brother, whom he had no sooner got but he made him short by the head, in the month of July, 1597. Immediately as he was beheaded there arose a great earthquake which astonished the actors and all the inhabitants about them, as a sign of God's judgment.

When the rumour of this unnatural murder was divulged everywhere, then all the chief heads of the neighbouring clans (that were anyways related to Torquil Dubh, such as Macleod of Harris, Maclean, Macdonald, The Captain of Clanranald, and Mac Dhomh'uill Duibh, met in the Isle of Skye to consult about the affair, where it was thought that Torquil Cononach would not take away his brother's head were it not my Lord Kintail's persuasion; whereupon they resolved to join unanimously together, and ruin them both, and to begin on my Lord Kintail; but he, hearing this resolution of theirs, being a man of undaunted spirit, did not value much their brag, but being advised by his friends and some well-wishers, he caused apprehend Norman Macleod, brother to Torquil Dubh, and kept him honourably as a pledge and as an overband against his friends' resolution. Withal he sent out a strong watch to guard the borders of his countries privately, who met with twenty men—the connivers sent for a heirschip to breed the quarrel. The watch having met them in Strathloynie put them all to the sword. The connivers finding this to be the first fruits of their undertaking, and that he had apprehended Norman, thought there was no dealing with him, and that he would ruin them all with diligence and power. But some were of thought (as was said) they had followed their project, but that Maclean, though he was nearest related to Torquil Dubh, had a reluctancy to enter in blood with him; whereupon fearing the worst they broke their unity.

In the meantime the Brieve and his followers were hated of all men by reason of his treachery and breach of faith to Torquil Dubh. He finding himself thus hated took himself to the parish of Ness, in the Lewis, which he was forced to leave also by reason of Neil Macleod's pursuit, who killed several of his followers and leaders. At last John Mac Dhomh'uill Mhic Uistean met with

him in the country of Assynt, killed himself and six of his followers. In revenge hereof one Gillecallum Mor went in search of John Mac Dhomh'uill Mhic Uistean, but John, by good fortune, takes him in Coigeach, and brought him to the Lewis, where they made him short by the head.

About this time the Barons and gentlemen in Fife, hearing of the troubles and miseries which were in the Lewis, were enticed by persuasion of some who had come from there of late, who gave them a full account thereof. They being desirous to take any opportunity whereby they might redress their losses, besides the account they had of the fertility of the island, so, having the laws against Rory Macleod of Lewis and all his followers, they went where the King was and got a right of the Lewis from him, in the year 1598, being then at the King's disposal, all of them being denounced rebels, and they undertook to His Majesty (a hard task in those days) to civilise the island and to plant a colony there, which proved a loss to them, for instead of that they broke themselves and their interests, as you shall see.

The adventurers (for so must we call them) having met in Fife, where they gathered a company of soldiers and officers of all sorts, and such other things as they thought necessary for a plantation, so, transporting themselves to the Lewis, they built houses and "skonses" about Stornoway. In end they made a bonny village of it.

Neil Macleod and Murdo Macleod (the bastards) remain now only in that island of the family of Clan Torquil, which two gainstood the undertakers. Murdo Macleod apprehends the laird of Balcolmly together with his ship, killed all his men, and detained himself prisoner four months; but, on promise of a ransom, he released him. Balcolmly dying in his return homewards to Fife, Murdo was disappointed of the ransom.

About the same time Neil fell out with his brother Murdo for owning the Clan 'Illemhoire, so that Neil apprehended Murdo, with divers of this clan, whom he put to death, and kept his brother Murdo alive.

The adventurers hearing that Neil apprehended Murdo, sends him a message that if he would deliver them his brother Murdo, they would agree with himself and give him a portion in the

Lewis, and also assist him in revenging his brother Torquil Dubh's murder; whereunto he hearkened and gave them his brother Murdo, whom they presently sent to St. Andrews, and beheaded him.

After this, Neil went with them to Edinburgh and got his pardon, and went back with them to the Lewis; but shortly after he fell at variance with them for some injury Sir James Spence of Ormistoun offered to him, whereupon he left them. Then they began to lay snares for him, the laird of Ormistoun having sent a party in a dark night to apprehend him. Neil being guarded thereof, sees them coming, falls upon them unexpectedly, kills threescore of them, chased the rest till they were rescued from the town.

The Lord Kintail, considering that the Lewis was like to pass from Torquil Cononach, and altogether from the right line, commiserating the clan Torquil's condition, he sets Norman Macleod (after he kept him at school), Torquil Dubh's brother, gotten with Maclean's daughter, at liberty, to do for himself. No sooner was Norman arrived in the Lewis, but Neil Macleod, Donald Dubh MacRory, and their adherents, with the inhabitants, came to him and acknowledged him their lord and master. So Norman invades the adventurers, burns their Fort, kills the most of their men, and took their commanders prisoners, keeps them four months; but upon promise they should never come again to the Lewis, and that they would procure him and his followers a pardon from His Majesty of all their by-gone offences, he inconsiderately lets them all go.

Thus, Norman for a while possessed the Lewis, during which time John MacDhomh'uill Mhic Uistean that killed the Brieve apprehends Torquil Cononach, carried him prisoner to his younger brother, Norman, to the Lewis, who desired him to give up the writs and evidents he took from his father, Rory. Torquil said that he had given them in custody to my Lord Kintail. Norman, considering that these evidents were in Mackenzie's hands, he released his brother on conditions he would never claim any right to the Lewis, but to have Coigeach to himself and successors as his proportion of his father's estate. The releasing of Torquil was far against Neil and his adherents' advice, who would have

him to be executed, as he did his former brother; but Norman said he would not enter in his own blood, nor had he will to disoblige the Mackenzies, who had their rights in their hands, and that he knew they were not well pleased with him for that unnatural murder (whose revenge he would refer to God), and although he was a prisoner with them on several accounts, that they gave him breeding as one of their own, and, when they were all like to lose their interest through their own miscarriage, they let him go to act for himself in their greatest straits.

In the meantime, my Lord Kintail (by the grievances of the adventurers) was put in question by the King, His Majesty being informed by them that the Lord Kintail was their only crosser, and to that effect he let Norman loose to undo their designs, for which my Lord Kintail was put in prison at Edinburgh, and thereafter to his trial, from which he escaped, the King being informed that it was the Undertakers' own negligence and mismanagement that wronged them, and nothing else.

Whereupon the adventurers (contrary to their promise) turn again to the Lewis, and by virtue of the King's Commission were assisted with forces from the neighbouring countries against Norman and his followers. How soon the adjoining forces, with the adventurers, were landed in the Lewis they sent message to Norman that if he would yield to them in the King's name that they would (on their own charges) freely transport him to London, where the King was, and obtain him his pardon; and, not only that, but deal for the King's favour and procure some livelihood for him, whereupon he might live in peace. Norman condescends hereto against the opinion of Neil and all his well-wishers, who stood out, and would not yield. So the adventurers send Norman to London, where he caused His Majesty be informed how the Lewis was the inheritance of his predecessors, that His Majesty was sinisterously informed by the adventurers, who made His Majesty believe that he might legally dispose of it, whereupon proceeded much unnecessary trouble and bloodshed, therefore humbly begged His Majesty to do him justice in restoring him to his own in peace, which the King was like to do; but the adventurers understanding that the King began to give hearing to Norman's complaints, they used all their "moyan" and industry to

cross him. In end (some of them being the King's domestic servants) prevailed so far as to cause apprehend him and send him prisoner to Scotland, where he remained at Edinburgh till the year 1608, when the King gave him liberty to pass to Holland, to Maurice, Prince of Orange, where he ended his days.

The adventurers having got Norman out of their way, they settled again in the Lewis; but they had not stayed long there when divers of them began to weary. Some of them drawing back from the enterprise, others were not able for lack of money to hold out, having both broken their credit and interest; many of them also dying in that plantation; some having other business to abstract them, and always daily vexed by Neil's skirmishes; in end all of them gave over, left the Lewis, and retired to Fife.

My Lord Kintail finding that the right line male of the Siol Torquil were now all gone, and that the adventurers also failed in their enterprise to the Lewis, he, by virtue of the fore-mentioned tailzie granted to him by Torquil Cononach, passed a gift of it to his Lady, under the King's seal. But how soon the Undertakers understood this, some of them went and complained to the King (though they were not able to manage it for themselves); they incensed him against my Lord Kintail, and made him resign that right in His Majesty's hand by means of my Lord Balmerino, then Secretary for Scotland, and President of the Session, which right, being now at His Majesty's disposal, he gave the same to three persons, to wit, this Lord Balmerino, Sir George Hay (afterwards Chancellor of Scotland) and to Sir James Spence of Ormistoun, who, having now the right of the Lewis in their persons, they undertook the planting of it, whereunto they made great preparations, being, by order of His Majesty, assisted by all the neighbouring clans, the order being especially for the Mackenzies (they being the marrers of the former adventurers), so that my Lord Kintail was forced to send 400 men to their assistance, under the command of Sir Rory Mackenzie, afterwards Tutor of Kintail, and Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, to plant a garrison there, and to apprehend Neil if possible. But Neil, seeing such preparations, withdrew himself and kept him secret till better opportunity. The Undertakers, being fallen short of provision for so great an army, in end, they were forced to dismiss the neigh-

bouring clans. Sir George Hay and Ormistoun returned to Fife, leaving a garrison in Stornoway to keep the fort till they would send a supply of men and victuals. But no sooner were they gone but Neil and Gillecallum Mor MacRory, his nephew, with some others of the inhabitants, burnt the fort, killed several of them, and apprehended the rest, whom they let go upon their oath that they would never come on that pretence again, which they never did; nor could the Adventurers get any thereafter on any account ever to come and conquer the Lewis. So the Lord Balmerino, Sir George Hay, and Sir James Spence, finding they were not able to manage the affair, and could not get men to follow them, they sent for my Lord Kintail, and (as God would have it, whom they put from his former right) sold to him their own right and title thereof, with the forfeitry of Troternish and Waternish, for a sum of money, wherein they took the woods of Letterewe in part payment, so that Providence ordered the Lewis this way, contrary all such as did strive to cross him, so that notwithstanding of his neighbours' malicious and various reports, this is the whole progress of his attaining to the Lewis.*

[ON the extinction of the male line of the Macleods of Lewis, the representation devolved upon the Macleods of Raasay. We shall therefore begin an account of them—the "Siol Mhic Gillechallum" of Raasay and Gairloch—in our next. In the meantime, Mr. Mackenzie will be glad to hear and receive any particulars—historical or genealogical—from any descendants of that family now living.]

* From the "Ancient" Manuscript History of the Mackenzies, written in the seventeenth century.

THE HERO TALES OF THE GAEL.

II.—THE STORY OF DEIRDRE.

THE story of Deirdre is the third of what is called the "Three Sorrowful Tales of Erin." The first two belong to the mythological cycle, and of these the best known one is that entitled "The Fate of the Children of Lir." Lir was a prince of the Tuatha-de-danann, whose children were enchanted by their stepmother and became swans, suffering untold woes for ages, until their spells were broken at the advent of Christianity. The other sorrowful tale concerned "The Fate of the Children of Turenn," whom Luga, prince of the Tuatha-dè, the sun god probably, persecuted and made to undergo a miraculous series of tasks and trials to avenge the death of his father. Neither of these stories is known in the Highlands, nor, indeed, as was already said, is any portion of the mythological cycle known among the Scottish Gael. The earliest portion known in the Highlands of the old Irish-Scottish mythology and hero literature is the story of Deirdre, with which we accordingly commence. As mentioned already, the following version is translated from the Gaelic of Mr. Carmichael, who took it down in Barra twenty years ago from the recitation of John Macneill, a crofter there, aged eighty-three years at the time.

DEIRDRE.

There was a man in Ireland once who was called Colum Cruiteir [Malcolm Harper]. The man was a right good man and he had a goodly share of this world's goods. He had a wife, but no family. The husband and wife had come to a good old age, so that they had no hope of any children at all. What did Colum Cruiteir hear but that a *fiosaiche* (soothsayer or *wise* man) had come home to the place, and as the man was a right good man, he wished that the fiosaiche might come near them. Whether it was that he was invited or that he came of himself, the fiosaiche came to the house of Colum Cruiteir. "Are you doing any soothsaying?" says Colum Cruiteir. "Yes, I am doing a little. Are you in need of soothsaying?" "Well, I do not mind taking soothsaying from you, if you had soothsaying for me, and you

would be willing to do it." "Well, I will do soothsaying for you. What kind of soothsaying do you want?" "Well, the soothsaying I wanted was that you would tell me my lot or what will happen to me, if you can give me knowledge of it." "Well, I am going out, and when I return, I will ask you a question." And the fiosaiche went forth out of the house and he was not long outside when he returned in. "Had you ever any of a family?" said the fiosaiche. "Well, no," said Colum Cruiteir, "I never had any children, nor had the wife that I have, and I have no hope that we shall ever have any. I have only myself and my wife." "Well," said the fiosaiche, "that does make me wonder. I am seeing in my *dailgneachd* that it is on account of a daughter of yours that the greatest amount of blood shall be shed that has ever been shed in Erin since time and race began. And the three most famous heroes that ever were found will lose their heads on her account." "Is that the soothsaying you are making for me?" said Colum Cruiteir in wrath, thinking that the fiosaiche was mocking him. "Well, it is," said the fiosaiche. "Well, if that is the soothsaying you are making for me you may keep it to yourself. You are not much worth yourself or your soothsaying, and do you be taking another road." "Well," said the soothsayer, "I can fully assure you of its truth. I see it very definitely in my own mind." "Well," said Colum Cruiteir, "that cannot come to pass. My wife and I are of great age, so that it is not possible that we can have any children ever more. I do not condemn your soothsaying. I have no right to it. But this I am sure of, that my wife and I never had and never shall have any children till doomsday. That will do. More I will not inquire nor have, since you have done senseless soothsaying." And Colum Cruiteir let the fiosaiche away, whether he gave or gave him not a fee.

The fiosaiche went away, but that is not what is to tell. The soothsayer was not long away when Colum Cruiteir's wife became pregnant! And as she was increasing in size he was increasing in sorrow, vexed and grieved at himself that he had not had more conversation with the soothsayer when he was speaking to him. A smouldering care by day and gnawing solicitude by night came on Colum Cruiteir, thinking that he was himself but a man with-

out shift or sense, without any near friend, and without any support to fall back on against the world, and what if this blaze of disaster should come upon him, a thing that was now likely, and he himself so much against it at first! He now came to believe that everything would come to pass as the soothsayer saw in his *dailgneachd*, and he was in vexation and trouble. He did not know what plan in all creation he could adopt so as to ward off this shedding of blood from the land. And the thought that came into his mind was that, if the King of the Elements sent this child into the world to live, as it was likely that He would, he must send her far away where eye might not see sight of her nor ear hear tattle of her.

The time of her delivery drew near on Colum Cruiteir's wife, and she was brought to bed. It was a daughter that was born. Colum Cruiteir did not allow a living being to come to his house to give reproach to his wife, only himself and the mid-wife. Colum Cruiteir put a question to this woman, would she herself take the venture of bringing up the child to keep her in hiding far away where eye would not see a sight of her nor ear hear a word about her. The woman said she would, and that she would do the best diligence she could.

Colum Cruiteir got three men, and he took them away to a large mountain, distant and far from reach, without the knowledge or notice of any one. He caused there a hillock, round and green, to be dug out of the middle, and the hole thus made to be covered carefully over so that a little company could dwell there together. This was done.

Colum Cruiteir sent the nurse with the child away to the little bothy mid the hills that were large, wild, waste, and far from reach, where no eye might see sight, nor ear hear word of Deirdre, for that was the name of the child. He put everything in good order before them, and placed with them food for a year and a day. And he told the nurse that food would be sent again at the year's end, and so on from year to year as long as she lived.

And so it happened. Deirdre and her foster-mother dwelt in the bothy mid the hills without the knowledge or the suspicion of any living person about them or anything that occurred, until Deirdre was fourteen years of age. Deirdre grew like the white

sapling, straight and trim as the rash on the moss. She was beyond comparison of earthly people shapely in her person, comely in her beauty, and her hue and her action were as the swan on the wave and the hind on the hill. She was the creature (drop of blood) of fairest form, of loveliest aspect, and of gentlest nature that existed between earth and heaven in all Ireland—whatever colour of hue she had before that, there was nobody that looked into her face but she would blush fiery red over it.

The woman that had charge of her was giving to Deirdre every information and skill of which she herself had knowledge and skill. There was not a blade of grass growing from root, nor a bird singing in the wood, nor a star shining from heaven but Deirdre had a name for it. But one thing, she did not wish her to have either part or parley with any living individual of the rest of the world. But on a gloomy winter night, with black, scowling clouds, a hunter of game was wearily travelling the hills, and what happened but that he missed the trail of the hunt, and lost his course and companions. A drowsiness came upon the man as he wearily wandered over the hills, and he lay down by the side of the beautiful green knoll in which Deirdre lived, and he slept. The man was faint from hunger and wandering, and benumbed with cold, and a deep sleep fell upon him. When he lay down beside the green hill where Deirdre was, a troubled dream came to the man, and he thought that he enjoyed the warmth of a fairy broch, the fairies being inside playing music. The hunter shouted out in his dream, if there was any one in the broch, to let him in for the Holy One's sake. Deirdre heard the voice and said to her foster-mother: "O foster-mother, what is that?" "It is nothing of any consequence—merely the birds of the air astray and seeking each other. But let them go past to the bosky glade." A second troubled dream fell on the hunter, and he shouted out again if there was any one inside the broch, for the sake of the God of the Elements to let him in. "What is yonder?" said Deirdre. "It is nothing of any worth," said her foster-mother. "The birds of the wood have lost each other. But let them go past to the bosky glade." Thereupon a third dream fell upon the hunter, and he shouted a third time if there was any one in the broch, for the sake of the God of the Elements

to let him in, that he was benumbed with cold and worn out with hunger. "Oh, what is that, foster-mother?" said Deirdre. "You need not expect that there is anything yonder that will give you pleasure, my dear. What is there yonder but the birds of heaven lost to one another. But let them go past to the bosky glade. There is no shelter or house for them here." "Oh, foster mother, the bird asked to get inside for the sake of the God of the Elements, and you yourself tell me that anything that is asked in His name we ought to do. If you will not allow the bird that is being benumbed with cold, and done to death with hunger, to be let in, I do not think much of your language or your faith. But since I give credence to your language and to your faith, which you taught me, I will myself let in the bird." And Deirdre arose and drew the bolt from the leaf of the door, and she let in the hunter. She placed a seat in the place for sitting, food in the place for eating, and drink in the place for drinking for the man who came to the house. "Come now and eat meat; for you need it," said Deirdre. "Ay, indeed, I was in need of food, of drink, and warmth when I came to this hillock. But, may I not enjoy my life preserved, if they have not left me since I saw you." "Oh, life and raiment! you man that came in, what little restraint is there on your tongue?" said the old woman. "It is not a great thing for you to keep your mouth shut and your tongue quiet when you get a home and shelter of a hearth on a gloomy winter's night." "Well," said the hunter, "I may do that—keep my mouth shut and my tongue quiet, since I came to the house and received hospitality from you; but by the hand of thy father and grandfather, and by your own two hands, if some other of the people of the world saw this beauteous creature you have here hid away, they would not long leave her with you, I swear." "What men are these you refer to?" said Deirdre. "Well, I will tell you, young woman," said the hunter. "They are Naois, son of Uisnech, and Aillean and Ardan his two brothers." "What like are these men when seen, if we were to see them?" said Deirdre. "Well, that was the name and the surname that I ever saw or heard given them," said the hunter. "And the aspect and form of the men when seen are these: they have the colour of the raven on their hair, their skin like swan on

the wave in whiteness, and their cheeks as the blood of the brindled red calf, and their speed and their leap are as those of the salmon of the torrent and the deer of the grey mountain side. And Naois is head and shoulders over the rest of the people of Erin." "However they are," said the nurse, "be you off from here and take another road. And, King of Light and Sun! in good sooth and certainty, little are my thanks and my admiration for yourself or for her that let you in!"

The hunter went away. Shortly after he left, the man thought to himself that Connachar, King of Ulster, was lying down and rising up by himself without a word of cheering conversation or any intercourse at all. And were he to see this fair creature (drop of blood), it was likely that he would bring her home to his own house for himself, and he would himself gain thereby the king's good-will for telling him that there was such a girl on the dewy face of the earth. The hunter went straight to the palace of King Connachar. He sent word in to the king that he wished to speak to him if he pleased. The king answered the message and came out to speak to the man. "What is the reason of your journey?" said the king to the hunter. "I have only to tell you, O king," said the hunter, "that I saw the fairest creature (drop of blood) that ever was born in Erin, and I came to tell you of it." "Who is this beauty and where is she to be seen, when she was not seen before till you saw her, if you did see her?" "Well, I did see her," said the hunter. "But, if I did, no man else can see her unless he get directions from me as to where she is dwelling." "And will you direct me to where she dwells? and the reward of your directing me will be as good as the reward of your message," said the king. "Well, I will direct you, O king, although it is likely that this will not be what they want," said the hunter. "You will stay with my household to-night," said Connachar, "and I will go with you along with my men early in the morning to-morrow." "I will stay," said the hunter. And the hunter stayed that night in the household of King Connachar.

Connachar, King of Ulster, sent for his nearest kinsmen, such as the three sons of Ferchar Mac Ro, the sons of his father's brother, and he told them of his intent. Though early rosè the

song of the birds mid the rocky caves and the music of the birds in the grove, earlier than that did Connachar, King of Ulster, arise, with his little troop of dear friends, in the delightful twilight of the fresh and gentle May; the dew was heavy on each bush and flower and stem, as they went to bring Deirdre forth from the green knoll where she stayed. Many a youth was there who had a lithe leaping and lissom step when they started whose step was faint, failing, and faltering when they reached on account of the length of the way and roughness of the road. "Yonder, now, down in the bottom of the glen is the bothy where the woman dwells, but I will not go nearer than this to the old woman," said the hunter.

Connachar with his band of kinsfolk went down to the green knoll where Deirdre dwelt and he knocked at the door of the bothy. The nurse replied that neither answer or entry would be given to any one and she did not want anything to trouble her or her bothy. "Open, and you will get a better house than this when we go home," said Connachar. "I am," said the poor woman, "not seeking house or hall better than my own bothy, were I left there now in peace and quiet." "Open then," said Connachar getting wrathful, "and if you do not open willingly, you will have to open against your will." "No less than a king's command and a king's army could put me out of my bothy to-night. And I should be obliged to you," said the woman, "were you to tell who it is that wants me to open my bothy door." "It is I, Connachar, King of Ulster, and let the fact be no longer matter of doubt to you." When the poor woman heard who was at the door, she rose with haste and let in the king and all that could get of his retinue.

When the king saw the woman that was before him and whom he was in quest of, he thought he never saw in the course of the day nor in the dream of night a creature (drop of blood) so fair as Deirdre and he gave his full heart's weight of love to her. Nor he nor his men had any other object from the beginning to the end of the business but to carry her off with them on the very top of their shoulders, if she were unwilling. It was this that was done. Deirdre was raised on the topmost of the

heroes' shoulders and she and her foster mother were brought to the Court of King Connachar of Ulster.

With the love that Connachar had for her, he wanted to marry Deirdre right off there and then, will she nill she marry him. When her permission was asked on the matter, she would not consent at all—at all, inside or outside, she not having met earthly people till then. She did not know the duties of wife nor the custom of maidens, for she had not till then ever before sat in company and among people. She could not as much as sit on a chair from the cause that she never saw mankind till now. As Connachar was so strongly pressing marriage on Deirdre, she said to him that, if he gave her the respite of a year and a day, she would be obliged to him. He said he would grant her that, hard though it was, if she gave him her unfailing promise that she would marry him at the year's end. And she gave the promise. Connachar got for her a woman-teacher and merry modest maidens fair that would lie down and rise with her, that would play and speak with her. Deirdre was clever in maidenly duties and wifely understanding, and Connachar thought he never saw with bodily eye a creature that pleased him more.

Deirdre and her women companions were one day out on the hillock behind the house enjoying the scene, and drinking in the sun's heat. What did they see coming but three men a-journeying. Deirdre was looking at the men that were coming, and wondering at them. When the men neared them, Deirdre remembered the language of the huntsman, and she said to herself that these were the three sons of Uisnech, and that this was Naois, he having what was above the bend of the two shoulders above the men of Erin all. The three brothers went past without taking any notice of them, without even glancing at the young ladies on the hillock. What happened but that love for Naois struck the heart of Deirdre, so that she could not but follow after him. She trussed her raiment and went after the men that went past the base of the knoll, leaving her women attendants there, be they or be they not displeased. Aillean and Ardan had heard of the woman that Connachar, King of Ulster, had with him, and they thought that, if Naois, their brother, saw her, he would have her himself, more especially as she was not

married to the King. They perceived the woman coming, and called on one another to hasten their step as they had a long distance to travel, and the dusk of night was coming on. They did so. She cried: "Naois, son of Uisnech, is it your intention to leave me?" "What cry was that I heard which is not well for me to answer, and which is not easy for me to refuse?" "It is nothing but the noise of Connachar's wild ducks," said the brothers. "But let us speed our feet and hasten our steps as we have a long distance to travel, and the dusk of the evening coming on." They did so. And they were extending the distance between them and her. Deirdre then cried: "Naois, son of Uisnech, is it your intention to leave me?" "What cry is in mine ear and struck my heart which is not well for me to answer, and which is not easy for me to refuse?" "Only the cry of the grey geese of Connachar," said the brothers. "But let us keep up our pace, as we have walking to do, and the darkness of night closing round us." They did so, and they were extending the space between them and her. Deirdre cried thereupon the third time: "Naois, Naois, Naois, son of Uisnech, is it your intention to leave me?" "What piercing, shrill cry is that—the most melodious my ear ever heard, and the shrillest that ever struck my heart of all the cries I ever heard?" "Is it anything else but the wail of the wave-swans of Connachar," said his brothers. "Yonder is the third cry of distress," said Naois, and he swore he would not go further until he saw from whom the cry came, and Naois turned back. Naois and Deirdre met, and Deirdre kissed Naois three times, and a kiss each to his brothers. With the confusion that she was in, Deirdre went into a crimson blaze of fire, and her colour came and went as rapidly as the movement of the aspen by the stream side. Naois thought he never saw a fairer creature (drop of blood), and Naois gave Deirdre the love that he never gave to thing, to vision, or to creature but to herself.

(To be continued.)

THE TRAGEDY OF CLACH-NAN-CEANN.

A SGEULACHD OF THE RANNOCH CAMERONS.

(*Continued.*)

BUT soon *Tigh-na-dige* and the vicinity became a scene of bustle and confusion in the work of preparing for the funeral of the children. One party went to the ship to fetch ashore the articles taken from Dunalastair; another prepared the dead bodies for decent interment; while a third, led by Struan and Marsali, proceeded to look out for a suitable burying-ground. At first it was proposed to dig a wide grave for the three on the spot where the massacre had taken place; but this, from the nature of the ground, was found to be impracticable. They then fixed on the site of the present graveyard as, although rather shallow, the nearest suitable place they could find to the scene of the tragedy; and in a short time and under a shower of snow which now fell and covered the face of nature as with a great winding sheet of white, Struan's men dug a wide grave for the reception of the murdered innocents of *Clach-nan-Ceann.*

When all things were ready, the solemn funeral procession started from *Tigh-na-dige* to the place of interment. Struan's men carried the bodies; and Struan and Marsali, and *Iain Biorach* and William followed as chief mourners. The three bodies were gently laid down side by side in the grave; and Struan having placed a man at each corner of the parcel of ground, now enclosed by a stone dyke, dedicated it to St. Michael in the following words:—

"A Mhichael naoimh, ard-aingil threun,
An Cladh so coisrigeam dhuit fein
'S tu nis an Raineach cumail feil.

"Chog thu 'n diugh le moran buaidl
An aghaidh spioradan na truaighe,
Is chuir thu air an dia'ul an ruaig.

"O gleidh an Cladh so nis gu bràth,
Bho'n dia'ul 's a chumhachdan gach trath
Is dion gach corp an glaic a bhais.

"Is gleidhidh mis' Marsail is a clann
Ga'n suidheach' anns a Chamghouran
Gu iomradh thoirt air *Clach-nan-Ceann.*

"Is cinnidh Cam'ronaich an Raineach,
Fo bhratach Shruain mar an Ceannard,
Mar chinn iad roimh so an Lochabair."

That is, freely rendered—

"St. Michael thou Archangel great
This *Cladh* to thee I consecrate
Whilst thou in Rannoch hast thy fête.

"This day thou didst contend with might
Against bad spirits in a fight
And didst the devil put to flight.*

"O keep this graveyard now for aye
From Satan and his powers each day,
And guard each *corpse* till Judgment Day.

"And I'll keep Marsail and her clan
And give them lands in Camghouran
To tell the tale of *Clach-nan-Ceann.*

"And Camerons shall in Rannoch grow
As in Lochaber times ago,
And shall 'neath Struan's banner go."

After these words Struan threw a handful of earth on the bodies; and his men, taking the hint, soon shovelled the soil over them, and finished off the grave with a neat covering of sod surmounted with large flat stones, as the then usual protection against wolves. Marsali, though deeply affected, bore this trying ordeal with a measure of outward decorum, which showed the remarkable strength and firmness of her character; but *Iain Biorach* fairly broke down when he saw the men covering his brothers with earth, and said, "Nach fhaic mi iad tuillidh, mhammaidh?" That is, "Shall I not see them any more, mammy?" "Bi samhach, Iainidh," arsa Marsalaidh; "tha do bhraithrean 'nis ann an neamh!" That is, "Be quiet, *Iainie*," said Marsali, "your brothers are now in heaven!"

William and Struan's men now proceeded to search for the body of *Iain*, who had been drowned in the net on the previous day. They soon recovered it; and, having carried it in solemn silence to *Tigh-na-dige*, they prepared it for interment. Another grave was opened in what was now known as *Cladh Mhichael;* a

* Supposed to refer to the battle of the flies that fought over the dead bodies, ut supra. See also St. Jude 9.

second funeral procession was formed from *Tigh-na-dige;* and the body of *Iain* was reverently laid in the tomb. Marsali, through sobs and tears, said, on seeing him lying in the grave:—

"Iain, ged bha do bhas cho cruaidh
'S math leam t' fhaicinn ann an uaigh;
'S bios so na chliu dhuit nis gu brath
Gun robh thu caoimhneil riums' mar bhrathair."

That is, freely rendered—

"Iain, although thy death was sad,
To see thee in a grave I'm glad;
And this will keep thee aye in mind
That thou to me wast always kind."

And after these words they filled in the grave with earth, and securely covered it with sod and stones like the other one.

But scarcely had the funeral obsequies of *Iain* been celebrated when Struan, turning his eyes towards the loch, observed a small skiff rowed by one man coming rapidly in their direction. It soon reached the land; and, when the funeral party crowded round it, they saw that it contained what proved to be the dead body of Ewen Cameron. The boatman said, addressing himself to the company:—

"Mharbh Ardlaraich 'na fhearg
Am fear so aig a *Chreagan Dhearg;*
Ach b' fhearr leis nis na moran òir
Nach d' chuir e bhiodag riamh na chòir;
Oir tha droch spioradan a bhais
Ga chuairteachadh a dh' oidhche 's a là;
Is dh' iarr e los gum faigheadh e sith
An corp a chuir gu *Tigh-na-dige.*"

That is, freely rendered—

"This man was slain at the Red Cliff
By Ardlarich when in a huff;
But now he does regret that work
Of bloody vengeance with his dirk;
For evil spirits from below
By day and night around him go;
And he, desiring peace to seek,
Has sent the *corpse* to *Tigh-na-dige.*"

When Marsali recognised in the murdered man the defaced features of her late dear husband, she gave a loud shriek and

swooned away. The sudden appearance of Ewen's body, together with the cruel words of the boatman, had evidently proved too much for her, and she fell down quite unconscious on the beach. Struan called on the crowd to stand back, and said with much emotion, "Poor Marsali! was ever woman before now overtaken by so many calamities?" Here Margaret Robertson stepped forward and bathed her temples with cold water from Loch Rannoch, whereon Marsali soon came to herself, and having risen to a sitting position, said to the boatman :—

"Ged bhrist fear Ardlaraich mo chridhe
Cha'n eil mi diultadh dha-sa sìth ;
Ach chionn's gum bheil e fein gun iochd
Bios an da shealladh aig a shliochd ;
Is eiridh Cam'ronaich an Raineach
Do'm bith an talann so na bheannachd."*

That is—

"Though Ardlarich has broke my heart,
I don't refuse to him my peace ;
But, since he ruthless is himself,
His seed shall have the second sight ;
And Camerons shall arise in Rannoch
To whom this gift shall be a blessing."

Ewen's body was now carried to *Tigh-na-dige*, where it was prepared for burial. A third grave was opened ; a third funeral procession was formed from *Tigh-na-dige ;* and, when the corpse was laid in the grave, Struan said :—

"Eoghain, shar-shealgair an t-Sliosghairbh
Nis sìneam thu am measg nam marbh ;
Ach ged a tha do chorp gun deò
Tha d'anam shuas am measg nam beò ;
Oir fhuair do Shlanuighear a' bhuaidh,
Is chuir e Michael 'ghleidh nan uamh ;
Is bruchdaidh Cam'ronaich gu leoir
Bho'n chladh so air an Là Mhòr."

* It is a curious circumstance that during the last hundred and fifty years several members of the *Sliosmìn* Camerons have been celebrated for having the faculty of "second sight ;" and that tradition ascribes their possession of this gift to intermarriages with the Macgregors of Ardlarich. It would seem the Camerons highly appreciate their strange and eerie power of discovering the world of spirits ; for one of them, their Ceann-tighe, "speaks of it with the greatest reverence, and would almost rank as a blasphemer any who should speak of it disrespectfully."—See *Celtic Mag.*, Vol. XI., p. 332.

That is—

"Ewen, choice hunter of *Sliosgarbh*,
I lay thee now amongst the dead;
But though thy body lifeless lies
Thy soul's on high amongst the living;
For thy Saviour hath gotten the victory
And sent down Michael to protect the graves;
And Camerons plenty shall burst forth
From this graveyard on the Great Day."

After these words had been pronounced, they filled Ewen's grave with earth, trimmed it with sod, and secured it with stones like the other ones—Struan all the while remaining uncovered—and Marsali deriving what comfort she could from the honours thus paid to the remains of him whom she had loved more than any other on earth.

Having duly performed their last offices of kindness to the dead, the funeral party partook of a hastily prepared repast; and when Struan had arranged to leave behind him at *Tigh-na-dige* not only Margaret Robertson, but also her two brothers, Duncan and Donald, who were amongst his retainers, he bade them farewell, and having given a cordial invitation to Marsali and William to pay him a visit at Dunalastair, he went aboard ship with his remaining twelve men, and was soon sailing on his way towards Kinloch Rannoch.

"Chaidh 'n long air ais gu Ceann-loch-Raineach
'S i giulan Struain mar a ceannard;
Is 'nuair a rainig es' an Dùn
Bha chliu cho airde ri Sichallion;
Oir chruinnich moran luchd na duthch'
Chuir failt' is furan airsa dhachaidh,
'Sa dhinnseadh dha gun lean e dlu
Ri shinnsearan an cuise Mharsail;
Is ghuil á bhain-tighearn ghradhach chiuin
'Nuair choinnich i e air an starrsaich,
'S le pog thubhairt ise ' 'S tu mo rùn,
Mo Shruan leis a chridhe fharsainn.'
'S mòr an t-aoibhneas thar gach saoibhreas
Bh'ac an oidhch' sin anns a bhaile;
Oir 's milis gloir an duine mhor
Tra mheasar coir e air an talamh."

That is—

"The ship went back to Kinloch Rannoch,
Bearing Struan as her Captain;
And when he went up to the Mount
His fame as high was as Schiehallion;

For many in the country gathered
To bid him cordial welcome home,
And tell him that he followed close
His ancestors in Marsail's cause.
And his calm lovely lady wept
On meeting him upon the threshold,
And with a kiss she said 'My love,
My Struan with the heart of wideness.'
Great was the joy beyond all riches
They had that night throughout the place;
For sweet's the glory of the man of might
When he is reckoned worthy here on earth."

After Struan's departure from *Tigh-na-dige*, Marsali and Willim tried to shew every kindness and attention to the strangers who were left with them. The latter, however, insisted that Marsali should abstain from all work, and that they should be allowed to make themselves generally useful. Accordingly they set to work with right good will; and in a short time they removed so far as possible, all traces of the tragedy, and tidied up everything in the house. Supper was prepared; and they sat down in due form, Marsali presiding at the head of the table, and, in her own quiet dignified manner, doing the honours of the house. The conversation at first laboured under the restraint which the solemn sadness of the occasion rendered inevitable; but Marsali, though herself sick at heart, made an effort to infuse cheerfulness into the company; and social talk went the round somewhat more freely. The two Robertson men talked of the power and greatness of Struan; and that he was one of the few in Rannoch who could do noble and generous deeds. Margaret Robertson spoke of Lady Struan as even more than Struan himself—a beautiful specimen of what was gentlest and best in human nature. "Without the influence and example of these two," said she, "Rannoch would sink under the weight of its own lawlessness and crime." "May God bless them," said Marsali, "for their goodness; and may He bless you for being admirers, and, it is to be hoped, imitators of their goodness!" She then repeated the old proverb:—

"Mhuinntir chi maith am muinntir eile
Is iadsa 'ni maith do gach a cheile."

That is—

"'Tis those that see good in other people
That will do good to one another."

The conversation now turned to the subject of William's proposed departure next morning for Lochaber. Marsali said that for her own part she should prefer him not to go; because, if the tragedy should be reported to Lochiel, this would still further intensify the feud betwixt the Camerons aud the Mackintoshs, and so be the means of spreading more bloodshed and strife throughout the land, which state of things she abhorred with all the sensitiveness of a tender-hearted woman. She said—

"Ged chlaoidh iad mis 'an *Tigh-na-dige*,
Cha'n eil mir dhioghaltais am chridhe,
Ach tha mo mhiann an deigh na sith."

That is, freely rendered—

"Though here they have me sore oppressed,
I bear no vengeance in my breast,
But my desire's for peace and rest."

But no sooner had she uttered these words than "Strone," who had been lying beneath the table, sprang to his feet, and, raising up his nose till the lower part of his head was in a line with his neck and breast, he gave three long-continued and weird howls as if he were seeing something that troubled him; and William, also trembling as if under the influence of some super-human agency, said:—

"Chi mi cuig spioradan mu'n cuairt;
Is tanasg Eoghain 'gam bhagairt cruaidh,
Gum feum air mhochrath mi bhi triall
Le sgeul a chasgairt gu Lochiall."

That is, freely rendered—

"I see five spirits in the air;
And Ewen's ghost, with threatening stare,
Says, I at dawn must go to tell
This tale of murder to Lochiel."

When William uttered those words they were all struck dumb with astonishment; and Marsali was more especially impressed with the solemn feeling that the tragedy in which she had hitherto been so deeply involved was not yet played out, but that still further developments of it were in store for the future. They retired to rest under a sense of a nearness to the world of spirits which was positively oppressive; and before daybreak William was up out of bed and pensively walking along on his way to Lochaber.

During William's absence, which extended over more than ten weeks, the stream of life in *Tigh-na-dige*, in so far as the altered circumstances of the case permitted, returned to its normal course. It is true Marsali continued to mourn for her dear husband and children; but, being a woman of piety and good sense, she endeavoured meekly to submit herself to the will of a Higher Power, and to centre her affections and hope on poor, little *Iain Bioraeh*, who was left to her as a bird escaped from the net of the fowler. Then Margaret Robertson was a great help and comfort to her. The kindness of this young woman both to herself and to her boy was unceasing—and fully justified Marsali's original expectation when she said she received her as an angel sent to minister to her. The two Robertson brothers went out to hunt daily in the Black Wood.

SIGMA.

(*To be continued.*)

SNATCHES OF SONG COLLECTED IN BADENOCH.

VII.

COLONEL DUNCAN MACPHERSON of Cluny, grandfather of the present chief, died at Cupar-Fife in 1817. His birth took place in the troublous years which succeeded the Battle of Culloden. Cluny Castle had been burned down; his father was closely pursued among the mountain fastnesses of Laggan, and his mother, the Lady of Cluny, daughter of Lord Lovat, had sought refuge in a hut which stood near the blackened ruins of her old home. Here it was that the subject of the following elegy was ushered into the world; and hence the sobriquet—Dunnach na h-Ath—which was popularly applied to him. Upon his father's death, Government granted him the ancestral estates of his family, which had been confiscated. Afterwards, in accordance with the wise and generous policy which was then adopted in regard to those who *had been* Jacobites, Cluny was offered, and accepted, a commission in His Majesty's service. In 1798, he married his

second cousin, Catherine Cameron, daughter of Sir Ewen of Fassifearn, and sister to the heroic Colonel John Cameron, who fell at Quatre-Bras. Upon Cluny's death, the elegy, which I give below, was composed by Duncan Fraser, Balgown; and is throughout intended to express the personal feelings of the bereaved lady. Long afterwards she was laid in her husband's grave in the little burying-ground close to the Cluny Burn. There, after a long, beneficent, and honourable career, were laid, amid general grief, the remains of that "infant heir" to whom the bard so affectingly points in his closing stanza, seeing "dawning conquest play around his head," and desiring that he may "emulate the glories of his race." There, within a short year, was another open grave. She who had been Lady of Cluny for over fifty years had passed away, leaving behind her a name associated with all the graces of a noble and devout woman. And, there too, still more recently, was consigned to the dust another Colonel Duncan of Cluny, who, by his illustrious conduct in many lands, well maintained the fame of his house. Eheu Eheu!

O! gur mis' th' air mo sgaradh,
'S cha -n è 'n t-Earrach a liath mi,
Ach na chaill mi an Cupar,
'S mòr mo dhiùbhail 'ga iargainn.
Chaill mi deagh fhear-an-tighe,
Ceannard cheatharn is chiadan,
'S tric a bhuanaich an latha,
An àm catha 'ga dhìoladh.

Nam b'ann an sabaid na 'n carraid,
Chaidh do ghearradh cho luath bhuainn,
'S lionar bratach bhiodh sgaoilte,
Agus faobhar 'g am fuasgladh;
Bhiodh Mac Shimidh na h-Aird ann,
'S Cloinn Chamarain a' chruadail,
Mar ri Toisich is Granndaich,
Mu 'm biodh annran na gruaim ort.

Do chinneadh féin Clann Mhuirich,
Bhiodh iad uile gu 'd òrdugh,
Fearail, treun, ascaoin, fuileach,
Sud na curaidh' nach sòradh,
'Dol ri aodainn a' chatha,
Claidh' leathann 'nan dòrn-san,"
Ann an aobhar mac d' athar
'S iad gun athadh gun sòradh.

'Nuair sgaoileadh tu d' bhratach,
Dh' éireadh feachd an Taobh-tuath leat,
Tha e soilleir ri fhaicinn,
Chìte cat ann na gruaig-se ;
Dh' éireadh leat-sa buaidh-làrach,
'Nuair bhiodh càch air an ruaigeadh,
Fàth mo mhulaid ri aithris,
Thu bhi 'n drasda fo 'n fhuar lic.

Dh' éireadh sud ann do thional,
Mile fear agus plobair,
Dol fo smachd do crois-tàra,
'Nuair bhiodh d' àrdan a' direadh,
Sud na curaidh gun sgàth,
'N àm gabhdair' 'ga dhìoladh,
Dh' fhàgadh cuirp air an làraich,
Fuil fàsgadh 's i sìoladh.

Marcaich' treun nan each uaibhreach,
Ann an cruadal na 'n gabhdair,
An geall-ruith na leum,
Bu leat féin am buaidh-làrach.
S math thig ad agus cleòc dhuit,
Mar ri bòtan 's spuir airgid,
Bu léin'-crios do Righ Deòrs' thu,
'N àm chomhdach' nam fear-ghleus.

Righ ! bu mhath thig dhuit seasamh,
An lathair seisean na binne,
A' chumail a' cheartais,
'S a' chur as do luchd mhì-ruin.
Bu cho chinnte leum d' fhacal,
'S ged a ghlaiste le h-*ìnk* e,
Leam is cinnte do dhachaidh,
Ann am Flathais na flrinn.

Tha do bhaile gun smuid de,
E gun sunnd gun cheòl-gàire,
Tha na dorsan ann dùinte,
Cha n-eil sùird ann mar b' àbhuist ;
'S bochd leam gaoir do chuid tuath',
Mar threud fuadan am fàsach,
Cò bith fear ni am bualadh,
Cò a thuainigeas càs dhaibh.

Bha 'fhasan dha d' theaghlach,
'Bhi gu graoineachail, pàirteach,
Uasal, cinneadail, caoimhneil,
Mor-sgoinn do luchd dànachd.

Céir a' lasadh an coinnleirean,
'S fhaide oidhch' aig do cheatharnaich,
'S iad 'gòl air flon daithte,
As na casgaichean deur-làn.

Gheibhte sud ann do chlobhs',
Fonn plob agus clarsaich,
Mac-talla 'g am freagairt,
Fuaim fheadan gun àireamh.
'N uair sgaoileadh tu d' bhratach.
Chite cat ann gu h-arda,
'S 'n uair a dh' fhaicte a mach i,
Gum bu leats am buaidh-làrach.

Cha téid mise gu coinneamh,
Là Nolluig na Samhna,
'S cha téid mi measg cuideachd,
'S ann a shuidheas mi 'n aon àit,
Bho nach tigeadh an Tighearn,
'S e bhi rithisd na shlainte,
Cha bhiodh feum air an lighich,
'S bhiodh sinn dithisd dhe sàbhailt'.

Cha b 'e crionach na coille,
Bha 'san doire 'san d' fhàs thu,
Ach na gallanan prìseil,
Fhuair dìreadh gu 'n àilgheas.
Mur geàrrt' iad, cha sniomht' iad,
Gus an spionta gu làr iad,
Craobh na chuilionn nach crìonadh,
'S ioma freumh bha gu 'n àrach.

An Tigh Chluainidh nam bratach,
Bithidh gach aiteal mar b' àbhuist,
Tha a' ghrian oirnn a' soillseadh,
'S tha an t-oighre an làthair.
Oighre dligheach an fhearainn,
Tha 'na leanabh an dràsda,
Saoghal buan an deagh bheatha,
An àit d' athar gu bràth duit.

The Duke of Gordon's baron-bailie who wielded the awful jurisdiction of *furcum et fossa* in Badenoch, resided at Ruthven. Here was a court-house, a prison, an inn, a school, a market stance. Close at hand, once stood the great feudal castle, where the Murrays, the Comyns, and the Stewarts held an all-but-regal sway. This in time gave place to the Government barracks, whose ugly ruins are still with us, but have, fortunately, no claim to antiquity. Near Lochan-an-tairbh—an ominous locality—Tom-

na-croich is pointed out, where the grim machinery of *pit and gallows* remained far on into last century. An old gentleman—the Duke of Gordon's last baron-bailie in the country—retained until his dying day a vivid recollection of the creaking chain which had terrified him as a schoolboy. At Ruthven resided the redoubtable Mr. Blair, who was minister of Kingussie for three-score years. One of his elders was Duncan Mackay—*Dunnach-Gobha*—Ardbroileach, author of the well-known elegy on the Loss of Gaick, and also, I have reason to believe, of both the accompanying poems. The first is an ode of very considerable merit, in celebration of James Stewart, who appears to have been baron-bailie about the year 1760. We learn that he had fallen into financial difficulties and had gone abroad; and that his return was eagerly desired by the Badenoch people, among whom he had been exceedingly popular. Giorsal was his sister.

Beir mo shoraidh so bhuam,
Gu-m beil doran is gruaim orm féin,
Tre mo dhìochain 's gach uair,
Air an iarlach ghlan, uasal, réidh,
Dha'm beil onoir mo chleòc,
'S e gun sgarm, gun bhòsd, gun bhréig,
Ris an earbainn mo chluain,
Ged bhiodh ceannsgalach sluaigh mu 'sgéith.

An tigh geal 'sam biodh 'n fhuaim,
'S na clàir mhear air am buailt an teud,
Le ceòl farumach, cruaidh,
Na meòir gheal a bu luaith' 'sa chléir,
Air an tarruing bho d' chluais,
Mhic na maise! mo thruaigh an té,
Ghabhas beachd air do shnuadh,
S' nach fhaigh dhachaidh thu buan dhi féin.

'Bhàrr air maise gun uaill,
Gabh do chleachdainnibh suairce féin,
Sàr-bhall seirc an dìth gruaidh!
'S tearc ri fhaicinn do luach air féill.
Tha cùl buidh' ort mar òr,
Air an suidhich bean-og a spéis,
Taobh do chleamhnan air chòir,
'S gheibh thu airgiod is òr gun déidh.

'S beag an t-ioghna leam òr,
A bhi sìnte ri mòisean céil,
Aig an sinnsir bu chòir,
'Bhi 'g òl flon air a' bhòrd mu 'chéir.

Fuil an Righ 's Mhic-an-Tòisich,
Air an llnigeadh beò 'n ad chré,
'S tha thu dìleas do'n t-seòrs',
Cho glan, sìoladh, 's tha'm feoìl fo 'n ghréin.

S nam faigheadh Giorsal bho'n stòl,
Fear a llonadh a cleòc 's gach ceum,
Bu sgiath e air mòd,
Chuireadh srian ann an sròn luchd-beud.
Fear a thogadh a sunnd—
Mar nach llonar na duthaich féin—
A llonadh a sùil,
'S fear e mile dha'n lùb a' gheug.

'S fhir mu 'n ionndraich mi n tùs,
'S leathan, lionar, do chùl ri feum.
'S truagh gun rian air do chùl,
'S d' airgiod deant' aig an Diùc gun fheum:
Ruathainn sgrìobhta bho 'ghrunnd,
Tighinn gu cìs gu d' dhuthaich féin;
Agus Righ oirnn as ùr,
'S bhiodh gach ni Sheumais Stiùbhairt réidh.

The elegy with which I conclude this paper is said to have been composed on a member of the Balnespick family, who was drowned at sea. He had sprung from an excellent stock. The last Mackintosh *of Balnespick* resident in Badenoch was tacksman of the whole Barony of Dunachton. He was a person of great consideration and influence, being held in high esteem by all classes. I am informed that all his sons went to India.

S mòr fuir na gaoithe,
Fad an t-saoghail gu léir,
'Ghaoth thàinig Di-h-aoine,
'S i chaochail mo sgeul.
Dh' fhàg i aobhar nan ochan,
Aig luchd nam portaibh gu léir,
Air fad Eirinn is Bhreatunn,
Bha 'n éigh-creach ann 'ga sheinn.

Ach aon duin' tha mi 'gearain,
Dhe na chaillear 'sa chuan,
Cha bhiodh mo chlann-sa gun charaid,
Nam bu mhairinn e buan.
Ach a' Righ Mhòir nan aingeal!
Glac an anam-sa suas,
Na leig orm do ainiochd,
Bi gu trocaireach tairis ri d' shluagh.

Ubh! Ubh! a dhaoine!
Nach aobhar smuaineach' is bròin,
An ti a dh' fhalbh bhuainn Di-h-aoine,
Sùghail, aotrom gu leòir,
A' bhi 'n innis nam faochag,
'S nach faodar dhe 'chòir.
'S ioma ni tha tha cuir aois oirnn,
'S ioma caochladh tighinn oirnn.

Tha do bhràithrean 's do phiùthar,
Tròm, dubhach, fo bhròn,
'S iad a chaoidh 'ga do chumhadh,
'S cha bhi iad subhach ri 'm beò.
Tha do chinneadh mòr, làidir,
Tròm cràiteach gach lò,
Bho 'n a chual' iad gu-n d' bhàit' thu,
An cuan bàrcach nan seòl.

Ach 's truagh nach mise bha làimh riut,
Mu 'n do sgàin i fo bhòrd,
'S nan robh tìr faisg air làimh oirnn,
Dheanainn d' shàbhaladh beò.
'S tha do chinneadh gu h-iomlan,
Fo imcheist, làn bròin,
Mu do bhi anns an luma dheirg,
Measg uile-bhiast is ròn.

Dh' fhalbh Iob le 'chuid mhacaibh,
Le 'uile bheartas is nì,
'S rinn e aodach a shracadh,
'S spìon e 'm falt bhàrr a chinn,
Laigh e slos air an oidhch',
'S thubhairt e, "'S coisrigt' an Tì,
A thug dhomh gach ni taitneach,
'S ghabh air ais bhuam e rìs."

Thug e treis ann am bochdainn,
'Na chulaidh-fhochaid 'san tìr,
Gun neach 'theòraicheadh 'fhocal,
Na bheireadh deoch dha 'se tinn;
Ach as sin fhuair e urram,
Bho gach duine dhiubh rìs,
'S chinn e 'n stòras gun chumadh,
'S fhuair e oighribh, urram, is miadh.

The expressions, "*innis nam faochag*," and "*cuan bàrcach nan seòl*," are particularly happy. The reference to Job is characteristic of the period. This patriarch was a favourite of the bards of the eighteenth century. Many of their illustrations were drawn from his history. T. S.

SOME STORIES ABOUT WITCHES.

"CHA TIG OLC A TEINE"—'NO EVIL COMES OUT OF FIRE.'

THE principle upon which our forefathers went in the burning of witches is well expressed in the Gaelic proverb, "Cha tig olc a teine"—"No evil can come out of fire," and it was in connection with, and in illustration of, the following witch story that we first heard this proverb applied. "Creibh Mhor," whose name is still known in tradition, was the last witch that was burnt at Inverness, and the event appears to have occurred about the beginning of last century. Our story is not about "Creibh Mhor" herself, but about a contemporary of hers—one of the last witches burnt in the town. After the ordinary trial and condemnation, the witch was brought to the Castle Hill; there she was placed in the middle of a pyre, and tied to a stake. The pyre was set on fire, for no evil could come out of fire, as the proverb said. The flames and the smoke began to wrap round the witch, and she cried to the people around for charity's sake to give her a mouthful of water to slake her dying thirst. Instantly some good-hearted person rushed off, got the water, and was going to give it to the witch, when a "wise" man stopped the person and asked what the water was for. He was told it was for the witch. The "wise" man took the vessel and emptied the water out on the earth. When the witch saw that her hopes were dashed to the ground in every sense of the term, she abandoned herself to despair and maledictions. "Well," said she, "had I got that mouthful of water, I would have turned Inverness into a peat bog!" So by a slight accident Inverness was saved.

MOR BHAN—FAIR SARAH.

There lived in Assynt, not so long ago, two noted witches, and this is how they became proficients in the black art. In their youth they were two of the handsomest girls in the whole country-side, but it came to pass that they both fell in love with the same young man. One day, as they were working together in the fields, the young man passed by on the high road. "Yon is my lad," said one of the girls. "No," said the other, "he is

my lad." And straightway they quarrelled, and then proceeded to blows and scratches. They pulled handfuls of each other's hair out, and one cried, as she threw the hair up in the air, for witchcraft; and, if she did, so also did the other. Henceforth both were, or were reputed, witches. Of the two, Mòr Bhàn was the most noted. She had fresh fish, the neighbours noticed, any time she chose; she had milk and butter and cheese when none else in the place had any—for witches, we should know, could get milk out of the couplings that keep up the rooftree of the house, or they might divert the milk of their neighbours' cows to themselves.

HER SON'S BREAKFAST.

It happened that her son—afterwards a soldier in the Peninsular war—got one day fresh herrings for breakfast, and he wondered very much where they could have come from, as the weather was so stormy that no one ventured to go to sea. He asked his mother where she got them, but all she said was, "Never you mind where I got them; just you eat them." When he took his seat at the table, he asked with closed eyes a blessing on the meal of which he was going to partake. Opening his eyes after the grace, he saw on his plate, not herrings at all, but horse dung! His mother's magic power had changed the horse dung to herrings, but the invocation of the Blessed Name restored them to their prior and natural condition. The young man understood how matters were; he left the house in disgust and fear, never more to return.

SHE MUZZLES THE WIND.

It was Ulysses or Æneas or somebody classical that got, for his home voyage, from the wind-god, all the adverse winds tied up in a bag, which was unfortunately opened by the curiosity or cupidity of his companions. We have had more than one wind-god or Aeolus in the Highlands. Mor Bhan was one. Some fishermen from the Farr district were in Assynt with their boat fishing or something. They could not get away home owing to contrary winds. They bethought them of Mor Bhan and her witchcraft, and one of them went to her with a present and a prayer for favourable weather to make their homeward voyage. She came down to the boat in person and told them to hoist sail. On this

being done she took a hold of the sheet rope and put three knots on it. She then told them when they went out to sea to untie one of the knots and they would get a favourable wind, and, if they wished for a still better wind, they might untie the second knot, but on no account were they to untie the third knot till they were safely ashore in their native place. They were not long in getting home, for, sure enough, by doing as they were directed they got favourable winds. One of the men, however, who attended to the sheet, wished to discover the consequences if the third knot was untied. When they came within fifty yards of the shore, this fellow secretly and unknown to the rest let slip the knot, when presto! he disappeared. When the boat came to shore, he could not be found; they searched the boat to see if he was lying asleep in any corner, but they could not find him, and yet they had seen him only a minute or two before. The thing was most puzzling. The men went home, but, when they returned next day, they found the man's body about fifty yards from shore; and, connecting his fate with the mystery of the rope, they concluded that he was punished for disobeying Mor Bhan's orders.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A propos to the unveiling at Aberfeldy of the Monument to the Forty-Second, the following anecdote, which is vouched for as authentic, is related of the Rev. John Maclean, minister of Grandtully, the worthy chaplain of the committee. When they were collecting subscriptions for this monument, it was thought that Mr. Maclean was the most suitable person to send to *Kennard Lodge* to solicit a contribution from the *Comte de Paris* who rented the shootings of that place. The reverend gentleman duly called at the shooting box, rang the bell, and, having been ushered in by the waiter, was presented to the secretary, to whom he modestly explained the nature of his mission, and expressed a request that he would be so good as to present the subscription book to the Comte. The secretary very politely took the book and went with it to his master's chamber. In a short time, however, he returned and said, "The *Comte de Paris* sends his compliments to the Rev. Monsieur Maclean, and requests to be informed, what has the Forty-Second Regiment ever done for France?" Mr. Maclean said, "Go back and tell him that the Forty-Second Regiment helped to place Louis the Eighteenth on the throne of France at Waterloo!" The secretary went with this reply, and came back smiling, with two sovereigns to help the monument!

THE above anecdote affords an excuse for introducing the Minister of Grandtully to our readers as a man deserving of being better known to Highlanders in general than, on account of his unassuming disposition, he is. The late Principal Shairp of St.

Andrews regarded Mr. Maclean as one of the most accomplished Gaelic scholars in the Highlands, and invariably consulted him on all Celtic matters in which he took an interest. Dr. Alexander Laing, the learned and genial author of "Lindores and its Abbey," has a similarly high opinion of Mr. Maclean's Celtic acquirements, as well as of his wonderful sagacity as a philologer. Accordingly the Doctor and his friend wrought "hand and glove" in the production of that learned work recently printed for private circulation on the Topography of Breadalbane. Mr. Maclean last winter delivered a lecture on his visit to Iona, which his Fifeshire friends who had accompanied him were at the expense of printing. It is a fine specimen of his "Tranquil Erudition" and of that sweet contemplative sympathy he manifests with the work of the early founders of Christianity in Scotland. Amongst the ancient Culdee Saints he revels with delight; and of those of them connected with Perthshire he knows more than probably any other man living. Mr. Maclean is an earnest and evangelical preacher, with a beautiful train of quiet imagery illustrating the great truths of the Gospel—a preacher that grows on one. It is probably because he is more solid than flashy that he has never received promotion from the *quoad sacra* Parish of Grandtully, which was endowed by his energy and perseverance, and where he is a little king amongst his own attached people.

SCOTTISH subscribers and readers of the *Gaelic Journal* have long given up the hope of ever seeing another number of it. Indeed most of them have not been able to get their second volume completed. But we are glad to inform them that the *Gaelic Journal* still lives, and is likely to live. Up till August of 1884, it appeared monthly with great regularity. It had then reached its 20th number, and was beginning to show signals of distress. In the next two years the remaining four numbers necessary to complete the second volume made their appearance. Financial and other difficulties were the cause of this. For the *Journal* was excellently got up, and mostly printed in the Irish type, much to the annoyance of its Scottish readers. The 24th number announced that difficulties had been so far tided over, and that trial would be made of publishing the *Journal* quarterly, at half its old size, with a yearly subscription, including postage, of half-a-crown. Nos. 25 and 26 have already appeared this year, and we hope the work may continue and prosper so far as to bring it back to its old standard of excellence. We cannot disguise to ourselves the fact that these last two numbers are inferior, not merely in size, for that was to be expected, but they are inferior also in matter to the old numbers. The last number is too recriminatory, and recrimination is the bane of Celtic Literature. We may, however, expect it soon to come back to the excellence of its first two volumes, for the editor has plenty material to hand, he says—folk-lore, songs, proverbs, etc. We may offer two criticisms. We think the lessons in Irish may well be dropped as mere waste of space; and, again, why should the Irish type be still made use of? It is forbidding and troublesome to outsiders, it is expensive, and it is not necessarily more national than the ordinary Roman type. What is it but the Roman cursive hand of the 5th and 6th centuries provected to the position of independent, self-standing letters?

THE Maeatae of the third century and the Miathi of Adamnan have been a source of trouble to historians. The writer who reviewed in the *Northern Chronicle* our articles on the Picts, and who evidently knows the subject well, has pointed out that the name Maeatae still remains in Methven, a fact which at least fixes their position. He says:—"We have no doubt the Caledonians of Tacitus were Picts, or substantially the ancestors of the Picts of Bede and Adamnan's days. Had Adamnan chosen

to prefer history to miracles, he could have explained the whole Pictish mystery in a short chapter. The conquest or acquest of Pictland by Kenneth the son of Alpin did not destroy the Pictish people. It only superinduced a Gaelic aristocracy, Gaelic became the Court and cloister language—in the latter, side by side with Latin—but the Pictish people still formed the bulk of the population. Where is the proof of that? In the fact that the Pictish law of inheritance through the spindle side, struggled strongly against the Gaelic law of inheritance by male descent till the death of Macbeth. We may mention in passing, that the Mæatae of the time of Severus, 208 A.D., have left a trace of their name behind them. Methven near Perth is Mæany in Gaelic, and the long moor behind is Sliabh-Mhæany. It is probable that when the Emperor Severus invaded the country, the Caledonians were divided into two Kingdoms, as the Picts were afterwards."

PROFESSOR MACKINNON is delivering, in connection with his Celtic Class in Edinburgh, a series of Monday lectures on "Place Names and Personal Names in Argyle." The lectures are, fortunately for the public at large, published in instalments in the *Scotsman*. We have seen five instalments of the series, and can testify to their excellence. Nothing of like scholarship and research has ever yet been done in connection with Highland topography; for the learned Professor does not confine himself merely to Argyle; it is only a centre around which he groups his arguments and examples. His first article deals with the names given in Ptolemey and Adamnan, and of course with the general names for Scotland, Britain and the like. In the next he treats of the early native names for the people and the places, such as Gaidheal, Gall, and Scot. In the third article, the Professor deals with some philological considerations, with sounds, composition, and accent; the oldest forms of the words must be got and the oldest forms of the language considered in unravelling them. The fourth article deals with the general terms for places as existing in Welsh, Irish, and Gaelic, such as the names for land, sea, river, pool, and such. The fifth article, which is, on the whole, the best, explains to what an extent the dative case was used in place names, thus clearing up the difficulties that hung round such forms as *Cin-* or *Cinn-* (Eng. *Kin*, *Kin*tyre) instead of the nominative *Ceann*. He discusses also other old inflexional forms that still exist in place names. Altogether the articles ought to be a turning point in the study of the Gaelic topography of this country.

WHILE referring to the subject of topography, we must not omit to mention Mr. Carmichael's two contributions to late numbers of the *Geographical Magazine* on the "Place-Names of Iona." They are written with all Mr. Carmichael's wealth of 'illustration' and tinged with that poetic feeling which he knows how to infuse into dry details of geology and etymology. He thinks that Iona was joined to the mainland by a low narrow neck of land when it received its name, and that this neck of land gave its name to the island. Such an isthmus is called *aoi* in Gaelic, and hence the *I* of I-Cholumchille. Mr. Carmichael shows how other islands and isthmuses all over the west coast support his theory by their geological history and by their names. But he must reckon with Prof. Mackinnon on philological points, for the Professor goes over this very subject of *aoi* and the isthmuses in his last article on Argyleshire place names. The Professor is inclined to think that *aoi* is the Norse *eid* borrowed. Anyway, no person interested in Gaelic topography can afford to overlook Mr. Carmichael's facts and arguments.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.]

THE MACLEODS OF RAASAY.

THE first notice we find of the Island of Raasay is in the account of King Haco of Norway's expedition to Scotland in 1262. Here it is mentioned as a point in his Majesty's route on his way south to meet the Scots at Largs, where he was completely defeated, and his power in Scotland finally crushed on the third of October in that year. At a very early period in their history the "Siol Torquil" had, in addition to the Lewis, very extensive possessions, comprehending not only the islands of Raasay and Rona, but also Waternish in Skye, and the wide districts of Assynt, Coigeach, and Gairloch on the mainland. It is thought that the same sept of the clan, descended from the House of Lewis, inherited both Gairloch and Raasay, long before Malcolm Garbh MacGillechallum received the latter as his patrimony from his father, Malcolm Macleod, IX. of the Lewis early in the sixteenth century. It is quite clear that both the lands of Gairloch on the mainland and the Islands of Raasay and Rona were held by Macleod offshoots from the Lewis stem very much earlier than this, though scarcely any record—beyond mere tradition—remains to throw light on their first settlement or their history in Gairloch during the fifteenth century. The only fact we can find on record regarding this early period is that, in 1430, James I. of Scotland granted "to Nele Nelesoun [Neil son

of Neil Macleod] for his homage and service in the capture of his deceased brother Thomas Nelesoun, a rebel, the lands of Gerloch and others in the Earldom of Ross and Sutherland and Sheriffdom of Innernys."* This Neil is supposed to have conquered and driven out most of the MacBeaths, the earlier possessors of the district, having captured their strongholds of Island Grudaidh, on Loch Maree; the small island then occupied on Loch Tolly; and the Dun, at the east end of the Big Sand on an elevated and easily-defended rock, near the present Established Church, of which the foundation can still be traced. The size of this latter stronghold must have been somewhat imposing in those days, for the circumference of the remains measures about 200 feet. Later on, the Macleods, in the sixteenth century, held places of strength at "Uamh nam Freiceadan," between Opinan and Porthenderson, on the south side of the Loch, and almost opposite Rona, said to be the last occupied by them in Gairloch, and another on Eilean Ruairidh Bhig on Loch Maree, afterwards one of the residences of John Roy Mackenzie, IV. of Gairloch. The walls of the house and garden can still be traced, and one of the gooseberry bushes which adorned John Roy's garden remained when we last visited the Island.

Neil Macleod would seem to have been succeeded by a Roderick Macleod, for about 1480 we find that the head of the Gairloch Macleods was named Allan "Mac Ruairidh"—Allan the son of Roderick—who was sufficiently important and powerful to have obtained as his first wife a daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, VI. of Kintail, and sister of Hector Roy, who ultimately secured two-thirds of Allan's lands, and became the founder of the present Gairloch family. Allan married, secondly, a daughter of Roderick Macleod, VII. of Lewis, by whom he had one son, Roderick, afterwards known as Ruairidh Mac Ailein, *alias* Ruairidh "Nimhneach," author of the atrocious massacre of the Macleods of Raasay at Island Islay, near Waternish, in the Isle of Skye, and of which in its proper place.† Allan himself was also closely related to the family of his chief in the Lewis, but what the actual

* Origines Parochiales Scotiae, Vol. II. p. 406.

† The author of this massacre is erroneously stated elsewhere to have been Roderick Macleod, X. of the Lewis.

relationship was it is now impossible to fix. Two of his brothers are said, according to tradition (but they are much more likely to have been his brothers-in-law), to have been residing with their relatives in the Lewis; and they resolved that no Mackenzie blood should flow in the veins of the future head of the Gairloch Macleods. Allan Mac Ruairidh, who was himself a peacefully disposed man, lived at the "Crannag," of which traces are still to be found on Tolly Island, with his wife, two sons, and a daughter. His brothers (or brothers-in-law) determined to murder Allan and his two boys, so that the estate should revert to themselves and their relations. For this purpose they came across the Minch to Gairloch, and took up their abode at the old *Tigh Dige*, a wattled house surrounded by a ditch, the site of which is still pointed out in one of the Flowerdale parks, some few hundred yards above the stone bridge which crosses the Ceann-an-t-Sail river in front of the old hotel buildings at the head of Gairloch Bay. Next day the murderous villains proceeded to Loch Tolly. On their way they learnt that Allan was not then on the island, but had gone a-fishing on the river Ewe; so they passed on in that direction and found him sound asleep on the banks of the river, at "Cnoc na mi-chomhairle," and there and then "made him short by the head." They then retraced their steps, and crossing to the island where his wife, with her children resided, they, in the most cold-blooded manner, informed her of her husband's fate, tore her two boys from her knees, took them ashore, and carried them along the hills to the small glen through which the Poolewe road passes, about a mile to the south of the loch, and there, at a place still called "Creag Bhadan an Aisc," or the "Rock at the place of Burial," stabbed them to the heart with their daggers, carrying their blood-stained shirts or tunics along with them to the Tigh Dige. These the mother ultimately secured by the strategy of one of her husband's faithful retainers, and at once proceeded with them to her father, Alexander Mackenzie of Kintail, at Brahan Castle. Hector Roy immediately started, carrying the blood-stained shirts along with him as evidence of the atrocious deed, to report the matter to the King at Edinburgh. His Majesty, on hearing of the inhuman crime, at once granted Hector a commission of fire and sword

against the murderers of his nephews, and received a grant of the lands of Gairloch in his own favour, by charter dated 1494, from the Crown. The assassins were soon afterwards slain, at a hollow still pointed out between South Erradale and Point, almost opposite the Island of Raasay, where there graves are even yet to be seen.

So much of the early history of the Macleod proprietors of Gairloch is necessary to clear up their after relations with the Macleods of Raasay, who so stoutly aided their namesakes of the mainland for more than a century in their struggle to hold the portion still left to them, and their futile attempts to recover possession of the two-thirds of the lands of Gairloch, now granted to Hector Roy by Crown charter, until they were finally driven out of it about 1600. The leading incidents in the sanguinary contest which ensued will appear later on. Meanwhile we shall proceed with an account of the origin and history of the Macleods of Raasay proper.

TORQUIL MACLEOD of the Lewis, who had a charter under the Great Seal, dated the 28th of June, 1498, had a son, Torquil, who on his father's forfeiture in 1506 was excluded from the succession. Malcolm, Torquil's brother, had the estates restored to him in 1511, to the exclusion of Torquil's son, known as John Mac-Torquil. This John, however, died in 1532 without male issue, so that his cousin, Malcolm's son Roderick, became the head of the family by right of birth as well as proprietor of the lands in terms of the Royal charter. Malcolm, or GilleCallum Macleod IX. of Lewis had married Christian, daughter of Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, with issue, first, Roderick, his heir, who succeeded him in the Lewis, and second,

I. MALCOLM GARBH MACGILLECHALLUM, the first of the Macleods of Raasay known to history.

(*To be continued.*)

FISHERMEN AND SUPERSTITION.

[By Cathel Kerr.]

It is interesting as well as instructive to study the various forms of superstitious beliefs that exists among different classes of people. Those beliefs arise out of affairs, though trivial in themselves, yet in certain circumstances important. Generally they are the practical truths of the more important affairs of life through a chain of causes passed into dim hazy fancies. The study of folk-lore and kindred subjects is a wide one, and has already been ably dealt with in the pages of this Magazine. In this paper we propose to offer a few notes on the forms assumed by such beliefs among the fisher folk of our land.

The fisher people differ from the rest of our population in character, habits, language, and dress. But in no respect is this difference more marked than in the forms of their superstitious beliefs. No class of people is more influenced by such beliefs They enter into all their relations, mix in all their thoughts and conversations, influence all their actions, and give a most distinctive cast to their general character.

The life and surroundings of the fisherman give body and shape to his beliefs. Filled with that light and airy spirit incidental to life on the ocean, he is always in the mood to be cheered by the bright and happy, to be awed by the grand and sublime, to be terrified by the wild and tremendous. Every incident in his ordinary daily life tends to influence that already fanciful imagination of his. Taking these things into consideration, it is not difficult to notice the transition from the natural and ordinary into the fanciful and superstitious. At sea, after the work of the day has been finished, the crew take to their beds, having previously appointed one of their number to act as watch. As he watches on deck amid the solemn stillness of the night, broken but by the low musical murmur of the water ripples, his mind gets filled with the strangest fancies. Each breath of the wind, as it comes lightly over the main, seems to waft to him

the longing sighs of his fisher lass on shore. He may even see her spectre tripping lightly over the varying wavelets. Such harmless and excusable fancies are not always the ones that occupy his mind. All of a sudden a flesh creeping sense of death may steal over him, and in that convenient state of mind various portents of death or of disaster may present themselves to him. Wilder and more impressive fancies seize the mind when in the storm the mighty engulfings of the ocean threaten to swamp his craft, and when life is in jeopardy in midst of the white-crested water giants that in a threatening manner surround the labouring vessel. There are many other circumstances that influence his beliefs. Success in prosecuting the fishing depends very much on the careful observation of winds, tides, flights of birds, etc. Where birds gather and fly about, and where at night much phosphorescence marks the water trail of the boat, fish is certainly present. Again periods of hardest and most blood-heating work are succeeded by even longer periods of perfect inactivity and indolence. Very often during those idle months, to while away the time, stories of thrilling adventure are related. Thus we see that by accident and by necessity there are circumstances in the life of the fisherman that cause the most extravagant superstitions.

Not only do the forms of their belief differ materially from those of landsmen, but amongst different sections of themselves these may, whilst in the main preserving binding links of resemblance, assume very characteristic differences. The nature of the place, the average state of the weather, and the extent to which sea-going is carried on, as also the extent of intercourse with landsmen has much to do in explaining this. If the coast be rugged and the sea wild much will be said about unseen powers operating upon the elements. Those unseen powers may all of a sudden blow down the hurricane, and furiously lash up the main, while good spirits, and well affected towards the fishermen, in turn produce a calm, or deliver the fishermen out of imminent danger. Often are the brave fishermen of the Pentland Firth and of the boisterous Minch annoyed by the gambols of these powers. Those fishermen venturing out far to sea experience the wildest and most thrilling incidents, while those whose sphere

of operation is in inland seas or lochs mix with their belief much that properly belongs to landsmen. Those coast fishers who move about a great deal and combat the gusty mountain squalls, and the surging headland waves relate encounters with the denizens of the unseen world, and marvellous deliverances either through personal prowess or through the agency of well-affected spirits. Another class who live along mild and sheltered coasts, and whose mode of prosecuting their calling never brings them into contact either with the dangerous or the awful, have their beliefs running rather in the direction of codes of superstitious observations, and in studying the trivial matters in their daily life, which they think can reveal to them the events of the impending future.

On shore the daily life of the fisherman is one continuous atmosphere of the superstitious. Every occurrence is ominous of something. He may not understand its import, but he feels he is moving among objects that only need interpretation in order to reveal the future. Not merely the most important coming events but even the most trivial may be in this way predicted. If he find a hair on his tongue he is about to get a glass of whisky or a scolding. If there be an itching sensation in the palm of his left hand he will soon have money counted thereon, but if it be in the right hand he is to have a shake of the hand from some stranger. An itching sensation in the left nostril betokens the presence, or approach, of a friend or perhaps a member of the family. Sometimes it may merely mean that the friend is thinking much of him. An itch in the right nostril generally means that some stranger is soon to make his appearance. Some well versed in the art can tell for whom the sensation is felt, probably from the degree of the acuteness of the sensation. The ears also by suddenly heating up indicate that he is made the subject of praise or of abuse by some one.

As he sits musing at the fireside the future may be disclosed by the shapes assumed by the ascending flame, or by the grotesque figures that form in the live coals. In the Highlands a peat standing out alone from its fellow peats on the hearth indicates not merely the coming of a stranger, but his appearance, whether long or short, lank or stout, his nature, whether talkative or not;

if the former, the peat will smoke very much. If the stranger is to be kindly received the observer will tenderly take up the peat and lay it on the brightest part of the fire. Should he, however, throw it down or cover it with ashes the stranger will not receive a hospitable welcome. In certain places the greatest carefulness is observed in treating such indicators, and that not without reason (?) as the following shows:—A company one night seeing a fine large peat stand out from the rest, for their amusement, took it and dipped it in a tub of water, then placed it in the heart of the fire. Before the company dispersed a respected stranger made his appearance, and reported that he had had a narrow escape from drowning on the way that evening. He was made as comfortable as possible by the conscience-stricken inmates of the house.

It is strange that there should be so many things to indicate the coming of strangers. What can be the reason of this? Is it in order to be the better prepared to entertain them hospitably? We remember hearing an old man say on the occasion of a potato falling to the floor out of the hand of a man at a dinner table (at which Nature's knives and forks were used), that a needier person than he was about to come in. And sure enough, in a few minutes, a beggar man made his appearance, and need it be added, was helped to a share of the good things going at the time.

More serious and important events are predicted by the shapes into which the clouds form themselves against the vault of heaven. Strong is the influence the sight of strangely figured clouds in the western sky on a calm summer evening wields in the breasts of the seafaring people.

They have also got their own way of curing diseases, and they affirm those always succeed better than doctors' drugs. Some of the cures are at times droll enough. Where their knowledge of herbs and waters fail they are never at a loss to prescribe forms of incantations. Some old toothless dame is usually the prescriber. A young fellow has stye on his eye (leamhnuid). He is requested to go into the sea, and to stand on his head until nine successive waves pass over him, and he shall be at once cured. Should he doubt his own ability to undergo this ordeal

there is yet one more way of effecting a cure. He is to repeat the following without once drawing breath :—

Thainig Cailleach a Loch Abair
'Shireadh scadain a Loch Bhraoin.
Cha d'iarr i air peighinn
Ach 'n a chunntadh i gun anail.

Scidear scadan aon, scidear, scadan dha, scidear scadan tri . . . . scidear scadan ceud.

Should this be done as requested, it was supposed to be very effective. A wart is removed by rubbing on it some earth from the sole of the foot when the new moon is first noticed, which will cause it to disappear before next new moon. A straw cut short, but preserving the knot, wetted in the mouth and rubbed on the wart, then hid away where no eye can see it, causes the wart to disappear just as it rots in its secret place. The most effective way to remove a wart is to contrive all unknown to rub it against some article of apparel belonging to an adulterous person. Evil eye may injure any person, vessel, or thing. "Sgoiltidh droch shuile clach, etc." The eye of some is so bad that nothing can cure the effects of it but by the person in some way or other proving his utter disrespect or contempt for the thing affected. The possessor of this troublesome member often on its account finds himself placed in the most ludicrous positions imaginable. The common way of undoing the harm caused by the evil eye is to sprinkle the affected person with water off silver and gold. Jaundice is cured by pouring melted lead through the finger holes of a pair of shears into water while some rhyme is recited. If the cure be effected the lead in the water forms itself into the shape of a heart. The cure of king's evil by the spittle of the doctor seventh son is well known. The seventh son of a seventh son can cure all diseases under the sun. A person born legs foremost can cure all spine diseases by merely walking on the back of the person affected. There are many more cures equally strange. Imagination is the strongest and most effective cure of them all. There are many ways of getting and of losing luck. Good or bad luck may follow the giving of presents. For instance, no lass would ever receive from her lad a pin, nor would a knife be allowed to pass between them, as these would be sure to "cut their love." Should a present be returned after it was

once accepted, which in change of friendly relations not infrequently happens, very bad luck will ensue to the donor. On certain days of the year nothing belonging to one man may be removed from his premises to that of another without greatly endangering his luck, if not altogether transferring it to the other.

As the fisherman moves about and scans the ocean, there are many things about it that may indicate to him what is in store for him. He may be driven to sea, in full hopes of success, if he merely smells as if fish were about him. Sea birds occupy a very important place in his observations. At sea by their flights they can direct him to places where fish is likely to be got, while at other times their shoreward flights indicate the coming storm. Their perching on the rigging of the vessel is invariably indicative of something mysterious. At times the sailors catching the bird and confining it in some place where escape would be impossible, find afterwards on opening the place of confinement that no bird is there. This vanished bird was the foreteller of certain death to one or other of the crew. Usually the pigeon is this grim and mysterious messenger. Birds by their calls may point out morals, or may encourage the faint-hearted, or indeed at any juncture supply the needed advice or direction. A common sea-bird is always seen hobbling about on the wildest headlands of the coast, apparently never going in search of food, but depending upon the stray particles that the lashing billows may cast at its feet. There it sits making an incessant noise, giving vent to its expectations that a ship with grain will be wrecked there. The expectant notes are "Long eorna, long eorna." One day an old woman was going along the shore in a most dejected mood, for matters had not thrived well with her. She had all her days lived in the hopes of receiving some unknown legacy, but now, after her patience had been tried for nigh sixty years, she was prepared to let her hopes go to the winds. Just at that point a common sea bird screamed out in its shrill notes, "Tri fich't," (fichead.) The old dame was heard to reply, "Tha thu breugach 's e th'ann tri cheud." Her old hopes were revived in her breast, though we are sorry to have to relate that she departed this life without even the three score. The seal has at all times occupied

a prominent place in the stories of the fisher people. Sometimes indeed its relations with some of their number were of a most intimate nature. Very few fisher communities are without some family or other whose descent can be traced to some noted seal or selchie. Strange theories of the origin and habits of fishes are related. God created all the fishes except the mackerel, if I remember well. The devil wished to try his hand at fish creating, and so formed the mackerel, but he had after all to apply to God to put life into it. All fishes at first had the power of speech. And many stories are related of the ready use they made of it. The black spots on the haddock are well-known to have been caused by Christ having taken a haddock in his hand. Those inhabitants of the deep about which most stories are told are—

"An giomach, an rònach 's an ròn
Tri seoid a chuain."

[The lobster, the mackerel, and the seal, the three heroes of the sea.]

PREPARATION FOR SEA-GOING.

The greatest carefulness is necessary on the part of the fisherman as every step of his may influence for good or for bad his future luck. As the boat is moved from its winter quarters luck must be drunk to it in full bumpers, and any niggardliness on the part of the owner in supplying the necessary drink is sure to be followed with corresponding bad returns from the harvest of the sea. In preparing the nets or the lines a small bit of worsted thread or of a garment belonging to a female relative is twisted into the baulk rope. Some of the female relatives are very lucky, and, consequently, their friendship is eagerly sought after and retained. The ill-will of these is always to be avoided, as then success is out of the question. After the nets are laid in the boat the females walk up and down on them ; in Buckie and elsewhere they even go further. An old piece or article of clothing is also usually put into the bread kit. New things are always unlucky. In certain places a woman arrived at maturity must not step across a line while it is being baited for no fish would then come near it. The whole burden of work, and all pertaining to it, it would seem lies on the shoulders of the fisherman's female relatives. They mend the nets, stretch the lines, procure bait, carry, clean, and sell the fish. They often run shares in the boats and

nets. The men have merely to work at sea, and even there sometimes you find the ever active female prepared to take her share should it be necessary.

To render a boat fully prepared for the sea, not merely must it be seaworthy and thoroughly seagoing, but all luck and wind, etc. charms, must be present. The horse-shoe is invariably present as a preventive against any possible harm from witchcraft. A Fifeshire fisherman, after a very prosperous career in his old fishing boat, presented it to his son, and built a new one for himself. His former good luck did not follow him into this one. After a time, in the dead of night, he went to his son's boat and carried away its anchor, leaving instead of it his own new anchor. This had the desired effect, and the old man was still to the front with his success, though the son could not be expected to be.

Choosing a suitable crew involves great responsibility. Not merely must the men be able-bodied and expert at their work, but they must be men known to be lucky. Some unfortunates there are whom bad luck sticks to year after year, until latterly they get hunted away from every respectable skipper about.

The skipper, let us suppose, has now got his crew completed, and has got everything fully prepared, and that under the most favourable auspices. He leaves his home with some luck token in his pocket, knowing well, though supposed not to know, that he carries another luck charm in his bread kit on his shoulder, and under a shower of old slippers he wends his way to the place where his boat is. For a hare to cross his path should be most ill-omened. A foal seen for the first time that season, or sheep grazing on the hillside, all with their faces turned towards him, would lighten his step and his heart, for goodwill towards him was seen on all sides. A snail, the first seen that season on grassy ground, or meeting a disreputable woman, or even a bad man, who, if he did not of his own accord, wish good luck, did it by request, are good omens. The opposites of these, in all cases, indicate bad fortune. A man with a squint eye, or with a known "bad eye," or a reputedly mean and selfish person, is, by all means, to be shunned. Should he, forgetting anything, have occasion to return, he must not come back by the same route, but must go in some other direction.

All things are now ready for sea, and the onlookers inwardly or audibly mutter "Gu 'm beannaich Sealbh i," if the boat be a fine one. If the boat be rowed it must on no account be turned by the left, because that is the way in which it is always done by the Devil, who, by-the-way, does everything the contrary way. For example, he cannot turn a screw in the ordinary way, but in the contrary way. Good sailing depends upon various causes, which must be well attended to. A fisherman was engaged to ferry some gentlemen across a wide arm of the sea. As he had an early intimation of this he set to and mended his sail by putting on a patch of new canvas. After putting to sea, though the boat was under full sail, and a very favourable breeze of wind blowing, it yet laboured heavily in the sea, and seemingly made little progress. Getting out of patience he pulled the boat up into the wind, and tore off the patch, putting in instead part of his own shirt. His boat, which he boasted had no equal for sailing, now regained its usual speed.

When a crew are setting out for a distant port the duty of attending to the wind charms devolves upon the friends at home. Charms may be put under the thwarts of the vessel, but one way remarkable for its cruelty must be mentioned. In Lewis, when the boats used to leave for the East Coast fishing, a cat was put into a bag and kept there, without food or drink, until word was received announcing the safe arrival of the boats at their destination. In these days of telegraphs it might not be so much cruelty to puss, but, in former days, when Donald was certainly no scribe, and in no hurry to procure one, and add to that the time a letter would take to reach Lewis, no one need wonder that few cats survived the ordeal. Yet another cat story is come to hand. In summer the East Coast fishermen move, with their whole families, from one place to another. Puss is very often locked up in the untenanted house in order to ensure a safe passage to its masters. In old stories puss occupies a prominent place, and would seem in this case to be confined as a hostage from the demon of storms.

A party of ladies and gentlemen lately spending their holidays in Skye one evening went out to sea for a sail. It got so calm that the boat made no progress. One of the gentlemen, in fun,

said that they should whistle for wind. An old fisherman on board, with the greatest earnestness of gesture, interposed, saying that it was not "canny" to whistle for wind. He had before then experienced the worst consequence of such. Laughing him to scorn, they whistled away, but ere long a tremendous hurricane of wind came on, so that it was with difficulty they reached the shore. The man having got ashore with his life, was more convinced than ever that whistling for wind is a dangerous thing.

A merman appearing at the helm of a boat when sailing is always dreaded. Neither his name nor anything about his being there must be mentioned, for he may then sink the boat. The thing to do is to put ashore at once.

In proceeding to fish, nothing about fish they do not expect to catch may be mentioned. On no account must the word "salmon" be uttered, nor may the birds that indicate the presence of fish be pointed at by the finger. To count the fish as they are being caught is equally fatal to good luck.

The death of the whole crew, or of part of it, or of a future crew in that boat, is known by one or more of the crew seeing the boat suddenly get minutely small, or by seeing the boat lurch in some direction, as if borne down by some tremendous weight. The face of a person about to be drowned may be seen in the water trail of the boat. To see a spectral boat, either at sea or on a fresh water loch, is a sign of drowning. Rats in a body deserting a boat, or a dog accustomed to go to sea in a boat, refusing to go, is always a sign of coming disaster.

A man between his contract and his marriage must on no account go to sea. Lately, a man, a week or so before his marriage, was going with his boat from one port to another. It was a fine summer day, and all things went well until they came in sight of his mother-in-law's house. A bee came whirring past the boat, and immediately thereafter a squall of wind almost threw the boat on its beam ends. Although they were two-thirds of the way home they turned back to the port from which they started, afraid that his mother-in-law, who was known to be opposed to the marriage, and an uncanny person to boot, might sink the boat. He again attempted to go by sea on the day before his marriage. The crew did their utmost to prevent him

going, but he would hear no reason. As soon as the boat started, it was driven by the waves on a sandbank, where it had to remain for a whole fortnight. He was literally thrown overboard, and had to make the best of his way ashore.

Many stirring stories might be told, but these are given to show how superstition enters into every circumstance of the fisherman's life. A good collection of myths could be made from those related by them as they while away the time at sea, or while at home, around the blazing fire in winter, mending the nets, and thinking of the sailors of yore.

CILLE AMHLAIDH, SOUTH UIST.

IT is not, I believe, generally known that a quantity of the rich and holy soil of Italy lies strewn among the cold, damp lands of South Uist: and it was only very recently that I myself ascertained that such was a fact. In the district of Iochdar, which lies on the south side of the South Ford of Benbecula, is a township called *Cille Amhlaidh* (Kilaulay), the burying-ground or Church of Aulay, near which the Roman Catholic Church now stands. But the district where this church is, is called Ardkenneth, being so named after St. Kenneth, a famous priest who had the whole spiritual government of South Uist in his time. In support of this assertion, I may mention that the hill at the north side of the entrance to Lochboisdale is named Ben Kenneth, a name which it derives from the aforenamed St. Kenneth, who officiated occasionally in a church which then stood at a place called Aurotote, near Lochboisdale Hotel. The site of this church may still be seen; and from it Father Campbell of Lochboisdale recently carried a most beautiful three-cornered stone font, found among the green grass, to the Catholic Church at Dalibrog.

But the township in question—Cille Amhlaidh—bears the name of another priest—St Anflith or Amhlaidh, who lived and laboured faithfully and diligently for many years at Iochdar; and, having died there at a good old age, his remains were, in terms

of his oft-expressed request, interred in the place, which has ever since been called *Cille Amhlaidh.* It is but right to mention that St. Amhlaidh had no connection with the Macaulays of Lewis, who were of a different race altogether.

The next priest, says tradition, who ministered to the spiritual wants of the people of Iochdar, was the famous St. Bliannan, a man whose name, on account of his holy zeal, ought to be better known and cherished by the people of South Uist than it is. This great Saint, in order that the flock under his charge at Cille Amhlaidh might derive some of the good enjoyed by the happy people who tread continuously on holy ground, went on one occasion, at no small personal expense, to Rome, and carried hence a quantity of soil, dug from the graves of the saints. After a long and weary journey, which occupied many months, he reached Cille Amhlaidh, in South Uist; and, taking the holy soil carried from Rome, he scattered it there in the form of a cross. From that day forward, the place has been looked upon as consecrated, and, therefore, a sacred and favoured spot. I have frequently stood on this ground.

I cannot but think that, if the Crofters' Commission had known, when recently in South Uist, the interesting antiquities associated with Iochdar, they would not have passed over the crofters there without giving them an equal justice with their neighbours in the south end of the Island.

MAC IAIN.

SNATCHES OF SONG COLLECTED IN BADENOCH.

VIII.

MOST of the present contribution may be regarded as supplementary to No. V. of these papers, which illustrated certain aspects of the life and manners of long ago. The heroic and romantic ballads which have floated down through many generations are now of acknowledged value to the historian and antiquarian, but the writer believes that there is a humbler class of composition still surviving to some extent, and well worthy the attention of all those who desire to become familiar with the peculiar but rapidly disappearing characteristics of the Highland peasantry.

Such popular rhymes as are here referred to, when regarded singly, may appear to some almost unworthy of preservation—like the Celtic scraps which Captain Macintyre rashly ventured to translate to his erudite uncle, The Antiquary; but let a broader view be taken, and they will be found to reproduce vividly and forcibly the lights and shadows, the whims and the humours, the folly and the wisdom of our ancestors in these Northern Glens. They are most frequently of a humorous nature, like these verses by which a goodman playfully upraids his wife for gossiping in place of attending to her household duties :—

De ni mi gun léine ghlain,
Gun léine ghlain, gun léine ghlain,
Dé ni mi gun léine ghlain?
'S mi dol as a' bhaile maireach.

Tha tigh agam, tha bean agam,
'S am bùrn aig ceann an tigh agam;
Tha punnd do shiabunn geal agam,
Is léine shalach ghràd' orm.

'N uair thug mi dhi gu nigheadh i,
'S ann thòisich ri bruidhinn rium;
'S an uair a fhuair mi rithist i,
Bu mhios i na mar bha i.

Two Kingussie worthies—one a tailor, the other a weaver—each Callum by name, are in the next rhyme represented as engaging

upon a certain occasion in a contest of wit. The Mr. Blair referred to was minister of Kingussie, and died a hundred years ago, after an incumbency so prolonged that he baptised three generations of his parishioners.

Hó ! Calum Figheadair,
Le 'leannanan 's le 'nigheanan,
Hó ! Calum Figheadair,
Tha mì-altradh an dàn da.

"Dh' fhighinn-se mar dh' fhuaghaila' tu."
Thubhairt Calum Figheadair.
"Dh' fhuaghailinn-se mar dh fhigheadh tu."
Thubhairt Calum Tàilear.

"'S mise Calum 's fhearr tha ann."
Thubhairt Calum Figheadair.
"Tha thu briagach anns a' cheann."
Thubhairt Calum Tàilear.

"Gheibh mi bean bho Mr. Blàir."
Thubhairt Calum Figheadair.
"'N i chaileag air am beil an spàg ?"
Thubhairt Calum Tàilear.

"'S ioma Calum tha sinn ann."
Thubhairt Calum Figheadair.
"Calum dubh is Calum càm."
Thubhairt Calum Tàilear.

A busy miller plying his work, and grumbling and humming upstairs and downstairs and out and in, thus uttered his feelings in strains wherein one seems to hear the noise of the clapper, the pour of the water, and the creaking of the old machinery :—

Hóró nó ! is hìrì móbha !
Hóró nó ! is hìrì mùgh ! etc.

Tha 'ghaoth mhòr air an uinneig,
Leam is coma co dhiùbh,
Ged a bheireadh i leatha,
Grùid loibheach dhubh nach fiù.

Eadar chais' agus acfhuinn,
Eadar amar agus bùrn,
Eadar draghaid agus claban,
Agus chlachan agus chlùd.

Ach nan tigeadh an Samhradh,
Gu'n rachainn-sa air m' iùl,

Do thalamh Mhic-Dhomhnuill,
Gheall e dhomh-sa muileann ùr.

Far am faighte na mnathan,
Air a' bhraigheann gu dlùth,
Far am faight' am bonnach-gradain,
'S ìm an taice ri 'thaobh.

It used to be said that the *bonnach-gradain* could be prepared by one woman while another was cooking a pot of potatoes. This is the recipe for making it:—Hold a sheaf of corn over the flame for a few minutes; afterwards shake the grain into an empty, heated pot set near the fire, and stir briskly to keep it from burning. When sufficiently hardened, pass it hurriedly through the quern; the meal is then ready for immediate use. "Min-ghradain," thus procured, was reckoned a delicacy. A small handful of it in a dish of whisked cream would alone be acceptable as an excellent diet.

The "Saor Ruadh," of whom before, once having got the loan of a horse from Lachlan Mackenzie, better known as the Post Bàn—a far-seeing man who refused to accompany the Black Officer to Gaick on the plea of illness—after bringing home a heavy load of deals with the help of the good grey gearran, thus expressed his approbation of the plucky creature's exertions on his behalf:—

Eich ghuirm bha 'n Allt-làiridh,
'S ioma ait eile bhàrr air,
Gur fheàirde mis' an làd,
Thug thu 'n airde dhomh gun chùnntadh.

O! theid mi dhachaidh leat,
'S bu bheud sud mur tachradh e,
A' shealltuinn air Lachlann,
A mhic a' chapuill shunndaich.

Ged chuirinn ceithir dusan ort,
Na 'n càirinn iad 's gun trusainn iad,
Gun siùbhladh tu gu h-uchdarach,
'S an cuip cha bhiodh tu 'g ionndrain.

Gur mise bhios brònach,
'Nuair chluinneas mi nach beò thu,
Cha toir mi 'choin na Sròin' thu,
Theid cisd nam bòrd mu'm chùrsan.

Ged thubhairt am Post Bàn riut—
Bho'n 's è ainm a thuigeas càch e—
Dhe Clanna Choinnich tha thu,
'S bì Sàlaich ort a' cùnntadh.

A crapulous age has left its mark in Gaelic poetry, as elsewhere. But it was long before bards would condescend to mention in their verses any less gentlemanly drink than the red wine of France. It is now perhaps impossible to discover when whisky fairly ousted wine and ale from popular favour in the Highlands. Smuggling became general among tacksmen, crofters, and cottars. The bothie was a mystic shrine of Bacchus—the "black pot" his symbol. The vessels great and small—from the cask to the glass—utilised in connection with the exhilarating nectar, were each sentimentally regarded as a sort of fetish. In the ditty I have noted, the *poit-dhubh* is addressed as a bride. We are afforded a peep at the "still" in full operation. The stream of cold water flows freely over the pipes; and the assembled company watch the proceedings, not without shadowy thoughts of Nemesis, in the person of the exciseman—Am Belleach.

Bean na bainnse, hò ! hì !
Hathaill ù ! hathaill ò !
'S i bean òg a' chùil dhuinn,
Bidh na suinn leat ag òl.

Tha 'bhean-òg ann an cùil,
Fàile cùbhraidh bho 'stròn.
Chan eil gàidsear fo 'n chrùn,
Nach bi dlùth air a tòir.

Thig am Belleach mu 'n cuairt,
Gheibh e 'm bruaich a' bhean òg ;
Bheir e 'n *collar* dhi 'sa chuairt,
Falbhaidh buanachd an stòip.

Nam faiceadh sibh-s' Iain Bàn,
Botul làn ann a dhòrn.
Chan eil fear thig mu'n cuairt,
Nach fhaigh cuach thar a' chòir.

Tha 'bhean-òg air a' chuan,
Sruth mu 'guaillean gu leòir,
Chan 'eil gàidsear fo 'n chrùn,
Nach bi null air a tòir.

Ge mòr agaibhs' an tea,
B' ait leam fhìn a' bhi 'g òl
Glain do 'n gharbh-ghucag mhìn,
Thogadh m' inntinn bho bhròn.

Fear a' Gharbha so shuas,
Chuir air chuan a' bhean òg.

An old pot-house catch may appropriately be given here. It possesses much literary merit; and must have been the composition of some Highland Falstaff.

'S olc an deireadh beatha bròn,
'S olc an deireadh òil pathadh,
'S muladach suidh' mu 'n bhòrd,
Gun bhi 'g iarraidh stòip fhathasd.

Why all Highland old maids should be blithe-hearted and witty this deponent cannot say—he can only aver the fact. Such at any rate was Miss Barbara Macpherson of Ralia. In her brother's house at Breakachy Miss Macpherson, upon a certain occasion, formed one of a large party of female relatives, while only a single representative of the opposite sex was present. It was in the age of "sentiments"; and at dinner this gentleman was urged to give one. For some reason he did not comply, and at length Miss Barbara losing all patience gave the following impromtu rhyme as a *sentiment* at his expense :—

Is cruaidh leam rumpull reamhar a'mhuilt,
Bhi am pluic a' bhalaich gun tuigs',
Fear gun chumadh, fear gun dealbh,
Fear gun seanachas, fear gun fuirp;
'Chur an aith-ghear mo sgial,
Is coimeas a' bhiast do'n mhuic.

This genial old lady composed numerous songs—mournful, humorous, and satirical—now, for the most part, forgotten, along with the circumstances which called them forth. The aged individual from whom I received the following couplets heard Miss Barbara sing them while fulling a certain web of cloth. The leading bachelors of the country are enumerated, with some shrewd hits at their habits and idiosyncrasies. I append a key to the names which occur :—

Mo chlòlan dubh, a thaobh! a ku!
Chan eil e tiugh 's tha fallus air.
Mo chlòlan dubh, a thaobh! a ho!

(1) 'N uair bhios mo chlòlan fighte, luaidhte,
Gheibh Fear Chluainidh falluinn dhe.

(2) Tha fear-taca Ghasga-mhòir,
An ro-gheall air earrann dhe.

(3) Bheir sinn còt' dha Caiptean Clàrc dhe,
Bho 'n tha gradh nan caileag dha.

(4) Bheir sinn deis' dha Caiptean Bhiallaid,
Ged bhiodh sianar falamh dhe.

(5) Bheir sinn briogais dha na Ghreumach,
A righ féin! gum meal e i.

(6) Ach cha téid snàthainn gu Noid-Mhòir dhe,
Gus an geall e banais dhuinn.

(7) Fear an Lagain 's duine coir e,
Ach gabh-s' an clò ni Ealasaid.

(8) Tha daoin-uailse ann Dùn-Eidinn,
Bhios dhéigh-làimh ma dh' fhanas iad.

(1) Her relative, Colonel Duncan Macpherson of Cluny. (2) Archibald MacAllan Macdonald, a well-known drover. (3) Captain Clerk of Invernahavon, nephew to "Ossian" Macpherson. (4) This Captain Macpherson of Biallid preceded the excellent tacksman of that name and designation, who died some forty years ago. (5) This was the tacksman of Banchor. (6) Captain Duncan Macpherson of Nuide, who stood in need of advice on the subject of matrimony. (7) He separated from his wife. Ealasaid was an old house-keeper. Towards the close of his life he induced his better-half to return. (8) Her brother tacksman of Breakachy and Ralia, who, with great success, engaged in extensive cattle-dealing. He was significantly described to me as "*Dròbhair nach do bhrisd riamh.*" He was at this time in Edinburgh along with another drover from Neisintullich.

Another spinster in much humbler circumstances than Miss Barbara Macpherson of Ralia, was in great request at merry-makings of all kinds on account of her happy faculty of creating

laughter and fun wherever she went. This was one of her numerous lays. Let us call it, "A song without sense:"—

Hè ! hó ! hì ! ùr ! ibh ! ì !
Hè ! hó ! hì ! ùr ! a bhagaich !

Nàile ! 's mise tha gu cràiteach,
'S mi bhi màireach dol a' phòsadh.

'S mi bhi màireach dol a' phòsadh
Mac a' bhodaichein bhig, bhrònaich.

Mac a' bhodaichein bhig, bhrònaich,
'S nach dean seich 'n eich mhòir dha bròg an.

Nach dean seich 'n eich mhòir dha bròg an,
'S nach dean dà shlait dhéug dha còta.

Nach dean dà shlait dhéug dha còta,
'S feusag air cho fad ri sguab eòrna.

All the famous strathspeys and reels were associated with words of doggerel verse. In the absence of instrumental music, the "port-beòil" was regarded as a very good substitute for a hastily arranged dance. A few of these macaronics may sufficiently give an idea of their general character. Probably a hundred merry melodies of this description could be collected in any Glen in the Highlands:—

Gur e an gobhainn biorach, odhar,
Gobhainn Drum-an-aonaich.
Gur e an gobhainn biorach, odhar,
Gobhainn Drum-an-aonaich.
Gur e an gobhainn biorach, odhar,
Gobhainn Drum-an-aonaich.
'S gur olc a chàirich e mo chlobha,
Gobhainn Drum-an-aonaich.
Gur biorach e, 's gur odhar e,
Gobhainn Drum-an-aonaich,
S gur olc a chàirich e mo chlobha,
Gobhainn Drum-an-aonaich.

Tha car ùr an ruidhl' a bhodaich,
Tha car ùr an ruidhl' a' bhodaich,
Car gu deas, a 's car gu tuath,
'S car mu 'n cuairt an ruidhl' a' bhodaich.
Tha car ùr an ruidhl' a' bhodaich,
Tha car ùr an ruidhl' a' bhodaich,

'S ged a dhaansa' tu gu 'chùl e,
Bhiodh car ùr an ruidhl' a' bhodaich.

Cuiri' glùn, cuiri' glùn,
Cuiri' glùn air a' bhodach.
Thu'irt a' chailleach bha 'sa chùil,
Cuiri' glùn air a' bhodach.
Cuiri' snaim, cuiri' snaim,
Cuiri' snaim air a' bhodach.
Cuiri' snaim daingeann, teann,
Leis an t-sreing air a' bhodach.

Is toigh leis an duin' againn,
Bileagan, duilleagan.
Is toigh leis an duin' againn,
Bileagan càil.
Criomagan ìme,
'S bideagan arain,
Uachdar a' bhainne,
'S lochdar an eòrn.
Is toigh leis an duin' againn,
Bileagan, duilleagan.
Is toigh leis an duin' againn,
Bileagan càil.

Nan robh agam trudair bodaich,
Bhogainn anns an allt e :
Nan robh agam trudair bodaich,
Bhogainn anns an allt e :
Nan robh agam trudair bodaich,
Bhogainn anns an allt e :
'S mur biodhe glan 'n uair bheirinn as e,
Bhogainn rithist ann e.

Gu 'm bogainn e, 's gu 'n togainn e,
Gu 'm bogainn anns an allt e :
Gu 'm bogainn e, 's gu 'n togainn e,
Gu 'm bogainn anns an allt e :
Gu 'm bogainn e, 's gun togainn e,
Gu 'm bogainn anns an allt e,
'S mur biodh e glan 'n uair bheirinn as e,
Bhogainn rithist ann e.

Ruidhleadh Fionnladh, dhannsadh Fionnladh,
Ruidhleadh Fionnladh 's an cu breac.

Ruidhleadh Fionnladh, dhannsadh Fionnladh,
Null a' s nall air drochaid Pheairt.

Theid sinn gu Loch Aluinn,
A' s fàgaidh sinn Taobh Loch Obha.
Theid sinn gu Loch Aluinn,
A' s fàgaidh sinn Taobh Loch Obha.
Dìridh sinn,
Tearnaidh sìnn,
Diridh sinn,
Taobh Loch Obha.
Theid sinn gu Loch Aluinn,
Is fàgaidh sinn Taobh Loch Obha.

Tha 'm bolla daor 's a' Chananaich.
Tha 'm bolla daor 's a' Chananaich.
'N uair bhi 'se ochd an Aird-na-Saoir,
Gum bi e naoi 's a' Chananaich.

Fhuair mi nead na corra-dhù
Ann an cùil-na-mòine :
Fhuair mi nead na corra-dhù
Ann an cùil-na-mòine :
Fhuair mi nead na corra-dhù
Ann an cùil-na-mòine :
Agus nead an fhithich,
An cridhe nead na smeòraich.

Other snatches of song occur to one's memory in this connection, but they are for most part of a plaintive character—rhymes instinct with high poetic feeling swelling into music exquisitely beautiful—

Tha mi sgìth,
'S mi leam fhìn,
'H-uile latha buain an rainich.
Tha mi sgìth,
'S mi leam fhìn,
'H-uile là am aònar.
'H-uile latha buain an rainich,
'H-uile là am aònar,
'H-uile latha buain an rainich,
Leis a' chaileig bhòidhich.

Till an crodh, laochain,
Lean an crodh, laochain,

Till an crodh, laochain,
A's gheibh thu bean bhòidheach.
Gheibh thu bean laghach,
Gheibh thu bean bhòidheach,
Gheibh thu bean laghach,
'S a thaghadh Chlann Dònuill.
'S till an crodh druimionn-dubh,
Till an crodh, laochain,
Till an crodh druimionn-dubh,
An glaicibh nan caochan.

"C' àit an robh thu 'n diugh 's an dé?
Ghiulain bhrogail! ghiulain bhrogail!"
"Anns a' choille, ris an spréidh,
'Buain nan dearcag, buain nan dearcag."

T. S.

THE TRAGEDY OF CLACH-NAN-CEANN.

A SGEULACHD OF THE RANNOCH CAMERONS.

(*Continued.*)

WEEK after week passed by in this way in *Tigh-na-dige;* and, as the months of October and November were that year more than usually mild, all the operations in-doors and out-of-doors were carried on for a long time without interruption. But one morning about the beginning of December a robin redbreast, having winged its way from the Black Wood, entered the Cameron habitation, and, much to *Iain Biorach's* delight, perched on the nail on which the Mackintosh's bow was suspended. Marsali said—

"A Rabairt leis a bhroilleach dhearg,
Cha d' thainig thus an diugh le fearg,
Ach dh'innseadh gum bheil doinnion teachd
Le fuil *nan Toiseach* air an t-sneachd."

That is—

"O Robin with the breast of red,
In wrath thou hast not hither sped,
But to declare a storm shall blow
With *Toiseach* blood upon the snow."

And sure enough, before night came on, the snow did begin to fall; and the frosty wind howled round about *Tigh-na-dige*, and pierced through every open crevice; and all the inmates drew their seats nearer than they were wont to the blazing fire of logs from the Black Wood, which they were keeping on the hearth; and little *Iain Biorach* crept closer to his mother, as blast after blast made the roof creak over their heads, and gave them a practical illustration of the violence of a winter storm in Rannoch. And next morning, when they looked out, they saw both the *Sliosmin* and the *Sliosgàrbh* clad in a huge garment of white, and the storm, still unabated, driving the snow along in fearful clouds of drift, and the dark waters of Loch Rannoch that lay between the two white slioses wrought up into an angry sea of foaming billows—

"Tha Loch Raineach anns an t-samhradh
Mar shuireach suiridh air a bhan-suirich;
Ach tha Loch Raineach aans a gheamhradh
Mar charaid phosd' bhios tric ri dranndan
'S air uairibh bhios ri trod is comhstri."

That is, freely rendered—

"Loch Rannoch is throughout the summer
Like lad that sweetly courts his cummer;
But winter changes all his tune
Like marriage after honeymoon,
When the young people often fret
And sometimes go into a pet."

When the storm began to abate, an intense frost set in, which, with the deep covering of snow on the ground, soon reduced the animal world to great straits. At the end of the second week, the wolves, descending to the lower grounds, were heard to howl through the Black Wood; and as the ominous sounds night after night drew nearer, they struck terror into the hearts of the inmates of *Tigh-na-dige*. But soon the ferocious brutes found their way to *Cladh-Mhichael*, evidently attracted through the keenness of their olfactory nerves by the dead bodies buried there; and the men had to watch over nights, and make all sorts of noises to frighten them away.

On the third night before Christmas eve, three very large wolves were seen to approach the grave-yard. The moon shone

bright overhead; and as the ravenous beasts were coming over the plain with that gait so peculiar to them when pressed with hunger in winter, the deep shadows they cast on the snow made them appear all the more formidable. The Robertson brothers went out as usual to scare them away; but the famished creatures, disregarding all the noises that were made, as well as the incessant barking of poor "Strone," who had no chance in close combat with three such monsters, proceeded directly to the graves, and set to scrape the snow and earth off them with all their might. And when the men saw that they could not drive them away they went in and told Marsali. She said, "Donald, you will fetch down the Mackintosh's bow; and here are three arrows for you, each of which, in the name of St. Michael, you will shoot at them." Donald took down the bow, and adjusted the bow-string; and, having received the arrows with the words proper for the occasion, he proceeded at once to execute his commission. He took up a position at a point overlooking the grave-yard; and, having placed the arrow on the string, and, like a good archer, drawn it back to his right ear, he repeated the following prayer—

"A Mhichael naoimh, mo shaighead treoraich
Bho taifeid bogh' Mhicantoisich
Steach gu cridhé mhadaidh mhor ud."

That is—

"St. Michael now direct mine arrow
From string of Mackintosh's bow
Into the heart of yon great wolf."

And with these words he let fly the arrow, which, by the powerful aid of the good St. Michael, pierced one of the wolves through the heart and killed the monster on the spot. He then took up another arrow; and having placed it on the string and drawn it back, he repeated the same prayer and let it also fly. By the aid of St. Michael a second wolf was pierced through the heart and killed like the first. But Donald taking up the third arrow thought he might now dispense with the prayer, and accordingly shot it without having invoked the aid of the Saint. The arrow pierced the wolf, but not in a mortal part; and the savage beast, rendered fiercer by the wound inflicted, madly rushed on to attack its human tormentor. When Donald saw the creature

coming forward with its horrid jaws wide open, and that there was now no other way of escape from it, he adroitly thrust the end of the Mackintosh's bow down the wolf's throat; and then, drawing out his dagger, he raised it up and said—

"A Michael naoimh, mo bhiodag treoraich,
Mar ri bogh' Mhicantoisich,
Steach gu cridhe mhadaidh mhor so."

That is—

"St. Michael now direct my dirk,
Along with Mackintosh's bow,
Into the heart of this great wolf."

And having uttered this prayer, he struck a blow which laid his formidable antagonist dead at his feet.

Great was the joy and gratitude manifested that night in *Tigh-na-dige* for their wonderful deliverance from the terrible wolves. They expressed their joy because three ruthless enemies of the living and the dead were now laid low. They expressed their gratitude to heaven because these three enemies had been destroyed, in so far as they could judge, in a superhuman way—and that by the special interposition of Michael, the guardian Saint of their grave-yard.

The next was a notable day in the annals of *Tigh-na-dige*—a day the transactions of which Duncan Du Cameron, the Camghouran Sennachie, used to relate with great power and spirit. Duncan often enlivened the long and dreary winter nights in Camghouran by his many stirring tales of the times of old; and his narratives flowed on in such chaste and classical Gaelic, interspersed here and there with short snatches of poetry, each of which helped forward his story, that one of the best judges of the language in Perthshire declared he would willingly sit for hours at that old man's feet if only for the pleasure of listening to his admirable Gaelic. Peace to thy spirit, inimitable Duncan Du! Thy body now lies safe under the guardianship of St. Michael.

In the morning the Robertson men were early astir, and went directly to see the dead wolves. There lay the great monsters in the grave-yard—two over the graves where they had been scraping away the snow and earth, and one at the scene of

its desperate struggle with Donald—the three appearing terrible even in death. The men first extracted the arrows from them; and, having dragged the carcasses, one by one, to the outside of *Cladh Mhichael*, they got an axe and block and proceeded to chop off their heads with the intention to set up these as trophies on some prominent part of *Tigh-na-dige*. But just as they were engaged in this operation, and discussing what was best to be done, who should burst in upon them but William Cameron, now newly returned all the way from Lochaber!

William said—

"'S math gheibhear nis na daoine,
Ach co dhibhse 'mharbh na faolan?"

That is—

"O, men, I've found you doing well;
But which of you has slain the wolves?"

"Le comhnadh Mhichael," arsa Domhnull,
"Bho taifeid bogh' Mhicantoisich,
Is mis' a mharbh na faolan mòr so."

That is—

"With Michael's help," replied Donald,
"From string of Mackintosh's bow,
'Twas I that slew these mighty wolves."

William said—

"Be sin am bogh' san robh 'n an-eibhneas;
Ach 's math gum bheil e nis cho feumail,
'S gum bheil sibh fein 'n ur daoine treuna."

That is—

"That bow was once a woeful bow;
'Tis well it is so useful now,
And that ye are yourselves so brave!"

Duncan said—

"Ach 'n d' thainig thus' leat fein gu Raineach
Fad an t-slighe bho Lochabar?"

That is—

"But did you come alone to Rannoch
All the way from Lochaber?"

William said—

"Tha'n gaisgeach, *Taillear-Dubh na Tuaighe*,
Teachd a'm' dheigh le moran sluaigh;
Ach theid mi steach gu *Tigh-na-dige*
Thoirt fios gum bheil e air an t-slighe."

That is—

"The hero, *Taillear-Dubh-na Tuaighe*,*
Comes after me with many people;
But I'll go in to *Tigh-na-dige*
To tell them he is on the way."

And with that he bounded along and was in *Tigh-na-dige* in an instant.

But scarcely had the Robertsons finished their work of decapitating the wolves, when *Taillear dubh na Tuaighe* himself with more than one hundred men fully armed burst in upon them. The Tailor stepped forward towards the two men; but, when he saw the three huge carcases of the wolves, he placed the shaft-end of his Lochaber-axe on the ground, and, leaning on the steel part of the weapon, he gazed on the beasts for some time with silent admiration. He was a man of middle stature and sinewy frame, with dark hair and complexion, two large hazel-coloured eyes, and a countenance full of determination and fire. It was on account of his skill as a leader, and because he excelled all the rest of his clansmen in the use of arms, and specially of the Lochaber-axe, that, although by birth illegitimate, he was chosen to the honourable position of being Tutor to Lochiel during the minority of that chief; and it was in this capacity, and to vindicate the honour of his clan, that he now came to Rannoch in the depths of winter to enquire personally into the outrage of *Clash-nan-ceann* with a view to punish the perpetrators of that horrid tragedy. The Tailor said—

"Co sibhse, a dhaoine choire,
A mharbh nis na beistean mòr' so?"

That is—

"Who are you ye, worthy men,
That now have killed these monstrous beasts?"

Donald replied—

"Is sinn' Robstanaich bho 'n Auchtarsain,
Dh' fhag Sruan leis a chridhe fharsainn,
A chumail dian air *Tigh-na-dige*;
Is mharbh sinn iad le comhnadh Mhichael."

* A very full and able account of *Taillear Dubh-na-Tuaighe* is given in Mackenzie's *History of the Camerons*, to which the reader is referred. The only deficiency in that account is the ignoring of all the Rannoch traditions connected with the hero.

That is—

"We Robertsons are from Auchtarsin,
That Struan of the wide heart left,
To be the guards of *Tigh-na-dige;*
We killed these (wolves) by Michael's aid."

Hereupon the Tailor heartily shook hands with them; and, having called his own men, who soon came in crowding round the dead wolves, he spoke to them thus in reference to the sight before them:—

"A chompanacha bho Lochabar,
Is mòr an t-urram so do Raineach,
Gum bheil aig Sruan leithid de dhaoine,
Ris na fir so bho 'n Auchtarsain;
Is gum a fada bhios iad beo
Fo shuaicheantais nan tri cheann madaidh;*
Is gum a fad' a bhios *Cladh-Mhichael*
Air a dhian le daoine cho tapaidh!"

That is—

"O companions from Lochaber,
Great is the honour now to Rannoch,
That Struan has such valiant men
As these heroes from Auchtarsin;
And may they long be spared alive
'Neath coat of arms of three wolves' heads;
And may St. Michael's graveyard, too,
Be guarded long by men as brave!"

The Camerons then gave three cheers in honour of the Robertsons; and the Tailor, after having given some instructions to his men, went to *Tigh-na-dige* to hold a private conference with Marsali.

When the gillies and sumpter-horses arrived with the baggage, they proceeded at once to light large fires and prepare breakfast for the whole company. This was done with a measure of military order and precision that would have reflected credit on the commissariat arrangements of a modern small detachment of regular soldiers, and showed the genius of their redoubtable leader.

SIGMA.

(*To be continued.*)

* There are three wolves' heads on Struan Robertson's coat of arms.

THE HERO TALES OF THE GAEL.

III.—The Story of Deirdre.

Naois placed Deirdre on the topmost height of his shoulder, and told his brothers to keep up their pace, and they kept up their pace. Naois thought that it would not be well for him to remain in Erin on account of the way in which Connachar, King of Ulster, his paternal cousin, had gone against him because of the woman, though he had not married her; and he turned back to Alba or Scotland. He reached the side of Loch-Ness and made his habitation there. He could kill the salmon of the torrent from out his own door, and the deer of the grey gorge from out his window. Naois and Deirdre and Aillen and Ardan dwelt in a tower, and they were happy so long a time as they were there.

By this time the end of the period came at which Deirdre had to marry Connachar, King of Ulster. What intention had Connachar but that he should take Deirdre away by the sword whether she was married to Naois or not. What was Connachar doing but setting up a great and gleeful feast. He sent word far and wide through Erin all to his kinspeople to come to the feast. He thought to himself to give a day of battle and fight to Naois, son of Uisnech, and to take his wife from him, be she or be she not married to him. Connachar thought to himself that Naois would not come though he should bid him; and the "scheme" that arose in his mind was to send for his father's brother, Ferchar Mac Ro, and to send him on an embassy to Naois. He did so; and Connachar said to Ferchar, "Tell Naois, son of Uisnech, that I am setting forth a great and gleeful feast to my friends and kinspeople throughout the wide extent of Erin all, and that I shall not have rest by day nor sleep by night if he and Aillen and Ardan be not partakers of the feast.

Ferchar Mac Ro and his two sons went on their journey, and reached the tower where Naois was dwelling by the side of Loch Etive. The sons of Uisnech gave a cordial kindly welcome to Ferchar Mac Ro and his two sons, and asked of him the news of Erin. "The best news that I have for you," said the hardy hero,

"is that Connachar, king of Ulster, is setting forth a great sumptuous feast to his friends and kinspeople throughout the wide extent of Erin all, and he has vowed by the earth beneath him, by the high heaven above him, and by the sun that wends to the west, that he will have no rest by day nor sleep by night if the sons of Uisnech, the sons of his own father's brother, will not come back to the land of their home and the soil of their nativity, and to the feast likewise; and he has sent us on embassy to invite you." "We shall go with you," said Naois. "We will," said his brothers. "Yes," said Ferchar Mac Ro, "and my three sons will be with you." "We will," said Daring Drop (Boinne Borb). "We will," said Hardy Holly. "Lordship in Alba is better than occupancy in Erin," said Deirdre. "Patriotism is before expediency," said Ferchar Mac Ro. "Unhappy is the lot of that man, though his wealth and position be ever so good, who does not look on his native land and his own home as he rises in the morning or lies down at night. "Unhappy indeed," said Naois; "I prefer my native land to my adopted land, though I would get much more here than there." "Unmeet is it for you not to go with me," said Ferchar. "Unmeet indeed," said Naois; "we will go with you."

Deirdre did not wish to go with Ferchar Mac Ro, and she tried every prayer to turn Naois from going with him—she sang and said:—

The howl of dogs is in mine ears,
And the dream of night is before mine eye;
I see Ferchar mid a mercenary band,
I see Connachar ruthless in his hold,
I see Connachar ruthless in his hold.

I see Naois devoid of battle stay,
I see Aillen with no shield to give alarm,
I see Ardan devoid of buckler and glaive,
And Atha's hill devoid of luck and charm,
And Atha's hill devoid of luck and charm.

I see Connachar all eager for blood,
I see Ferchar with lies hid in veil,
I see the three brothers with their backs to the earth,
I see Deirdre full of tears and of wail.
I see Deirdre full of tears and of wail.

"Unpleasant ever to me, and a thing I never yielded to, has

been the howl of dogs or the dreams of women, O Naois, and since Connachar, king of Ulster, has sent an invitation to the feast and an embassy of friendship to you, unlucky and unmeet is it for you, if you don't go there," said Ferchar Mac Ro. "Unmeet, indeed," said Naois, "and we will go with you." "I saw another vision, Naois, and interpret it for me," said Deirdre :—

I saw the three white doves
With the three mouthfuls of honey in their beaks,
And, O Naois, son of Uisnech,
Enlighten thou the darkness of my tale.

Naois—

Is there aught in it but troubled sleep
And woman's melancholy, Deirdre?

I saw the three fierce hawks
With the three drops of the heroes' cold blood,
And, O Naois, son of Uisnech,
Enlighten thou the darkness of my tale.

Naois—

Is there aught in it but troubled sleep
And woman's melancholy, Deirdre?

I saw the three black ravens
With the three mournful leaves of the yew-tree of death,
And, O Naois, son of Uisnech,
Enlighten thou the course of my tale.

Naois—

Is there aught in it but troubled sleep
And woman's melancholy, Deirdre?

"The day that Connachar sent us the invitation to his feast will be unlucky for us if we don't go, O Deirdre." "You will go there," said Ferchar Mac Ro; "and if Connachar show kindness to you, show ye kindness to him; and if he will display wrath towards you, display ye wrath towards him, and I and my three sons will be with you." "We will," said Daring Drop. "We will," said Hardy Holly. "I have three sons, and they are three heroes, and in any harm or danger that may befall you, they will be with you, and I myself will be along with them." And Ferchar Mac Ro gave his vow and his word in presence of his arms that, in any harm or danger that came in the way of the sons of Uisnech, he and his three sons would not leave head on live body in Erin, despite sword or helmet, spear or shield, blade or mail, be they ever so good.

Deirdre was unwilling to leave Alba, but she went with Naois. Deirdre wept tears in showers and she sang :—

Dear is the land, the land over there,
Alba full of woods and lakes ;
Bitter to my heart is leaving thee,
But I go away with Naois.

Ferchar Mac Ro did not stop till he got the sons of Uisnech away with him, despite the suspicion of Deirdre.

The coracle was put to sea,
The sail was hoisted to it ;
And the second morrow they arrived
On the white shores of Erin.

As soon as the sons of Uisnech landed in Erin, Ferchar Mac Ro sent word to Connachar, king of Ulster, that the men whom he wanted were come, and let him now show kindness to them. "Well," said Connachar, "I did not expect that the sons of Uisnech would come, though I sent for them, and I am not quite ready to receive them. But there is a house down yonder where I keep Amhusgs ('wild men'), and let them go down to it to-day, and my house will be ready before them to-morrow." Ferchar Mac Ro told this message to the sons of Uisnech. "Well," said Naois, "since that is the place the king has ordered for us, we will go there ; but sure it is that it is not on account of his excessive love to us that Connachar places us among the Amhusgs." They went down on that bidding, and reached the house of the Amhusgs. There were helter-skelter together fifteen score and fifteen Amhusgs. There was not a single Amhusg there that did not burst into a great guffaw of laughter when they saw the men coming to stay with them. But Naois gave two guffaws greater than all the rest together. When the Amhusgs got them in, they rose one after the other and put a chain on the door. Naois arose and put two chains on the door. "Who is this great heroic fellow that has come to stay among us who gave the two great guffaws and put the two chains on the door?" said the head of the Amhusgs. "I will tell you that, if you will tell me this," said Naois ; "What earthly reason was there why each of you gave a guffaw of laughter and placed a chain on the door?" "I will tell you that, good fellow ; I never

saw men of your hue and shape coming in to this house and hearth before, and I never saw men a bite of whose flesh and a draught of whose blood I would desire more than your flesh and your blood," said the head of the Amhusgs. "But tell thou, good sir, why thou gavest two guffaws of laughter and placedst two chains on the door leafs," said the head of the Amhusgs. "Well, I will tell you that; I never saw on the earth of the living, or in the company of the dead, of all the rest of the world's inhabitants, any that I would prefer to yourselves, ye Amhusgs, to put off your heads the whole heap together." And Naois rose to his feet in his full height and caught the Amhusg of biggest head and slenderest feet, and he began to lay about him, hitting them up and down here and there, and before much time was past he left no Amhusg alive. They then cleared out the house for themselves, and they made a charming, cheering fire, and they were comfortable enough till morning tide.

But he that was up in the palace felt it long that he was not getting word as to how matters were going on for those down in the house of the Amhusgs. "Go thou, foster-mother (lit: stepmother)," said Connachar, "and see if Deirdre has on her her former hue of complexion, and if she is as she was when she left. If she is, I will bring Deirdre out with edge of blade and point of sword despite the champions (feinne), good though they be. But if not, let Mac Uisnech have her for himself." His foster-mother went down to the place of the Amhusgs, where the sons of Uisnech and Deirdre were staying. She had no way or device to behold Deirdre but through the bicker-hole that was on the leaf of the door. The woman looked through the bicker-hole, and she returned back where Connachar was. "Yes, foster-mother, how does she look? or has Deirdre still on her her former hue and complexion?" said Connachar. "From the fruit and result of it, it is clear that the love of my heart and the delight of my mind was in struggles and misery since she went away; not much of her form or her fairness is left on Deirdre this night," said his foster-mother. "I must have a second proof of that before I let her go. Go you, Gelban Grednach ("cheerful fire"), son of Lochlin's King, go you down and bring me information as to whether her former hue and complexion are on

Deirdre. If they be, I will take her out with edge of blade and point of sword, and if not, let Naois, son of Uisnech, have her for himself," said Connachar.

Gelban, the cheering and charming, son of Lochlin's King, went down to the place of the Amhusgs, where the sons of Uisnech and Deirdre were staying. He looked in through the bicker-hole on the door-leaf. The woman that he gazed upon used to go into a crimson blaze of blushes when anyone looked at her. Naois looked at Deirdre and knew that someone was looking at her from the back of the door-leaf. He seized one of the dice on the table before him and fired it through the bicker-hole, and knocked the eye out of Gelban Grednach Grennar (Cheerful, Charming) right through the back of his head. Gelban returned back to the palace of King Connachar. "You were cheerful, charming going away, but you are cheerless, charmless returning. What has happened you, Gelban? But have you seen her, and are Deirdre's hue and complexion as before?" said Connachar. "Well, I have seen Deirdre, and I saw her also truly, and while I was looking at her through the bicker-hole on the door, Naois, son of Uisnech, knocked out my eye with one of the dice in his hand. But of a truth and verity, although he put out even my eye, it were my desire still to remain looking at her with the other eye, were it not for the hurry you told me to be in," said Gelban. "That is true," said Connachar; "let three hundred brave heroes go down to the abode of the Amhusgs, and let them bring hither to me Deirdre, and kill the rest."

"The pursuit is coming," said Deirdre. "I will go out myself and stop the pursuit," said Naois. "It is not you that will go, but I," said Daring Drop, son of Ferchar Mac Ro. "It is to me that my father left your defence from harm and danger so long as he himself is off home." Daring Drop went forth and killed the third part of the heroes. The King came out, and he cried from above: "Who is there on the field of fight slaughtering my men?" "It is I, the Daring Drop, eldest son of Ferchar Mac Ro." "I gave a free bridge to your grandfather, a free bridge to your father, and I will give yourself also a free bridge, if you come over to my side to-night," said Connachar. "Well, I will take your terms," and Daring Drop made the wrong turn, and went

over to the king's side" "Yon one went over to the king's side,' said Deirdre. "He did, but he made good execution before he went," said Naois.

Connachar then ordered three hundred full heroes to go down to the abode of the Amhusgs, and to bring Deirdre up and kill the rest. "The pursuit is coming," said Deirdre. "Yes," said Naois, "but I will go out myself and stop the pursuit." "It is not you but I will go," said Hardy Holly, son of Ferchar Mac Ro; "it is to me that my father entrusted your defence from harm and danger while he himself went away home." Hardy Holly went out and killed two-thirds of the company. Connachar came forth and he cried from above:—"Who is there down in the field of fight, slaughtering my men?" "It is I, the Hardy Holly, second son of Ferchar Mac Ro." "I gave free bridge to your grandfather, free bridge to your father, a free bridge to your brother, and I will give free bridge to yourself also, and come over to my side here to-night." "Well, I accept the terms," said Hardy Holly, and he betook himself to the king's side. "Yon one went over to the side of the king," said Deirdre. "He did," said Naois, "but he did a good deed before he went."

Connachar ordered three hundred active heroes to go down to the abode of the Amhusgs and to take Deirdre up with them and kill the rest. "The pursuit is coming," said Deirdre. "Yes, but I will myself go out and stop the pursuit," said Naois. "It is not you but I who will go," said Fiallan the Fair; it is to me that my father entrusted your defence from harm and danger when he himself left for home." And the gallant youth, full noble, full manly, full handsome, with beauteous brown locks, went forth girt with his battle arms fit for fierce fight and clothed with his combat dress for fierce contest fit, which was burnished, bright, brilliant, bladed, blazing, on which were many pictures of beasts and birds and creeping things, lions and lithe-limbed "tiger," brown eagle and hurrying hawk and adder fierce; and the young hero laid low three-thirds of the company. Connachar came out in haste and cried with wrath: "Who is there on floor of fight, slaughtering my men?" "It is I, Fiallan the Fair, third son of Ferchar Mac Ro." "Well, said the king, "I gave a free bridge to your grandfather, a free bridge to your father, and a free bridge each

to your two brothers, and I will give a free bridge to yourself also, if you come over to my side here to-night." "Well, Connachar, I will not accept that offer from you nor thank you for it. Greater by far do I prefer to go home to my father and tell the deeds of heroism I have done, than accept anything on these terms from you. Naois, son of Uisnech, and Aillean and Ardan are as nearly related to yourself as they are to me, though you are so keen to shed their blood, and you would shed my blood also, Connachar." And the noble, manly, handsome youth with beauteous, brown locks returned inside, with the dewy sweat on his beautiful brow, which was of whitest and reddest hue. "I am now," said he, "going home to tell my father that you are now safe from the hands of the king." And the youth, all fresh and tall and lithe and beautiful, went home to his father to tell that the sons of Uisnech were safe. This happened at the parting of the day and night in the morning twilight time, and Naois said they must go away, leave that house, and return to Alba.

Naois and Deirdre, Aillean and Ardan started to return to Alba. Word came to the king that the company he was in pursuit of were gone. The king then sent for Duanan Gacha Druid, the best magician he had, and he spoke to him as follows: —"Much wealth have I expended on you, Duanan Gacha Druid, to give schooling and learning and magic mystery to you, if these people get away from me to-day without care, without consideration or regard for me, without chance of overtaking them, and without power to stop them." "Well, I will stop them," said the magician, "until the company you send in pursuit return." And the magician placed a wood before them through which no man could go, but the sons of Uisnech marched through the wood without halt or hesitation, and Deirdre held on to Naois's hand. "What is the good of that; that will not do yet," said Connachar. "They are off without bending of their feet or stopping of their step, without heed or respect to me, and I am without power to keep up to them or opportunity to turn them back this night." "I will try another plan on them," said the druid; and he placed before them a grey sea instead of a green plain. The three heroes stripped and tied their clothes behind their heads, and Naois placed Deirdre on the top of his shoulder.

They stretched their sides to the stream;
And sea and land were to them the same,
The rough grey ocean was the same
As meadow-land green and plain.

"Though that be good, O Duanan, it will not make the heroes return," said Connachar; "they are gone without regard for me, and without honour to me, and without power on my part to pursue them or to force them to return this night." "We shall try another method on them, since yon one did not stop them," said the druid. And the druid froze the grey ridged sea into hard rocky knobs, the sharpness of sword being on the one edge and the poison power of adders on the other. Then Ardan cried that he was getting tired, and nearly giving over. "Come you, Ardan, and sit on my right shoulder," said Naois. Ardan came and sat on Naois's shoulder. Ardan was not long in this posture when he died; but though he was dead Naois would not let him go. Aillean then cried out that he was getting faint and nigh-well giving up. When Naois heard his prayer, he gave forth the piercing sigh of death, and asked Aillean to lay hold of him and he would bring him to land. Aillean was not long when the weakness of death came on him and his hold failed. Naois looked around, and when he saw his two well-beloved brothers dead, he cared not whether he lived or died, and he gave forth the bitter sigh of death, and his heart burst.

"They are gone," said Duanan Gacha Druid to the king, "and I have done what you desired me. The sons of Uisnech are dead and they will trouble you no more; and you have your wife hale and whole to yourself." "Blessings for that upon you and may the good results accrue to me, Duanan. I count it no loss what I spent in the schooling and teaching of you. Now dry up the flood, and let me see if I can behold Deirdre," said Connachar. And Duanan Gacha Druid dried up the flood from the plain and the three sons of Uisnech were lying together dead, without breath of life, side by side on the green meadow plain and Deirdre bending above showering down her tears. The people then gathered round the heroes' bodies and asked Connachar what was to be done with the bodies. The order that he gave was that they should dig a pit and put the three brothers in it side by side.

Deirdre was sitting on the brink of the grave, constantly asking the gravediggers to dig the pit wide and free. When the bodies of the brothers were put in the grave, Deirdre said :—

> Come over hither, Naois, my love,
> Let Ardan close to Aillean lie ;
> If the dead had any sense to feel,
> Ye would have made a place for Deirdre.

The men did as she told them. She jumped into the grave and lay down by Naois, and she was dead by his side.

The bad king ordered the body to be raised from out the grave and to be buried on the other side of the loch. It was done as the king bad and the pit closed. Thereupon a fir shoot grew out of the grave of Deirdre and a fir shoot from the grave of Naois, and the two shoots united in a knot above the loch. The king ordered the shoots to be cut down, and this was done twice, until, on the third time, the wife whom the king had married caused him to stop his work of evil and his vengeance on the remains of the dead.

CURIOUS DOCUMENTS FROM LORD MACDONALD'S CHARTER CHEST.

ON the 7th of December, a most interesting paper by Mr. Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost, entitled "Gleanings from Lord Macdonald's Charter Chest," was read before the Gaelic Society of Inverness. We extract the following documents. They throw a curious light on the events and customs of those days. Mr. Macdonald says :—

The following resolutions taken by the Skye lairds at a meeting held at Portree in 1744 show the state of matters at that time, and the extent to which the luxuries had advanced even in those days, and how the proprietor viewed the same, and the steps they took in order to draw the inhabitants back to the old economical way of living. The paper is dated,

Portree, 15th August, 1744.

"At a meeting held here by Sir Alexander Macdonald of Macdonald, Norman Macleod of Macleod, John Mackinnon of Mackinnon, and Malcolm Macleod of Raasay, with the principal tacksmen living upon their estates, the following resolutions were unanimously entered into :—

"1st. That we shall not in our own houses henceforth use any brandy, nor in public-houses, except what at present is upon hand, and that we will inform and assist the proper officers in order to prevent its being run upon any part of our coasts, and that we shall likewise assist the proper officers to sieze any *aqua vitæ* without regular permits.

"2nd. That we shall henceforth use no tobaccos, but such as come in a regular and legal way, and that we shall inform and assist the proper officer against tobaccos that are entered for exportation, and intended to be re-landed. That none of us shall purchase above one roll of tobacco at a time for his own proper use, and that we shall use our utmost endeavours to prevent the immoderate use of it for the future amongst the vulgar.

"3rd. That we ourselves shall henceforth drink no tea, and that we will contribute what we can to lessen the use of it in our families.

"4th. That we shall purchase no meal from any vessel coming upon our coasts, except from such as are commissioned by the heritors, they having undertaken to provide us in what is necessary, except upon extraordinary emergency, after application made to the heritor, or his factor.

"5th. That henceforth we shall not give the smallest encouragement, either in money or effects, to any thigsters or beggars, but such as are inhabitants upon our respective properties.

"6th. That fox money shall be continued in the method now laid on in the Island of Skye, until a general meeting of the heritors and tacksmen think proper to take it off.

"That who kills a deer without permission from the heritor, shall be fined in twenty pounds Scots money.

"Dunvegan, 1st October, 1744.

"The above is a just copy of the resolutions taken at Portree, and, by order of the heritors, extracted from the principal by

WILLIAM TOLMIE.

The two following papers point to questions interesting to all Macdonalds, viz., the crest and chieftainship of the clan. The first is a bond from Glengarry to Oliver Cromwell for £2000, for which The Macleod of Macleod of that day, and Sir James Macdonald and others were security. It runs thus—

"Know all men by these presents, that we, Angus Macdonnold, Laird of Glengarry, as principal, Sir James Macdonnold of Sleat, and Rorie Macleod of Dunvegan, Donald Macdonnold of Mundart, Allan Macdonnold of Maror, Ranald Macdonnold, Benbequla, John Macdonnold of Strockwake, do acknowledge ourselves to be tied and firmly bound unto his Highness, Oliver, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominion thereof, in the sum of two thousand pound sterling, to be paid unto his Highness, his successors, or assigns, upon demand, for the true and perfect payment of which sum we bind ourselves, jointly and severally, our heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, and every of them, firmly by these presents. Sealed with our seals, and subscribed by us, at the Sconce, near Inverness, the 12th day of March, 1655.

"The condition of this obligation is such that whereas, by articles bearing date the 5th and 10th of June, 1655, made, concluded, and agreed upon (by order from the Right Honourable General Moncke, Commander-in-Chief of all the forces in Scotland), between the late Lieut.-Colonel Blunt, then Deputy-Governor of Inverness, in behalf of his Highness, Oliver, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, on the one part, and Angus Macdonald, laird of Glengarry, on the other part, it was agreed that the said laird of Glengarry shall give good security, bound in the sum of two thousand pounds sterling, to the said late Lieutenant-Colonel Blunt (the said late Lieutenant-Colonel Blunt being deceased); it is hereby further agreed that the said laird of Glengarry shall give the said security to Major Miles Man, Deputy-Governor of Inverness, for performance of several particulars hereafter expressed and mentioned in the said articles; if, therefore, the laird of Glengarry, his clan, vassals, tenants, servants, now dwelling, or that shall hereafter dwell, upon his lands, shall, from time to time, and at all times hereafter, deport themselves peaceably and quietly under the present Government, and give all due obedience to his Highness, Oliver, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth aforesaid, or his successors, and to all others duly requiring anything for the service or interest of the Commonwealth of England, etc., and neither directly nor indirectly act anything that may be, or prove prejudicial to the peace or interest thereof, and that the laird of Glengarry shall not build any house of strength within his bounds without leave from his Highness, Oliver, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth aforesaid; and, further, that he shall not suffer any of the enemies of the said Commonwealth to reside or remain within his bounds, unless they come with greater strength than his clan is able to oppose, and likewise the said laird of Glengarry is to perform any other acticle (not here mentioned) included within the capitulation; that

then, upon performance of the premises, the bond is void, otherwise to stand in full force, virtue, and power.

"Signed, sealed, and delivered by Angus Macdonald, laird of Glengarry, Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, and Rorie M'Cloud of Dunvegan.

"Geo. Bateman.
"Antho. Langrish.
"Will. Wilkes.
"A. Macdonald of Glengarie.
"J. Macdonald of Sleat.
"R. Macleoid."

The next paper is a minute of agreement between Lochiel, Glengarry, and Keppoch, showing the state of matters in Lochaber in 1744:—

We, Donald Cameron of Lochiel, John McDonnell of Glengarry, and Alexander McDonnell of Keopoche, taking to consideration that severals of our Dependents and followers are too guilty of theft, and depredations, and being sensible of the bad effects and consequences of such promiscuous practices, and in order to put an entire stop to such villainy, as far as lies in our power, Have jointly agreed, and resolved, upon the following articles, which we faithfully promise upon honour to observe and fulfil.

"1mo. That any of our Dependents, Tenants, or followers, guilty of such thefts as by law may be capitally punished, we hereby oblige ourselves jointly, to contribute a sum of money necessary to prosecute such person, or persons, and to convey him, or them, to the next and most convenient county gaol within whose jurisdiction he resides, and there adduce such evidence against him as may legally convict him, or be assoilzied in course of process.

"2do. That any of our Dependents, Tenants, or followers, guilty of theft, receipting, or outhounding, so far as we judge the same may infer a corporal punishment, are to be confined, and incarcerate by us respectively within lockfast and secure ward, where we think most convenient to appoint, and such a criminal be publicly scourged at a sight of a number of the neighbouring tenants, so often as is thought sufficient to punish him for his crime.

"3tio. That we appoint sufficient and *sponsall* persons, or men of authority within proper districts of our estates (or where our authority among our followers and Dependents will extend and reach) to apprehend and incarcerate any person or persons guilty of the above crimes, and empowering our respective Deputies, to use such criminals by scourging, jagging, stocks, and other punishments in as rigorous a manner as any of us their constituents might have done ourselves, and this power to continue no longer with any of those our Deputes than he duly puts to execution this our authority committed to him.

"4to. That any notorious or infamous villain guilty of the above crimes, flying from, and deserting any of us, to the protection of any of the other two of us, or privately lurking within any part of our estates, any one of us in whose estate such a fugitive resides, is hereby obliged, upon proper application, to deliver him up to the one of us who has a right and title to punish him.

"5to. and lastly. We hereby consent and agree that these, our articles and resolutions, are to be lodged in the custody of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Macdonald, Baronet, with powers to him severely to reprimand upon the most public occasion, one and all of us failing n the strict observance of all and every the above articles;

in witness thereof, we subscribe these presents at Keapoche, the thirteenth day of October, one thousand seven hundred and forty-four years.

"Donald Cameron.
"John McDonell of Glengarry.
"Alex. McDonell.

"Follows a list of deputies appointed in the following districts:—

"By Lochiel:—John Cameron of Fasfern, for the lands of Lochiel; D. Archibald Cameron, for Locharkaig, Glenloy, and Stratochy; Glenevis and Callart, for Mamore, Glenevis, and Garohaich; Dungallon, for Suinart and Ardnamurchan; John McEvan-ic-Allan, and John Ban McIan ic Ian, for Morven; John Cameron, younger of Kinlochliven, and Donald Cameron of Clunis, for Dachinassie; Torcastle, for Ardgour.

"Donald Cameron.

"By Glengarry:—Donald McDonnell of Scothouse, and Coll Macdonnell of Barrisdale, for Knoydart, equally betwixt them; Allan and John McDonnells, sons of Scothouse, for Moror; Donald McDonnell of Lochgarry, John McDonnell of Arnaber, Angus McDonell of Leeck, and Angus McDonell of Greenfield, for Glengarry and Abertarf.

"John McDonell of Glengarry.

"By Keppoch:—Donald McDonnell, brother to Keoppeche, Donald McDonell of Tirnadrich, Donald McDonnell of Orainichan, and Alexander McDonell of Tullach, for the Braes of Lochaber; Ronald McDonell of Aberarder, for the Braes of Badenoch.

"Alexander McDonell."

Though the two foregoing papers explain themselves, it must be mentioned that *seals* are appended to the signatures of the three chiefly responsible parties to the deed to his Highness Oliver. Glengarry's seal is merely a large deer covering the whole of a circular shield. Sir James Macdonald used what was evidently an ancient seal; it has a ground, or, quartered per cross. In the dexter chief, an open hand (the *lamh dearg*), in the sinister chief a lion rampant, and a fish and a ship in the bases dexter and sinister. Initials J. M'D. on the scroll above the shield, but neither motto nor crest. This seal does not correspond with any I have seen in Heraldry Books. Perhaps, for all we know, it may have once belonged to one of the ancient Lords of the Isles. It is particularly to be noticed it does not show the croslet so conspicuous on the present arms of mostly all the Highland Macdonalds. The seal used by Macleod of Macleod was a classical-looking head of a Roman type.

IRISH BARDS IN SCOTLAND—AONGHUS NAN AOIR.

IN our November number, in the first of the articles upon the Hero Tales of the Gael, we mentioned that the Irish bards and harpers found a second home for themselves in northern Scotland, and often included it in their wonted round of visits. At the Reformation, however, connection between the two countries was practically severed. It is at this period we find that the visits of the Irish bards came to an end. One of the last of these bards whose fame is still known in the Highlands was Angus O'Daly, known as *Aonghus nan Aoir*, Angus the Satirist. O'Reilly says that he was called the "Red Bard," and was of the family of O'Daly of Lough Foyle, and lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The tradition in the Highlands concerning him is thus recorded in the McNicol MSS.: "Angus nan aoirean possessed an estate in Ireland, which was forfeited in Queen Elizabeth's reign. This change in his circumstances roused his temper and made him commence bard or rather lampooner. He never afterwards was known to have said good of any person except the laird of Glenlyon." Even in the case of the laird of Glenlyon he was not at first complimentary, until the laird threw a garment from off his own back to him, and thus mollified his rough temper. The fourth volume of the *Gael* contains a valuable collection of Angus' sayings while in the Highlands. The paper was evidently contributed by the late D. C. Macpherson, and displays immense patience and research. From the verses therein contained, it would appear that Chisholm of Strathglass was the only one he would pick out of all the people of the world :—

Na 'n tugainn duine idir as,
B' e siosalach fial Shrath-Ghlais,
Cha mhath 's chan olc !

Were he to choose anyone of Adam's race, it were the generous Chisholm of Strathglass, and he was neither good nor bad! Mr. Colin Chisholm informs us that Angus was a terror in the North. In his travels he must not see a door shut; if he did, he satirised the luckless occupier of the house as an uncharitable churl. Chisholm of Strathglass kept the door of his house open seven

years waiting for his arrival, and just when Angus came the way, as ill-luck would have it, a gust of wind closed the door. Angus promptly satirised him, but mended his satire when Chisholm explained the circumstances. The amended lines run thus :—

Siosalach Srath-ghlais,
Brisgeineach na maise,
Es' agus is', is' agus es'.

Chisholm of Strathglass, fair and free, he and she, she and he!

LONELY STRATH NAVER.

Inscribed to Mr. JAMES MACDONALD, formerly of Tain, Ross-shire.

Dear is the token, friend, and sweet,
Thou send'st me from Loch Naver's shore,
A spray of heather white as snow,
Which grew where dwelt Mackays of yore.
Lone is the scene that teemed with men,
And maidens who were fair and true,
Whom curst eviction drove afar
From Naver's Strath and Lochan blue.

In broad Ontario oft I've met
Strath Naver's brave and stalwart race,
Who in each worthy walk of life
There ever take an honoured place.
No thanks to fiends who drove them forth,
And set their sacred homes aflame ;
Let history's finger mark with scorn
Their acts of infamy and shame.

Dear is the token as 'tis sweet
From that lone Strath thou sendest me ;
But dearer far the kindly thoughts
Which in this action prompted thee.
My thanks I waft thee o'er the sea
Old friend, for this charmed talisman ;
The spray I lovingly will prize
Till life has filled its measured span.

DUNCAN MACGREGOR CRERAR.

New York, September 19, 1887.

The Celtic Magazine.

EDITED BY

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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[BY ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.]

THE MACLEODS OF RAASAY.

(Continued.)

I.—MALCOLM GARBH MACGILLECHALLUM MACLEOD, second son of Malcolm Macleod IX. of Lewis, by his wife, Christian, daughter of Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, succeeded to Raasay as first of this family early in the sixteenth century. The earliest glimpse which we get of the Macleods of Raasay as an independent sept is when, in 1518-19, along with the Macleods of Lewis, they accompanied Sir Donald Gallda of Lochalsh in an invasion of Ardnamurchan, on which occasion they defeated the Macdonalds and slew their chief Macian, with two of his sons. For some time prior to this, as we have already seen, a branch of the Macleods of Lewis held possession of the lands of Gairloch on the mainland, and they seem to have been intimately related to those who occupied Raasay before Malcolm Garbh became possessor of it. From what has been said, it will appear that the island was occupied by Macleods long before the progenitor of the well-known house of Raasay obtained it in patrimony from his father, Malcolm Macleod, IX. of the Lewis.

We find that Farquhar, Bishop of the Isles, has an action in 1532-33 against MacNeill of Barra, and "MacGillechallum callit of Raasay."* At that time, and for two hundred years later, the

* *Acta Dominorum Concilii et Sessionis;* 14 March, 1532-33.

Islands of Raasay, Rona, and Flodda, formed part of the parish of Snizort, of which Archdeacon Monro, author of the well-known *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, written in 1549, was at one time Vicar. The parish of Portree in those days had no existence; for it was only in 1726 that the old parish of Snizort was disjoined, when a portion of it, with Raasay and the adjacent islands—in the olden times a parish by themselves—was erected into the modern parish of Portree. In 1501 James IV. presented to Sir Nichol Berchame to the vicarage of Kilmolowok, in Raasay, one of the "annexis of Snesfurd." In 1526 James VI. presented Sir Donald Monro, afterwards the well-known Archdeacon and High Dean of the Isles, to the vicarage of "Sneisport and Rairsay" vacant by the decease of Sir Tormot MacFarsane. In 1561 the parsonage of Snizort belonged to the Bishop of the Isles. A considerable part of the Skye portion of the parish at that time and long after belonged to the Macleods of Raasay, who continued to possess the latter by the sword, notwithstanding that by heritage it belonged to the Bishop. Dean Monro, who had such good opportunities of knowing the place, describes Raasay, as an island "with part of birch woods, many deer, part of profitable lands, inhabited and manured." Raasay had two castles, the castle of Kilmorocht or Kilmaluag, and the castle of Brolokit or Brochel, with "two fair orchards at the said two castles, with one parish kirk called Killmolowocke, a rough country, but full of freestones and good quarries. It is excellent for fishing, pertaining to MacGillechallum of Raasay by the sword, and to the bishop of the Isles by heritage." Rona, which he describes as "half a mile of sea from Raasay," is "more than a mile in length, full of wood and heather, with one haven for Highland galleys in the middle of it; and the same haven is good for fostering of thieves, riggers, and rievers, 'till a nail upon the peilling' and spuilying of poor people." The present mansion-house of Raasay stands on the site of the old castle of Kilmaluag, which was taken down in 1746. The position of castle Brochel is well known, situated near the north end of the island, on a rock of conglomerate, accessible only on the side next the sea. It consisted of two small towers of two storeys each, built on two

different ledges of the rock. Traces of these towers still remain.

MacGillechallum Garve, married and had issue, at least two sons.

I. Alexander his heir and successor.

2. John, known as "Ian na Tuaighe," erroneously said to have been one of the heads of the family. It was he who carried off, and afterwards married, Janet Mackenzie, the wife of his uncle, Roderick Macleod, X. of Lewis, by whom she was in consequence divorced. This unfortunate act of John "Na Tuaighe" ended in the ruin of the family of Lewis, and brought about the massacre at Island Isay, where the Macleods of Gairloch, and all the male children of Alexander second of Raasay were cut off, with the exception of one boy, another Macgillechallum Garbh, who ultimately succeeded to the estates, and of whom hereafter.

MacGillechallum Garbh is said to have died in the reign of Queen Mary (1542-1567), when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

II. ALEXANDER MACGILLECHALLUM MACLEOD. Of his life, marriage, or death we can scarcily find any trace, except that he is said in *Douglas's Baronage* to have died in the reign of James VI. (1567-1603). He is probably the MacGillechallum referred to in 1549 by Dean Monro of the Isles.

From a retour of service in favour of Janet and Giles Macleod, heirs of line of the family of Raasay in 1688, it is quite clear that this Alexander Mac Gillechallum—son of Malcolm—succeeded his father, and that "Ian na Tuaighe" was never one of the chiefs or heads of the house. In this retour the ladies, as heirs of line, conquest, and provision, are described as the daughters of their father, Alexander Macleod, *alias* Mac Alastair Mhic Gillechallum. This Alastair is declared to be the grandfather of these ladies, and he is again described as "the son and heir of Malcolm Macleod, *alias* Mac Gillechallum of Raasay, the great-grandfather of the said Janet and Giles," and is himself named as "Mac Alastair, Mhic Gillechallum of Raasay." This exhausts the genealogy of the family backwards

from 1688, to its source, and corresponds exactly with that given in *Douglas's Baronage*, which, in this case, is correct, though as a rule Douglas cannot be trusted. It is therefore clear that the notorious "Ian na Tuaighe," the author of so much family misfortune, was not himself chief but the chief's brother. The object of the massacre of Island Isay thus becomes apparent. Its author, Ruairi Nimhneach Macleod of Gairloch, not only determined to get rid of John's children by his first wife, Janet Mackenzie, but also to remove the direct line of the Macleods of Raasay, so that John na Tuaighe's son by his second wife, Rory Nimhneach's sister, or his own son Allan, should succeed to the lands of Raasay, and help him afterwards to regain possession of the whole of Gairloch. Roderick's name appears as "Rory Mac Allan, *alias* Nevynnauch," in a Decree-arbitral by the Regent Earl of Murray between Donald Macdonald, fifth of Sleat, and Colin Mackenzie of Kintail, dated at Perth, 1st of August, 1569. Macdonald of Sleat becomes responsible for Rory, and undertakes that he and his kin shall "desist and cease from all troubling, molesting, harming, or invasion of the said Laird of Gairloch's lands, rowmes, possessions, tenants, servants, and goods, while Mackenzie on the other hand is to see to it that Torquil Conanach shall cease to do the same to Macdonald's lands.* We also find Rory Nimhneach's name mentioned in a document, dated 11th November, 1586, as one against whom an action had been raised, with several others, including "Rawsay of that Ilk," for molesting those burgesses engaged in the fisheries in the North Isles and adjacent mainland. In this action he is described as Rory Mac Allan "of Lochgair." We have also "M'Leud, heretour of the landis of Lochgair," mentioned in the same Act of Council, a fact which proves that Rory was not then the lawful heritor of the Macleod portion of the Gairloch lands.

It was about this period that the horrid massacre of the Macleods of Raasay by Rory Nimhneach Macleod, who was a son of Allan Macleod of Gairloch, by his second wife—a daughter of Roderick Macleod, VII. of Lewis—took place. This massacre

* For this Decree-arbitral at length, see Mackenzie's *History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles.*—pp 185-188.

has been erroneously attributed to the last-named, Rory MacAllan's grandfather and namesake of the Lewis, and also confused with another Macleod massacre very similar, both in its cold-blooded atrocity and aims, which was perpetrated at Loch Tolly, in Gairloch, and already described. Rory Nimhneach appears not to have been the eldest son and lawful successor to the Macleods of Gairloch; for he would seem to have determined not only upon opening up the succession of Raasay to his own son, but also that of Gairloch, by cutting off the representation of the only child of his father by his first marriage to Mackenzie's daughter, who survived the previous massacre at Loch Tolly Island.

The cruel tyrant having determined upon his murderous object—to assassinate all the direct male representatives of Macleod of Raasay, and the lawful heirs of the Gairloch Macleods—his own brother's children—he invited all the members of both families to a great feast at the Island of Isay, in Waternish, professing to each of them that he had matters of great importance to communicate to them. They were led into the trap laid for them, all accepting the invitation, except a boy only nine years of age, who was being fostered from home. Roderick feasted his visitors sumptuously at a great banquet. In the middle of the festivities, he communicated to them his desire to have each man's advice separately, and that he would afterwards make known to them the business for which he had called them together, and which concerned each of them most closely. He then retired into a separate apartment, and called them in one by one, when they were each, as they entered, stabbed with dirks through the body by a set of murderous villains whom he had engaged for the purpose. Not one of the family of Raasay was left alive, except the boy, already mentioned, who was sent privately, when the massacre became known, to the Laird of Calder, who kept him in safety during his minority. He afterwards, by the assistance of the Mackenzies, obtained possession of his estates, and became Gillechallum Garbh MacGillechallum, III. of Raasay. In the meantime, Rory Nimhneach's son, Allan, took possession of Raasay, Roderick himself apparently appropriating the Macleod lands in Gairloch. Allan took up his residence at Castle Brochel,

the ancient residence of the Macleods of Raasay. Donald Mac Neill, who had previously saved the life of young Malcolm, the rightful heir, by sending him to the Laird of Calder, now brought him back, and kept him in hiding until he could obtain possession of the stronghold in which the usurper resided. This he managed by arrangement with the keeper of the castle, who preferred the native heir to the representative of the Macleods of Gairloch. An agreement was entered into that when MacNeill presented himself with young Malcolm he should receive access to the castle. The commander kept his word; and the future MacGillechallum Garbh was duly proclaimed, and, by the assistance of the Mackenzies of Gairloch, maintained against all his enemies, as Laird of Raasay.

In 1597 a fierce feud had broken out between the Mackenzies and the Munros. John MacGillechallum, a son of "Ian na Tuaighe," a brother of Alexander, Laird of Raasay, by his first wife, annoyed the people of Torridon, which place then belonged to the Baynes of Tulloch. He alleged that Tulloch, in whose house he was fostered, had promised him these lands as a gift of fosterage; but Tulloch, whether he had made a previous promise to John MacGillechallum or not, left the lands of Torridon to his own second son, Alexander Mor MacDhonnchaidh Mhic Alastair, *alias* Bayne. Tulloch afterwards obtained a decree against MacGillechallum for interfering with his lands, and molesting the nhabitants, and, on a Candlemas market, with a large following of armed men, composed of most of the Baynes, and a large number of Munros, he came to the market stance, at that time held at Logie. John MacGillechallum, quite ignorant of Tulloch having got "the laws against him," and in no fear of his life or liberty, came to the market as usual, and, while standing buying some article at a chapman's stall, Alastair Mor and his followers came up behind him unperceived, and, without any warning, struck him on the head with a two-edged sword—instantly killing him. A gentleman of the Clann Mhurchaidh Riabhaich Mackenzies, Ian Mac Mhurchaidh Mhic Uilleam, a very active and powerful man, was standing beside MacGillechallum when he fell, and asked who had dared to have spilt Mackenzie blood in that dastardly manner. He had no sooner said the

words than he was himself run through the body with one of the swords of the enemy; and thus, without an opportunity of drawing their weapons, fell two of the best swordsmen in the North of Scotland. The alarm and the news of their death immediately spread through the market. "Tulloch Ard," the war cry of the Mackenzies, was instantly raised; whereupon the Baynes and the Munros took to their heels—the Munros eastward to the Ferry of Fowlis, and the Baynes northward to the hills, both followed by a band of the infuriated Mackenzies, who slaughtered every one they overtook. Iain Dubh MacChoinnich Mhic Mhurchaidh of the Clann Mhurchaidh Riabhaich, and Ian Gallda Mac Fhionnla Dhuibh, two gentlemen of the Mackenzies, the latter of whom was a Kintail man, were on their way from Chanonry to the market, when they met in with a batch of the Munros flying in confusion, and, learning the cause to be the murder of their friends at Logie market, they instantly pursued the fugitives, killing no less than thirteen of them between Logie and the wood of Millechaich. All the townships in the neighbourhood of the market joined the Mackenzies in the pursuit, and Alastair Mor Bayne of Tulloch only saved himself, after all his men were killed, by taking shelter and hiding for a time in a kiln logie. Two of his followers, who managed to escape from the market people, met with some Lewismen on their way to the fair, who, noticing the Baynes flying half naked, immediately stopped them, and insisted upon their giving a proper account of themselves. This proving unsatisfactory, they came to high words, and from words to blows, when the Lewismen attacked and killed them at Acha-n-eilich, near Contin. The Baynes and the Munros had good cause to regret the conduct of their leaders at Logie market; for they lost no less than fifty able-bodied men in return for the two whom they had so basely murdered at the fair.

When night came on, Alastair Mor Bayne escaped from the kiln, and went to his uncle, Lovat, who at once despatched James Fraser of Phopachy south with all speed, to prevent information from the other side reaching the king before he had an opportunity of relating his version of the quarrel. His Majesty was at the time at Falkland, and a messenger from Mackenzie of Kintail reached him before Alastair Mor's arrival, pursuing for the

slaughter of Mackenzie's kinsmen. Mackenzie got the ear of the king, and would have been successful had not John Dubh Mac Choinnich Mhic Mhurchaidh meanwhile taken the law into his own hands by burning, in revenge, all Bayne's corn-yard and barns at Lemlair, thus giving Tulloch an opportunity of presenting another and counter claim; but the matter was ultimately arranged by the King and Council obliging the two chiefs mutually to subscribe a contract of agreement and peaceful behaviour towards each other in all time coming.*

John Mac Gillechallum, *alias* "Ian na Tuaighe," as we have already seen, first carried away Janet Mackenzie, daughter of John Mackenzie of Kintail, and first wife of Roderick Macleod, X. of Lewis, and afterwards, on being divorced by her first husband, married her. By her "Ian na Tuaighe" had issue, several sons, and one daughter who married Alastair Roy, eldest son of Hector Cam, son of Hector Roy Mackenzie, first of the family of Gairloch, with issue. John married, secondly, a daughter of Allan MacRory of Gairloch and sister of Ruairi Nimhneach, by whom also he had issue—several sons.

Alexander Macleod, second of Raasay, married, with issue among others, his heir and successor, of whom in our next.

(To be continued.)

* Mackenzie's *History of the Mackenzies.*—pp 138-140.

THE TRAGEDY OF CLACH-NAN-CEANN.

A SGEULACHD OF THE RANNOCH CAMERONS.

(*Continued.*)

THERE was abundance of firewood in the place; and, with the aid of some game and venison from the well-stocked larder of *Tigh-na-dige*, a plentiful meal was soon prepared for the whole company—to which ample justice was speedily done.

About ten o'clock, when breakfast was over and the men were comforting themselves before the fire, the *Tailor* came out from *Tigh-na-dige*, politely lending his left arm to Marsali and tenderly leading *Iain Biorach* with his right hand. Nothing could exceed the attention and kindness of the doughty warrior to the lonely widow and the fatherless child; and the simple sincerity of his nature won at once their confidence and affection. William followed with Margaret Robertson linked in his left arm; and the two Robertson brothers closed up the procession. They walked on slowly to *Clach-nan-ceann*, and took up their position in front of it. Here the *Tailor*, having taken a small whip from his belt, applied the shaft end of it to his lips, and gave a shrill whistle, on which, in less than three minutes, his men, fully armed and in perfect order, came up in single file, and formed themselves into a semi-circle half hemming in their leader and his party on the south side of *Clach-nan-ceann*.

Marsali gave the *Tailor* a simple but animated and realistic account of the *Tragedy* that had been enacted on that very spot on Michaelmas Day. In such a place stood the Mackintosh; in such a place stood she and her four boys. In such a way he took the first, in such the second, and in such the third, boy, and one by one dashed out their brains on that very stone, and scattered them on the green sward below—converting it into a place of blood. And in such a way did poor little *Iain Biorach* creep to her side, and hide himself from the dreadful man, in the folds of her dress. When the *Tailor* heard the whole thus described, and so vividly illustrated, he was deeply affected, and called out

to his men in words which the already referred to *Duncan Du* used to recite with much glee and animation—

" Geuraichibh bhur tuaghan-Lochabair,
Air a chloich air na phronn e na paisdean ;
Ma chùm iadsa *Feill-Micheil* an Raineach,
Cùmaidh sinne Nollaig am Baideanach !"

That is—

" Sharpen your Lochaber-axes
On the stone on which he dashed the children ;
If they kept Michaelmas in Rannoch
We will keep Christmas in Badenoch !"

An indescribable scene followed. The Camerons, in threes and fours at a time, according as they could conveniently work, proceeded to sharpen their Lochaber-axes on the now famous stone of the Tragedy ; and the *Tailor*, having duly sharpened his own axe on the same, gallantly offered his arm to Marsali, and led her and the non-combatants back once more to *Tigh-na-dige*.

As soon as the Camerons had sharpened their Lochaber-axes they "piled arms" and proceeded to amuse themselves as their various inclinations led them. One party assisted the Robertsons in fixing up the three wolves' heads on the south-east side of *Tigh-na-dige*, which they did in such a way as to represent their conquerors, as arranged on the Struan Robertson coat of arms. Another party taking the wolves' carcasses, dragged them to a stony bit of ground (since under cultivation), where they placed over them a cairn of stones, and named it "*Carn nan tri madadh*," by which name it continued to be distinguished until removed for the plough about a hundred years ago. The remainder of the men engaged in the exciting game of snowballing one another. But soon the *Tailor's* voice was heard summoning them to arms, and to prepare for their onward march. They obeyed with an alacrity which showed alike the strictness of their discipline and the respect they had for their commander, and were soon under arms and standing in military array in front of *Tigh-na-dige*.

The *Tailor* and Marsali had come to an arrangement that *Tigh-na-dige* was to be closed up and that the whole company were to escort her to Dunalastair House, where she was to be placed, on account of her now being in an advanced state of pregnancy. The Cameron habitation was soon closed ; Marsali, Margaret Robertson, and *Iain Biorach* were each placed on a

pony; and the company was in a short time on its way marching eastwards through the Black Wood. The *Tailor* did himself the honour to lead the bridle of Marsali's pony; while William Cameron, on the other side, led the bridle of Margaret Robertson's.

When the party crossed what is now known as Dall Burn, the *Tailor* looked up to that lovely expanse of level land and said—

"So Dail bhoidheach Inbhir Andrain,
Far 'n robh *Andrea de Ferrara**
Ag obrachadh na ghobhainn ainmeil
Eadar Camghouran is Caraidh;
'S anns an Eadailt fhuair e'n t-ionnsach
Air bhi cruadhachadh na stailinn;
Is O! 's ann againn nis tha 'n t-ionndrainn,
Air an duine choir 'sa Ghaidhealtachd."

That is—

"Here's bonny Dall of Inver Andran
Where was *Andrea de Ferrara*
Working as a famous blacksmith
Betwixt Camghouran and Carie:
In Italy he learnt the art
Of the well tempering of the steel;
And O! 'tis we that miss him now,
This worthy man throughout the Highlands."

Having passed by Carie and *Alltruidhe*, they reached *Tigh-na-*

* The old name of Dall, now the property of T. V. Wentworth, Esq., of Wentworth Castle, Yorkshire, was "Dail Inbhir Andrain," so called from *Andrea de Ferrara*, whose chief tempering forge in Rannoch was situated not far from the present family residence of Dall. "At length," says Smiles in his *Industrial Biography*, page 23, "a great armourer arose in the Highlands, who was able to forge armour that would resist the best Sheffield arrow heads, and to make swords that would vie with the best weapons of Toledo and Milan. This was the famous Andrea de Ferrara, whose swords still maintain their ancient reputation. This workman is supposed to have learnt his art in the Italian city after which he was called, and returned to practice it in secrecy among the Highland hills. Before him, no man in Great Britain is said to have known how to temper a sword in such a way as to bend so that the point should touch the hilt and spring back uninjured. The swords of Andrea de Ferrara did this, and were accordingly in great request; for it was of every importance to the warrior that his weapon should be strong and sharp without being unwieldy, and that it should not be liable to snap in the act of combat. This celebrated smith whose personal identity has become merged in the Andrea de Ferrara swords of his manufacture, pursued his craft in the Highlands where he employed a number of skilled workmen in forging weapons, devoting his own time principally to giving them their required temper. He is said to have worked in a dark cellar, the better to enable him to perceive the effect of the heat upon the metal,

Cuil, then as now a small hut at the south east corner of Loch Rannoch. Here they were met by the Wadsetter of Innerhadden, who was then the Earl of Athole's *Bailidh* for the whole of Bunrannoch. This magnate, who was accompanied by about half a dozen armed men, cried out—

"C'ait is aill leibh? C'ait is aill leibh?
Thoiribh 'mhal nis do na Bhailidh."

That is—

"Whither will ye? Whither will ye?
Give his rent now to the Bailidh."

The Tailor, looking on him fiercely, said—

"Cum do theanga, Inbhirchaddain,
Neo marbh' mi thu cho marbh ri sgadain."

That is—

"Hold your tongue, O Innerhadden,
Else I'll kill you as dead as a herring."

This roused Innerhadden's ire; and being, according to the Seanachie's account of him, a tall and powerful man, well skilled in sword exercise, and brave even to recklessness, he drew his sword—a veritable Ferrara blade—and challenged the Tailor to single combat. The Tailor fiercely raised his Lochaber axe. And now, *Tigh-na-Cuil* would have inevitably become the scene of a fight more famous than any that had ever been fought before

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and to watch the nicety of the operation of tempering, as well as possibly to serve as a screen to his secret method of working."

But it is not the name and tradition only that connect *Andrea de Ferrara* with Dall and other parts of Rannoch. He has left many traces of his works behind him. Large heaps of iron-slag are to be found here and there scattered over the *Sliosmin* as well as the *Sliosgarbh;* and at each heap there must have been a forge in operation for a considerable length of time. But Dall, then about the centre of the Black Wood, must have been his headquarters in Rannoch. There is one slag heap in the Black Wood, above Dall House, which a practical blacksmith declared to the writer it would have taken him twenty years of constant work at his forge to produce. Above Carie, then included within the Black Wood, there are several large heaps; and in the *Innischaldain* part of the Black Wood, not far from Camghouran, there is a place specially called "a *cheardach*," or the smithy, although there was no smithy there within the memory of the oldest man. There are some curious remains of huts above Dall House—there being in one place six in a row with remains of kail gardens in front of them. These are supposed to have been occupied by DE FERRARA'S workmen. The remains of a mill have also been discovered about that spot. Indeed, if the Black Wood were to be thoroughly explored, an account of its antiquities could not fail to be of the highest interest and importance by way of throwing light on the history of the Highlands in early times.

in Rannoch, had not Marsali interfered in the interests of peace between the irate warriors. Having raised up her fair hand, she said—

"Cum do theanga fein a Thaillear,
Is bheir sinn tastan do na Bhailidh."

That is—

"Hold your own tongue now, O Tailor,
We'll give a shilling to the Bailidh.

And with that, smiling sweetly on the Bailidh, she put her hand in her pocket, and drawing thence a pure silver shilling (worth more than half a sovereign now) she handed it to him. He took the shilling, and having sheathed his sword, gallantly said to Marsali—

"'S e d' aodann 's, bhaintighearn'a ghradhach shuairce,
'S cha gheilt bho Thaillear dubh na Tuaighe,
Thug orms' mo chlaidheamh chuir anns an truaill."

That is, freely rendered—

"'Twas thy sweet face, O lady fair!
And no dread from the *Tailor* there,
That has restrained me from the fight,
And made me sheathe my sword of might."

The Bailidh and his party thereupon retired from the pass; and the *Tailor* and his company proceeded without interruption. Having crossed the river *Dubhag* at the ford of *Tom-a-Chlachaig*, they proceeded straight on towards Dunalastair.

Great was the joy of Struan and his worthy lady when they saw Marsali and Margaret Robertson and *Iain Biorach* on horseback, accompanied by William Cameron, the Robertson brothers, and *Taillear dubh na Tuaighe* on foot (for the other men had stayed behind at *Tigh-na-bruaiche*) approach their hospitable mansion door. Her ladyship ran out to meet the party, took Marsali in her arms and kissed her, also kissed *Iain Biorach* and Margaret Robertson, and welcomed them all into the house. Struan shook hands with William and the two Robertsons; and, having been introduced to the *Tailor*, received him with the utmost cordiality and deference, and retired to hold an anxious conference with him on the situation of affairs, in his private chamber.

There was gladness that night in Dunalastair House. Lady Struan was delighted to have Marsali under her roof and once

more to see her favourite servant. She had a strong spice of sentimentality about her; and an account of the romantic affairs of *Tigh-na-dige* from the very persons concerned had an unspeakable charm for her. She listened to the various incidents of the tragedy from Marsali's own lips, and wept at the most affecting parts of the narrative; but when she heard the story of the wolves, and how Donald Robertson had slain three of them in St. Michael's graveyard, she said,

"A Mharsail, tha do shochair mòr,
Gum bheil Ni-math toirt dhutsa treoir,
Ged tha na madraidh air do thòir."

That is—

"Marsail, thy privilege is great,
That heaven is now sustaining thee,
Although fierce dogs pursue thee sore."

Struan was equally delighted with the *Tailor*. The Cameron men were for that night put up in Dunalastair, and well entertained; and the host and his distinguished guest discussed the best things in the house, as well as Highland politics, until a late hour, when they both retired to rest. The *Tailor*, however, did not fail next morning to get up according to arrangement before the break of day; and having called his men, who also soon got up and arranged themselves, he proceeded at their head northwards through Auchtarsin, in the direction of Badenoch.

SIGMA.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CELTIC PASSIVE IN *R.*

[BY THOMAS COCKBURN, M.A.]

THE following article tries to set forth in a condensed, but as far as possible in a readable form, the results of Professor Windisch's investigations into the Indo-European verbal forms with a characteristic *r*, which he has published in vol. X. of the Transactions of the philological historical section of the Royal Saxon Society of Sciences, under the title "Ueber die Verbalformen mit dem Character *R* im Arischen, Italischen und Celtischen," *i.e.*, The verbal forms with the character *r* in Sanskrit, Zend, Italian, and Celtic.

In this outline, I have followed the author's order of treatment, as it seems best fitted to show what he considers the historical order of the evolution of the forms in question. Naturally in an article intended for a Celtic magazine, the discussion of the forms in the Indo-Iranian languages has been submitted to the greatest condensation, although no part of the argument requisite to the understanding of the drift of the whole has been omitted, and for the same reason greater fullness was allowed in summarising the discussion of the Italo-Celtic forms, especially the latter. This discussion, necessarily somewhat technical and unattractive, nevertheless commends itself to the attention of the Celtic reader, seeing that his language, alone of the Indo-European languages, which originally possessed such forms, has retained them as a living principle of inflection up to the present time. It is true their present paucity in Gaelic forms a strong contrast to their wealth and variety in the older language. They have dwindled down to but two forms at the most, *ar* (*ear*) and *tar* (*tear*).

The following is a short summary of the results arrived at:— 1. The *r* is in its origin identical with the nominal suffix *ra*. 2. It was used originally in the third person plural only, as was the case in Sanskrit and Zend. 3. It was transferred by analogy to the third person singular. This took place in Latin and Celtic. 4. It was further transferred in these languages to the other persons with certain limitations.

The extensive employment of the principle of analogy which Professor Windisch makes use of to explain the growth of new forms, uncontrolled as that principle still is by any fixed or well-defined laws, will doubtless make many challenge the validity of its application in special cases, but every one, we are sure, will readily acknowledge the great suggestiveness of this work and the cumulative force of the arguments.

The existence of deponential and passive forms with the character *r* both in Italian and Celtic has led philologers to assume a closer relationship between these two groups of languages; and when the medial forms of other members of the Indo-European group had been analysed and this peculiar form in *r* seemed to be absent, it was naturally supposed to be a new formation which had arisen within the narrower sphere of the Italo-Celtic languages. Bopp held this *r* to be the reflexive pronoun *se*, and as far as signification was concerned and Latin phonetics, such an explanation was quite tenable. A distinct advance was made upon it by Westphal who compared the ending *-itu-*, in *agitur* for example, with the Greek secondary medial ending *-eto*. Bopp's explanation of the *r* broke down when the Celtic languages were brought into the range of comparison, although Schleicher went so far as to posit a new phonetic law for this special case. Stokes proved that in Celtic an *s* was never changed into *r*—the assimilation *rs* to *rr* is of no importance here—but suffered elision, as is seen when the Latin *equus* is compared with the Irish *ech*.

In language new forms are produced either by the actual coalescence of two independent words, as is the case with the Latin *possum*, or by a transference of forms from a limited usage to one more extended owing to a certain connection in the signification. This is the principle of *analogy*, which now plays such an important part in modern philology, and it is in accordance with it that an attempt is here made to connect the Italo-Celtic *r* forms with the Sanskrit *r* forms. Thus the O.I. *do-ménar*, I thought, calls to mind the Sk.* *menire*, they thought, and the Lat. *gignuntur* the Sk. *jajnire*, they were born. In Sanskrit the *r* forms occur in the third plur. perf. middle and third plur. opt.

* Contractions: Sk. for Sanskrit, O.I. for Old Irish.

mid. regularly, and sporadically in different tenses of certain verbal stems in the classical language but more widely in the Vedic. Their signification is usually medial *i.e.*, reflexive or intransitive, more rarely passive. It is even a question whether we have not an *r* form in the third plur. perf. act., seeing that such occurs in Zend. Were this the case, we should have an analogy to the Irish active forms in *r* which appear in the plural of the perfect and *t* preterite. Since we thus find *r* forms in the Indo-Iranian, Italian and Celtic languages, we are surely justified in assuming that they bear witness to a formative principle which was Indo-European for certain forms at least. One remarkable divergence, however, must be noted, viz., that in Sanskrit the *r* occurs *before* the usual medial ending, in Latin and Celtic *after* it. This is especially apparent when we compare the Sk. *-ranta* with the Lat. *-untur*, O.I. *-a(n)tar*, and is also seen in the following list of Sanskrit *r* forms. It must be carefully borne in mind that in Sanskrit such forms occur only in the third plural. They are, in the present tense, *-re*, *-ire* and *-rate*; in the perfect, *-re*, *-ire*, and *-rire*; in the optative *-rata* and *-ran*; in the root aorist *-ran* and *-ram*; in the imperfect *-ra* and *-ran*; in the reduplicated aorist *-ran*, *-iran*, *-ram* and *-ranta*; in the imperative *-rām* and *-ratām*. The above forms fall into two groups: a) Those which have the plural ending *t*, *nt* or *n* behind the *r*; b) Those in which it is absent; *e.g.* compare *-rate*, *-ran*, etc. with *-re*, *-ra*, etc.

Old Irish and Welsh also have passive forms in which *r* is the only consonant of the ending, with this distinction, however, that in these languages it is found in the third *singular*. In Old Irish the third sing. pres. pass. of the First Conjugation which corresponds to the Latin Third, has *-air*, *-ir* in the absolute form, *-ar*, *-er* in the conjunct, after the radical syllable: e.g., abs. *berir*, is borne, *canir*, is sung; conj. *doberar* is given, *imma canar*, round whom it is sung. The imperative *berar*, let it be brought, and the *s* future *dia fessar*, if it be known, have also the simple *r*. In the Second and Third Conjugations which correspond to the Latin First and Fourth, we have regularly a *t (th)* in the ending: e.g., *derbthair*, is proved, *suidigthir*, is set; *a carthar*, who is loved, *consuidigther*, is put together. In the Cymric languages the present passive never has *t*, but simply the endings *-ir* and *-er* with an

isolated form in *-awr*, e.g., *ny chenir*, will not be sung, *y poenir*, will be pained. The corresponding forms in O. I. would be *canar* and *piantair*. The assumption that *t* has disappeared in *poenir* is inadmissable since according to Cymric phonetic laws *t* would have become *d* in this position. This is also borne out by the Old Welsh deponential forms in *-ir* and *-awr*.

The third plural of the present passive is in the Cymric languages identical with the singular, but in Old Irish it has a *t*, thus, *bertir*, they are borne, etc. The O. I. *bertir* and *dobertar* which correspond in every particular to the Lat. *feruntur*, justify the assumption that *t* existed in the third plur. pres. pass. of the Italo-Celtic verb. The first and second persons both in the singular and plural were expressed impersonally in *all* the Celtic languages, thus *nom berar*, I am borne, *non berar*, we are born, etc. Such a general agreement as this may be supposed to guarantee the existence of a *t* form in the third plural of the Cymric also. The result now arrived at is the following: the forms in *r* were limited to the *third* person; whether this was common to the singular and plural, or restricted to the latter and transferred by analogy to the singular cannot be determined with certainty; at any rate the weight of evidence is in favour of the greater antiquity of the *plural* usage. Even in the Indian domain *one* example occurs of the transference of *r* to the singular. When we compare the O. I. *berair*, *berir* and *doberar* with the Sk. *duhre*, *aduhra*, we are led to ask whether the Irish forms ended in *r* or had a vowel after the *r*. The latter seems to be the case, for how else explain the *ai* in *berair*? The *a* cannot have arisen from the influence of a preceding broad vowel, as is the case with *athair*, older *athir*, but must be the thematic vowel, and the *i* must be due to a lost final vowel. In this way we arrive at a theoretic form *berari* for *berair*, of which the *-ri* corresponds to the Sk. *-re* in *duhre*; and to complete the comparison we posit a theoretic *do-berara* to match the Sk. *aduhra*. We must note here a diversity between the Celtic and Indo-Iranian. In the latter the *r* endings occur only in presential forms *without* the thematic *a*. Even this difference matters little, seeing that Old Irish has almost entirely lost this conjugational form; and it is worth noting too that the later Indian dialects have transferred the *r* ending to the thematic conjugation with *a*.

The explanation of the third singular of the *deponential perfect* in Old Irish is identical with the above. The forms *génair*, *génir* demand a theoretic *gegnare* the equivalent of the Sk. plural *jajnire*, and *ménair* a theoretic *memnare* the equivalent of the Sk. *menire*. The plurals *bertir* and *dobertar* have already been noticed. Of these *-bertar*, in accordance with Irish phonetic laws, is identical with the Lat. *feruntur*. The fundamental form must have been *bherantara* or *bherontoro*. For *bertir*, whose middle syllable has fallen out after the accented syllable, we assume a theoretic *bherantari*. The common element *anta* seems to be the medial ending *onto* as it appears in the Greek imperfect, and to it the suffix *-ra* or *-ri* has been added. Cf. Westphal supra.

The explanation of the third person singular in the Second and Third Conjugations presents little difficulty. In these a *t* occurs with the *r*. As was remarked above, the *itu* of *agitur* was held to be the medial ending *eto* or *ata* to which the *r* was suffixed. This explanation holds good for the Irish forms. Thus the conjunct *-carthar* presupposes an ideal *carā-ata-ra* and its plural *caratar* an ideal *carā-anta-ra*. With both compare the Lat. *amatur*, *amantur*. The absolute form *carthir* and its plural *caraitir* presuppose similar forms ending in *-ri*. So also in the Third Conjugation the singular *cuirther* represents an ideal *coreta-ra* and the plural *ad-rimter* an ideal *rime-nta-ra*. The vowel *e* in the final *ter* or *ther* (for *tar*) is due to the influence of the thematic *e*, originally *ia*. The subjunctive *doberthar* of the First Conjugation stands for an original *bherā-ta-ra* like the Lat. *feratur*. In Latin the *deponential* forms are identical with the passive, but in Old Irish this is by no means the case as appears from the following comparison: passive, *cuirther*, *cairigthir*, *moltar*; deponent, *cuirethar*, *cairigedar*, *moladar*. In the latter it will be observed the thematic vowel is kept, in the former suppressed. To assign this diversity to a diversity in the formation of the stem or to a difference of accent seems insufficient. We are rather inclined to suppose that we have here an exchange of forms for the sake of greater perspicuity. In Old Irish the deponent lost its medial signification and assumed an active, frequently a transitive meaning. A change of signification like this called for a distinction between the deponent and passive forms, and the

linguistic instinct found such ready to hand in two typical forms *cuirthir* and *cairigidir* which were used indifferently for the passive as well as deponent. The *cairigidir* type became the model for the deponent from its great similarity to the active *cairigid* while the *cuirthir* type was retained for the passive.

We have now arrived at the *third* stage in the process of analogic change. The first two were the transference of the third plural *r* forms to the third singular and the formation of a new third plural. The latter is seen in the Celtic passive.

The third is the transference of the *r* to the first and second persons. In Latin this took place both in the passive and deponent. When we compare the Lat. *sequor* with the active *ago* and the O. I. *midiur*, I judge, with the active *ráidiu*, I speak, we cannot fail to perceive that the former have been modelled on the latter. The same is the case in the Irish perfect deponent. Compare the first sing. *cechan*, i.e., *cecana*, I sang, with *do-ménar*, I meant, and the second person *cechan*, i.e., *cecanas*, with the same form *do-ménar*. A distinction was made between these two identical forms by affixing the particle *sa* to the first person. The first plural *sechemmar*, we follow, is clearly formed on the analogy of the active form *bermme*, we bear, as the Lat. *sequimur* on that of *agimus*. Here a difficulty arises whether it is allowed to identify the Irish *sechemmar* with a double *m* with the Lat. *sequimur* with one. In the active the first singular and plural *berimm* and *bermme* agree in having the double *m*, which, however, can hardly be a true double consonant, but which has been probably doubled to represent a sharpening of the consonant due to the shortening of the preceding vowel, as has happened in the borrowed word *cucann* from the Lat. *coquina*. The retention of the unaspirated *m* in these persons may have been favoured by agreement of these endings with the first personal pronoun *mé* and with the final element in such prepositional pronouns as *dom*, to me, *form*, on me, etc. Even the unaspirated *t* of the third plural may have had its share in preserving the *m* intact, if it has not actually supplied the form in *t*, viz. *bermmit*, which has become the normal form in the modern language, e.g., *buailimid*, we strike. It is just possible, however, that this double *m* is a new formation produced by agglutination, and we seem to receive confirmatory

evidence in support of this from the Cymric languages. In Welsh the first plural of the future—originally a present—ends in *n*, as, *y llosgwn*, we shall burn. Here the *w* seems to stand for the original *m* of the ending, and the *n* to be the pronoun *ni*, we, cognate with the Lat. *nos*. To the above would correspond an Irish *no loscem-ni*, which, after assimilation, would be *loscemmi*. Nevertheless, Welsh has first plurals in *m*, e.g., in the subjunctive, thus supplying a parallel to the Irish : compare *carom* with *doberam*. In the *second plural* of the present deponent Irish has developed no special form in *r*, and so far it agrees with the Latin which has no *r* either. Instead, it uses the active form, as, *sechid*, you follow, although there seem to occur isolated examples of deponential forms with *r* in place of the final *d*, e.g., *athgenair*, you know, *co n-arlasar*, that you may speak. In the modern language a deponential plural in *-abhar* has been formed for the second person of the past tense, apparently on the analogy of the first and third persons in *-amar* and *-atar*. This ending has nothing to do with the possessive *bhar*, your, but rather owes its origin to such rare active forms, as, *ro thrécsib*, you have forsaken. With this final *b* compare the second personal pronoun in its enclitic form *ib*, you.

The forms of the second singular offer some difficulty. The simplest explanation of the Latin forms *sequeris* and *sequere*, Indicative and Imperative, seems to be that the active endings have been added to the true deponential forms which theoretically would have been *sequir* and *sequer*. No such forms appear to exist in Old Irish, but in the modern language we find the required form in the second singular of the present *active*, as, *molair*, thou praisest, etc. They appear, too, in the *s* future and *s* preterite of the old language, *e.g.*, *ro feser (fesser)*, thou wilt know, *eom-airser*, thou shalt ask, *misir*, thou shalt value. The *e* and *i* of the final syllable in the above examples are due to the influence of a lost final vowel *a* and *e* respectively. Examples of the second singular of the *s* preterite are, *ro foirbthichser*, thou has completed, *ro lethnaigser*, thou hast extended. When we compare active forms like *nertais*, thou strengthenest, for an ideal *nertassis*, we find the *r* ending to have taken the place of the final *s*, as in the Lat. *agimus*, *agimur*, and similarly for the future.

In Old Irish the second singular of the deponent present ended in *ter (ther)* which was used in the Indicative, Subjunctive,

and Imperative, *e.g.*, *domointer*, thou thinkest, *labrither*, thou speakest, *ni aigther*, fear not, and the conjunct *fosisider*, thou professest. When we remove the deponential *r* we have the ending *te* (*the*), which at once reminds us of such active imperatives, as, *indnite*, wait thou, *follaide*, rule thou, and *comalnithe*, fulfil. This ending *-te* has been compared with the Lat. imperative ending *-to*. Are we justified in supposing that this imperative ending, which would yield a deponent imperative form *ter*, has passed into the Indicative and Subjunctive?

In addition to the forms of the deponent conjugation discussed above, we have forms with a vowel after the *r*, and traces of a more extended *r* flexion. These may have arisen in a later time when deponential forms were invading the active voice, although in this case they failed to establish themselves. Among such we reckon the following, *con acor*, that I may see, *cor inniseor*, that I may speak, and with the conjunct ending *co n-iarfaiger*, that I may ask.

Of forms in-*ra* we have *dia n-accara*, when thou seest, and *mada findara*, when he finds out. In the latter the form *findara* is clearly formed from the active subj. *finda*, and in the *-ra* the flexional vowel of the mood is repeated. This explanation holds good for *accara*, seeing that in Mid. I. the second sing. of the subj. frequently ends in *a* (*O.I. e*). The futures *fessara*, thou wilt know, he will know, and *atchichera*, thou wilt see, are to be explained similarly.

In conclusion, there remains the question of the origin of this suffix *r* or *ra*. Bopp held it to be a degraded form of *s*, and referred it to the root *as*, to be. Benfey connected it with the root *ar*, to go, which he was probably led to do by the fact that the Sanskrit passive suffix *ya* was at that time derived from the root *i*, to go; but if, as is now done, this *ya* be considered identical with the *ya* suffix of passive participles and secondary adjectives, his derivation falls to the ground. This *r*, in its extended form *ra*, we hold to be identical with the primary nominal suffix *ra*, as we have it in Sk. *chidra*, cleft, from *chid*, to cleave; *kshipra*, quick (rebounding), from *kship*, to throw, etc. In these we see the passive and medial signification of the suffix. It is possible that we have this *ra* in the Latin prefix *red* in *red-eo*, etc., although with a different signification, still with one not wholly irreconcileable with the medial or passive idea.

CATH GABHRA NO LAOIDH OSCAIR.
(THE BATTLE OF GAVRA OR OSCAR'S HYMN.)

[By Rev. J. CAMPBELL.]

THE following poem, or hymn (*Laoidh*) as it is called, was taken down word for word from the dictation of the late Roderick Macfadyen, Scarnish, Tiree, in October, 1868, now nearly twenty years ago. Macfadyen was then about eighty years of age. He said he had learned it from his father, who died when he himself was only fifteen. He told the writer at the same time that old men, when they repeated these Ossianic hymns, put off their bonnets from a feeling of reverence, with which the sensitive reader will readily sympathise. One is, as it were, in the presence not only of a master mind in the poem, but also in the presence of the deepest sorrow.

Oscar was the only son of the poet Ossian, who in his turn was the only son of Fin MacCoul (Fionn MacCūmhail) who also was the only son of Cūmhail. According to the prose tales, Oscar was in his youth growing up an idle lad, to whom no attention was paid out of respect to the father's position and abilities. The story is that on one occasion when the Fian band was attacked, no one, from this feeling, called Oscar out, but he himself went out afterwards, and finding the combatants engaged, seized a log of wood, as the only available weapon, and laid about him with such good effect that he was ever after looked upon as the best hero of the Fians (ceud làmh fheum na Féinne). His father's cousin, Diarmid *donn* (the auburn-haired), was the third best hero of the band (treas lámh fheum na Féinne), and it is observable that in all the tales and traditions both about Oscar and Diarmid, they are mentioned as having lived together on terms of very kindly relationship and fast friendship. Diarmid, as being the older of the two, taught his cousin's son feats of arms and skill. He taught him to play on the *tāileasg*—chess or backgammon.

The battle of Gavra was ever memorable among the Celts both of Ireland and Scotland, and as a tale of "Old and happy far off things, and battles long ago" was as much the subject of

talk as any battle of modern times is among the races whom it affects. It is said that two men out at night sheep-stealing or some predatory occupation had their attention drawn to two gigantic figures on the hills on opposite sides of the glen in which they were. One of these giant figures said to the other, "Do you hear that man down below. I was the second door post of battle at Gavra (an darna ursainn chath a b'fhearr an Cath Gabhra), and that man knows all about it better than I do." Gavra seems to have been somewhere in the north of Ireland, although its exact locality, as far as the poem is concerned, is a matter of conjecture. Oscar, suffering from a mortal wound, could not have been carried far on spears, and the ships of his grandfather having come in sight before his death, Gavra could not have been far from the seaboard.

There are several names in the poem, which on comparison with other versions in print, call for correction, although it has been deemed best in this case to give the poem exactly as it was taken down. To the archaeologist it is of importance to have the exact words of the reciter, without suppression, or emendation or alteration. Cairvi is called in other versions Cairbre, and in the quarrel between him and Oscar, in all the versions as well as this one, the spears are called spears of seven and nine *seang* (slimness), but the explanation which the writer heard, elsewhere, at Lochowside, leaves no doubt that the word should be *sèan* (a charm). The charms were on the spear shaft of Oscar, and on the spear head of Cairbre. The usurper naturally thought that if he got Oscar's charmed spear shaft along with the charmed spear head he himself had he would be invincible.

Putting all the materials together in a natural junction, the story seems to run that Cairbre, a strong, powerful man, having usurped the sovereignty of all Ireland, and finding the Fians unsubmissive to any but their own leaders, took what in olden times seems to have been a too common way of bringing an enemy to subjection. He invited their best hero to a feast, which, according to the fashion of the times, consisted of plentiful libations of strong drink, a rare and much prized luxury in those days, and finding himself failing in his object, he picked a quarrel, which led to the battle of Gavra.

There are stanzas and expressions in this poem that point unmistakeably to heathen times—the charms upon the weapons of war, the fay woman (*beanshith*) predicting the death of those about to be slain, the introduction of the ominous raven as a sign of evil, and other expressions, show that the poem was composed not only in troublous times, but during the prevalence of heathen beliefs and customs. It was pointed out by the reciter that Oscar was the first who was buried without his clothes. The last verse could not be explained by him, nor is there satisfactory explanation to be found in any version of the poem.

The incident of the quarrel between Oscar and Cairbre has been worked by Macpherson into the poem of "Temora," but a comparison of the hymn or poem with the Epic will readily enable the reader to judge who the true poet is. The short, sharp words in this composition are those of angry men, compared to the lengthy speeches of the epic, and altogether there is about this poem an air of genuineness that removes it from the suspicions which have been urged against the genuineness of the other.

According to popular explanations and traditions, and these are much more rife in the islands than on the mainland, the Fians were a numerous body, owning no authority but their own leaders, and following the chase both in Ireland and Scotland as the supply of their favourite food might lead them. In times of scarcity, there are stories of their having lived upon shellfish (*maorach*) and mouthfuls of milk. We also hear of their having practiced the arts of husbandry. It is even said that they were no stronger than other men if it were not for the excellence of their bards. In this way the stories of their superhuman strength are accounted for, as well as their localisation in so many places. Their fighting men, when arranged in order of battle, were seven companies (*seachd cathanan gnàthaichte na Féinne*). The number in each detachment does not appear. The Children of Morna, under the leadership of Gōll formed one of the companies. Their numbers were kept up by their keeping an eye on the children who were likely to become men of strength, and in due time enrolling them in the band.

The derivation of the word *Féinne*, the Fian host, is uncertain;

it is a collective noun, and though those of whom popular tradision make most mention were those under the leadership of Fin MacCoul, a similar band seems to have existed in the days of Cōul [*Cumhail*] his father, and to have been driven to take refuge in caves and other places, when disbanded by an opposing force. That their enemies were the northmen does not seem a tenable supposition. That in very early times there was intercourse between the Celts of Ireland and the Lochlinners or people of the far east, is a creed tenable enough, but many of the best stories on the subject have an air of post-Ossianic times.

CATH GABHRA, NO LAOIDH OSCAIR.

Cha 'n abair mi mo thriath(1) ri m' cheol,
Ge oil(2) le Oisian e nochd,
Oscar is an Cairbhi calma(3)
Thuiteam ann an Cath Gabhra

Thainig fios thugainn a nuas,
Dh' ionnsuidh Oscair chruaidh na Féinne
E dhol dh' ionnsuidh fleadh le ' Fhiann
'S gum faigheadh e cìs(4) da rèir

An t- Oscar aluinn nach d' ob naimh*
Tri cheud fear treun
Dh' imich leis, freasdal da thoil 's da fheum
. . . . . .

A bhaobh(5) a nigheas an t- eudach,
Deansa dhuinne 'n fhaistneachd cheudna,
An tuit aon duine dhith leinn,
No 'n d' thèid sinn uile do neo-ni."

" Marbhas leats' (ars ise) caogad(6) ceud,
'S gonar leat̓an righ e fein,
'S a raogha nam fear a laigheas leat,
A shaoghal uile gun d' thainig."

Fhuair sinn onoir, 's fhuair sinn biadh,
Mar a fhuair sinn roimhe riamh,
Bhi subhach a dol a steach
Maille ri Coirbhi an Teamhair(7).

An latha mu dheireadh de'n òl
Ghlaodh Cairbhi le guth mòr
" Iomlaid sleagha (cruinn) b' àill leam uait,
Ard Oscair dhuinn na h- Alba."

* They then reached Cairbre's house, where the three days were spent in drinking.

" Ge be 'n iomlaid sleagha th' ort,
A Chairbhi ruaidh nan long phort,
S' tric bu leat mis' agus mo shleagh
'N àm cath agus cruaidh chòmhraig.

Ach malairt croinn gun mhalairt cinn
B' eucorach sud iarraidh oirnn ;
'S e fàth an iarrtuis sin,
Mise bhi gun Fheinn gun athair."

" Ged do bhiodh an Fheinn is t' athair,
Co math 's a bha iad 'sa bheatha,
Cha b' uilear leamsa dhomh fhìn
Gach ni dh' iarainn gum faighinn."

" Nam biodh an Fhéinn is m' athair,
Co math 's a bha iad 'sa bheatha,
'S gann gum faigheadh tu bhos,
Leud do thighe do dh' Eirinn."

Lion fuath na laoich làn
Ri éisdeachd na h-iomarbhaigh,
Briathran borba, leth mur leth,
Eadar an Cairbhi 's an t-Oscar.

Briathran buan sin, briathran buan,
A bheireadh an Cairbhi ruadh :
" An t-sleagh nimhe sin ad dhòrn
'S ann uimpe bhios do luath-bhàs."

Briathran eile an aghaidh sin
A bheireadh an t-Oscar calma,
Gun cuireadh e sleagh na naoi seang
Ma choimeachd fhuilt agus fheusaig.

Briathran buan sin, briathran buan,
A bheireadh an Cairbhi ruadh,
Gun cuireadh e sleagh nan seachd seang
Eadar àirnean agus imleag.

'S thugadh leinn an la'r na mhaireach,
Cho liona da 'n Fheinn 's a bha sin,
Thugadh leinn ar feachd 's ar sluagh,
Gus an taobha tuath de dh' Eirinn(8)

Nuair a tharladh sinn ann,
Am bealach cumhann an caol ghleann,
Ghlaodh Cairbhi le gu àrd,
Loinaireachd(9) a teachd nar còmhdhail

Thainig oirnn 's cha b' ann gu'r cobhair,
Coig fichead do dh' fheara bogha,
Thuit sid air laimh Oscar thall,
'S chaidh masladh(10) gu righ na h-Eirinn.

Coig fichead Gaidheal garg,
Thainig a tir uamhain ghairbh,
Thuit sid air laimh Oscar thall,
'S chaidh masladh gu righ na h-Eirinn(11)

Coig fichead de dh' fhearabh feachd
Thainig a tir ghairbh an t-sneachd,
Thuit sid air laimh Oscar thall,
'S chaidh mosgladh gu righ na h-Eirinn

Coig fichead Cairbhi ruadh(12)
Bu chosmhuil ri Cairbhi 'n t-sluaigh,
Thuit sin air laimh Oscar thall,
'S chaidh masladh gu righ na h-Eirinn

A' chòigear a b' fhaigse do 'n righ,
Gam bu dual gaisge agus gniomh,
Thuit sid air laimh Oscair thall,
'S chaidh masladh gu righ na h-Eirinn

Nuair a chuunaic an Cairbhi ruadh
Oscar slor-shnaidheadh an t-sluaigh,
An t-sleagh nimhe(13) bha na dhorn
Thilg e sud am comhdhail Oscair.

Thuit Oscar air a ghlun deas
'S an t-sleagh nimhe roimh chneas,
'S thug e 'n ath urchair a null
Ma choimeachd fhuilt agus fheusaig

An sin thuirt sluagh Chairbhi ri Mhac,

" Eirich, Airt, is glac do chlaidheamh,
'S dean seasamh an àite t'athar,
Mar 'eil an t-eug ort a' brathadh,
Measar dhuinne gur mac rath thu."

Thug e 'n ath urchair an àird
'S ar leinne gum be lèoir a h-àird,
'S leagadh leis aig meud a chuims'
Art Mac Chairbhi air an ath urchair.

Sluagh Chairbhi bu gharg gleachd,
Chuir iad Cath Gabhra(14) mu cheap
Chum 's gum faigh'-te leo buaidh làrach,
Air faicinn Oscar gu cràiteach.

Thog e leacag thana chruaidh
Thar na talmhainn, taobh a bhruaich,
'S bhrist Cath-Gabhra mu cheap ;
'S e gniomh mu dheireadh mu dheagh mhic.

" Togaibh leibh mi mise, Fhiann,
Ni nach d' rinn sibh ròimhe riamh,
Thugaibh mi gu tulaich ghlain,
Ach gum buin sibh dhiom an t-eudach "(15)

Thog sin leinn an t-Oscar àluinn
Air bharraibh(16) nan sleagha àrda,
'S thug sinn da iomrachadh grinn,
Gus an d' thàinig sinn tigh Fhinn

Cluala sinn air traigh mu thuath,
Eughach sluaigh is faobhar arm,
'S chlisg air gaisgich gu luath,
Mun robh Oscar a fàs marbh.

" Marbhasg ort, a mhic nam buadh,(17)
Ni thu breag an darna uair,
Loingeas mo sheanar a t' ann,
Is iad a teachd le cobhair thugainn."

Bheannaich sinn uile do dh' Fhionn
Ma bheannaich, cha do bheannaich dhuinn ;
Shil na deòir fhala o rosg,
'S thionndaidh e ruinn a chùlaobh

" Is miosa, mhic, a bha thu dheth
An latha sin bha sinn 'n Dun-sgàthaich,(18)
Nuair shnàmhadh na geòidh(19) air do chneas,
'S e mo lamh-sa rinn do leigheas.

" Mo leigheas cha'n ann le fàs,(20)
'S ni mò nitear e gu bràth,
'N t-sleagh dhomhain 's an taobh a deas
Cha dual gun deantar a leigheas."

" Is miosa, mhic, a bha thu dheth
An la bha sinn an Dundealgain,
Shnàmhadh na geòidh air do chneas
'S i mo làmh-sa rinn do leigheas."

" Mo leigheas cha'n ann le fàs
'S ni mò nitear e gu bràth,
O na tha sleagh nan seachd seang,
Eadar m' àirnean agus m' imleag."

"'S truagh nach mise a thuit ann
An cath Garbhi griannach gann,
'S tusa bhi n' ear 's an iar,
'G imeachd roimh na Fiannta, Oscair."

" Ged bu tusa thuiteadh ann
An cath Garbhi griannach gann,
Aon osna 'n ear no 'n iar
Cha chluinnte gad iargain aig Oscar(21)

Cha d' fhiosraich duine riamh
Cridhe feòla bhi am chliabh,
Ach cridhe de chuinn a chuir(22)
'N déis a chomdachadh le stàilinn.

Ach donnalaich nan con ri m' thaobh,
Agus bùireadh nan seann laoch,
'S gul a bhannail mu seach,
Sid an rud a chràidh mo chridhe."

" Laogh mo laoigh thu, laogh mo laoigh,
Leanabh mo leinibh, ghil, chaoil,
Mo chridhe leumadh mar lon(23)
'S mo chreach léir nach eirich Oscar.

Bàs Oscair a chraidh mi 'm chridhe,
Treun fear Eirinn, 's mòr gar dìth,
Co àite am faca mi ri m' linn
Aon cho cruaidh riut air chùl loinn."

Cha chaoineadh bean a fear fhéin,
'S cha chaoineadh piuthar a brathair—
Na bha sinn uile mu 'n teach
Bha sinn uile caoineadh Oscair.

Mise bheireadh seachad fhéin
Fitheach du mo mhi-cheill
A chòig tha sinn mu 'r chlàr
Ach sùil fir a bhi ga shocadh.(24)

(To be continued.)

THE MACGREGORS OF RANNOCH.

[By R. W. D. CAMERON, M.D.]

AMONG a number of MSS. left by my grand-uncle, Captain John Macgregor of the 24th Foot, bearing on the Clan Gregor, and forming part of the materials collected by him with the view of compiling a complete history of the clan, I find short memoirs of the families of Dunan and Ardlarich. A fuller and more systematic account of these families, as well as of others of the Clan Gregor constituting a portion of the contemplated history, was, until lately, in my father's possession. Whether the volume was accidentally destroyed or lost I know not, but certain it is the book has disappeared unaccountably from the place in which it had been deposited, and where it had lain securely for twenty or thirty years.

The author of the subjoined account of the Macgregors of Dunan and Ardlarich is Lieutenant Alexander Macgregor of Wester Tempar, Rannoch, a personal friend of the captain, who had employed him in the early part of the present century to collect from the current traditions of the district, and all authentic sources, such information as could be obtained relative to the families of Macgregor in Rannoch. In the Highlands sixty or seventy years ago traditionary lore was of the utmost value. People committed little to writing. They had to trust almost entirely to memory. By exercise through successive generations this faculty became comprehensive in range, quick to receive impressions, and tenacious in retaining them. The storing up in the memory and the handing down from generation to generation of historical tales, poetical effusions, genealogies, and anecdotes—even to the more remarkable incidents of every-day life—must have tended to the development in the people of a hereditary mnemonic faculty, to which I believe many a modern son of the Gael is unconsciously indebted for his laurels in the keen competitive examinations of the present day. What but hereditary influence could have produced the wondrous memories of the old Highland bards and sennachies, to say nothing of the many aged

people who were veritable living encyclopædias as far as history, genealogy, and poetry were concerned? Their day is nearly past, and few of the old race survive.* True, they are now anachronisms. The brain that labours big with verse or prose can in these days be safely delivered by the pen; but how many valuable stores of knowledge have been lost in the past during the transition period between the use of manuscript and the oral transmission of traditionary tales and poems from father to son, from mother to daughter!

In the full belief that the traditions current among aged and intelligent people at the date at which the following was written are well worthy attention and preservation, and in the hope that they may be of interest, if not to Highlanders generally, at least to members of the Clan Gregor, I subjoin the memoirs, transcribing almost verbatim the papers before me, and omitting only such genealogical details as are tedious and unimportant.

Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer belong to the Macgregors, neither do they now possess Dunan or Ardlarich, but the memories of the ancient families, to whom once belonged these and many other lands both in Perthshire and Argyleshire, still touch a vein of sympathy in the breasts of the numerous, albeit widely scattered, clan, who ever retain in their motto, '*Srioghal mo dhream*, a perennial reminder of their proud descent. R. C.

A MEMOIR OF THE FAMILY OF DUNAN.

In the absence of any satisfactory account of the first settlers of this family, beyond their having been cadets of the family of Roro, I shall begin with John Dubh, who is said to have been third in direct succession.

III. John Mac Ianduy, in Dunan, and Patrick, his brother, were two of the pledges proposed by Alexander Macgregor of Glenstrae to the Earl of Argyll, and are said to have suffered in Edinburgh in 1604. Whether they were married or have left

* There now lives in Strathtay a worthy descendant of the family of Dunan, a venerable octogenarian, who can repeat at a moment's notice any one of thirty or forty Gaelic poems of his own composition. They have not hitherto been committed to writing, but I am glad to learn that there is not wanting a patriotic Gael, with able and willing pen, ready to ensure that at least the rarer flowers of his muse shall not be born to blush unseen.

any children is a thing which cannot be ascertained at this remote period. Neither can I learn with certainty who this John Mac Dhonchuy vic Ianduy, who is mentioned in the record 4th Feb., 1589, is, but conclude that he must have been their father, and second of Dunan, and Doncha their grandfather and first of Dunan, making Ianduy their progenitor of Roro. The line of Dunan would therefore run :

I. Duncan Macgregor of Dunan, son of Iain Dubh Macgregor of Roro.

II. John Macgregor (John Mac Donchuy vic Ianduy.)

III. John Mac Ianduy mentioned above. This John was succeeded by his brother.

IV. Duncan Mac Ianduy in Rannoch, so called in the Decreta, 1612, at which time he was a prisoner in the Laird of Grant's hands. Duncan Mac Ianduy, in Camuserochd, occurs in the record as chieftain of the clan Vic Alistar in Dunan in 1616 and 1619. He appears to have been a man of good account in his clan, and is termed in the record repeatedly one of the principals of that name. It is said that he, along with his brothers, John and Patrick, accompanied their chief to the battle of Glenfruin, and that on their being denounced he in consequence fled to Ireland, accompanied by Doncha Abrach and Doncha buidhe-mac-a-Chomhich (a lad, who had been adopted into his father's family and brought up with him), where they remained in voluntary exile for seven years, considered in those days equal to seven years' banishment in ours.

The said Doncha Mac Ianduy was married to a daughter of Cameron of Gleneaves, and after the battle of Glenfruin, upon being hotly pursued by his enemies, he sent his wife to her brother to see if he would afford him any shelter, but Gleneaves, having along with others accepted the commission to extirpate the whole race of Macgregor, gave as his advice that both she and her husband had better cut their own throats—poor consolation indeed! The poor woman returned in a state of exasperation at the reception accorded her, which she straightway communicated to her persecuted husband. He thereupon set off for Ireland as above related, but what year I cannot find out, although it must have been very shortly after the battle of Glenfruin. When he was thus

forced to go away, he left his miserable wife in his possessions of Camuserochd, and during his absence the Laird of Menzies (they were not knighted till 1665), who, although kept out of possession, had obtained a Crown charter of those lands, long before, gave a grant of Macgregor's lands to a man of the name of Kennedy from Lochaber (known as Gillandhurst-beg), from whom the Cean-Ghillandhurst in Rannoch are descended. My informant remembers to have seen when a boy a son of this Gillandhurst-beg, a very aged man.

It appears that Duncan Mac Ianduy's wife still remained on the possession, and was much oppressed by Gillandhurst, who obliged her to perform the most servile works for her livelihood. Upon her husband's return home, accompanied by his comrades in exile—Doncha Abrach and Doncha Buidhe—he found his wife engaged at pulling heather for Gillandhurst at a place called Stron-ruidh-Chloimh, above Camuserochd More, upon which she acquainted him of her usage from Gillandhurst since he went away—for which, in revenge, it is said, her husband houghed sixteen of Gillandhurst's milch cows.

Hearing of this, Gillandhurst set off to Castle Menzies to complain to his landlord of Duncan's conduct, to which place Macgregor followed him, and, getting admittance into the audience chamber, the Laird of Menzies is said to have accosted him thus—"'Suidh a sios a Mhic Grigair is leig le Gillandhurst suidhe suas." To which Duncan responded—"Suidh thusa sios a Ghillandhurst bhig is leig le MacGrigair suidhe suas," and, suiting his action to the word, took hold of him by the scruff of the neck and threw him to the door.

On this occasion the Laird of Menzies is said to have offered him an exclusive right to his possessions on very moderate terms, which Macgregor rejected disdainfully. But, having brought Gillandhurst under proper subjection, or expelled him, he continued to occupy the lands as before unmolested.

An anecdote is related of this Duncan when in Ireland—'Tis said that upon one occasion, while shifting his clothes, a dairy-maid, who happened to come into the room and see him, gave a dreadful scream, which alarmed him so much, that he, fearing the worst, instantly demanded the cause, when she replied that she

had been in her younger days a nurse in the family of Macgregor of Dunan, one of whose boys had a black spot, such as she had observed on his, on his shoulder, the recollection of which had affected her so much as to have made her scream. He then acknowledged himself to her as the very identical person; and before he departed she gave him a charmed stone or Clach-buadhach which possessed the virtue of protecting his person in battle from the weapons of an enemy. How far the truth of the above anecdote can be relied on I leave to others to judge. Duncan was succeeded by his son.

V. Patrick Mac Dhoncha vic Ianduy in Dunan in Rannoch, so called in Rec. Priv. Coun. His name occurs in the Lenny papers in September, 1655. He purchased the wadset of the two merk land of Dunan and the four merk land of Kinnachlader on the 22nd April, 1675, under reversion of 5000 merks and the sasine. This wadset from Sir Alexander Menzies is recorded 8th December, 1675.

Patrick was thrice married—first to a daughter of Macdonald of Achtriachdan, by whom he had two daughters, both married to Camerons in Slisgarbh—secondly he married a daughter of Gregor Mac Dhoncha vic Geal-Challum in Lassentullich, by whom he had four sons—(1) Ian Dubh Og, who succeeded him, (2) Duncan, (3) Gregor, (4) Callum. He married thirdly a daughter of John Macgregor of Ardlarich, whose name is mentioned in the Decree against the tenants of Slismine, dated the 24th May, 1695, and called (it must be by mistake) Ian dubh Mac Dhonch vic Alister. By her he had one son, Neil, and one daughter. He had also three illegitimate sons, but whether they were older or younger than the rest of the family is uncertain. (1) John More, (2) Donald, (3) Patrick. They all married, and left a numerous progeny.

As his eldest son, Ian Dubh Og, succeeded him, I shall proceed with his second son, *Duncan*, called Doncha Og. He was married to Catherine, daughter of Gilespa Ruadh of Ardlarich, by whom he had two sons, Alexander and Patrick, and one daughter, Mary. Alexander (referred to hereafter as VIII. of Dunan) was married to Janet Cameron from Camuserochd, by whom he had a son, Alexander, and two daughters, one of whom died young—

the other was married to a Mr. John Macgregor from Strathfillan, who resided at Kinnachlacher where, being a strong, powerful man, he was invested with a civil commission to suppress thieves and freebooters, to which at last he became a victim, for not long after he was killed in his bed by two men who had slept with him (his near neighbours and relatives of his wife). His house was set fire to, and his body burnt to a cinder, while they escaped with the incredible tale that he had risen and had handed to them his purse and dirk, and had afterwards lain down in his bed. Yet so lax was the law administered in those days that both of these men were allowed to live the remainder of their days in the country unmolested.

Gregor, the third son of Patrick and of Dunan, married a lady of the name of Marjory Menzies, by whom he had a family, all of whom died young.

Callum, fourth son of Patrick, married a daughter of Tearlach Og Mackinnon of Scalpa, by whom he had one son, Duncan, who died a military pensioner in Edinburgh without any issue.

Neil, fifth son of Patrick, was married to Catherine, daughter of Ewan Macgregor in Camuserochd, by whom he had issue—several sons, who all died young, and two daughters, Catherine, who died young, and Rachel. This Rachel married Alexander Macgregor of Ardlarich (Alister Mac Gilespa) and of whom at length under the Macgregors of Ardlarich.

We shall now return to Patrick's eldest son, who succeeded him in the representation.

V. Ian Dubh Og Mac Phadrick, who was married to a daughter of Mac-Mhic-Mhartin na Heitrich (Cameron of Letterfinlay), by whom he had one son, Duncan. It was this Ian Dubh whom his uncle, Donald Macgregor Mac Dhoncha vic Geal Challum, deprived of his cattle, which he carried to Lassentullich and marked with his own burning iron. The cause assigned for this unfriendly step towards his nephew is that they had become joint-securities in a sum of money for some person who had allowed them the pleasure of paying the piper, and the said Donald being first compelled to pay the whole, was obliged in his turn to adopt these harsh measures with his nephew (who had given his uncle fair defiance) before he would agree to pay his proportion of it. But

Donald, who was better informed, instead of opposing force to force, took legal steps to recover his payment, and had carried off the cattle by a fair poind.

John was succeeded in the representation by his only son.

VII. Duncan, as appears by a Bond of Clanship, dated 20th and 27th July, 1714, and signed by Duncan Macgregor in Dunan and several others of the heads of families of the clan, electing Macgregor of Balhaddies to be their chief.

It appears that his mother, after his father's death, had married Mr. Campbell of Roro, in Glenlyon, to whom she had a family of children. Her eldest son, as above, had resided for some time at Dunan, and had married Margaret, daughter of Macgregor of Drumlich, in Balquhidder, by whom he had no family. Becoming poor from the circumstance of his father's cattle having been carried away, and also of his having joined the Rebellion of 1715, he left Dunan and went to reside with his step-father's family in Roro, where he died, and where his brothers intended to have buried him unknown to his friends in Rannoch. The latter, however, having heard of his death by mere chance, had, with Alister Mac Dhoncha Oig at their head, set out for his body, and they were just in time to have met the funeral on its way to the intended place of interment, when they took possession thereof and carried him to Killichonan, where he was buried.

It was this Duncan who lost Dunan irrecoverably to the Laird of Menzies, and he was the last who resided there. He dying childless was succeeded in the representation by

VIII. Alister Mac Dhoncha Oig vic Phadrick (V. of Dunan), who married Janet Cameron from Camuserochd. By her he had one son and two daughters. He was succeeded by his only son in the representation.

IX. Alister Mac Alister vic Dhoncha Oig, who never married, and in whom the legitimate line of the family of Dunan became extinct, as far as can be collected from Rannoch traditions.

The above account was related by John Macgregor in Inverhaddon, who was born in Ardlarich in April, 1745, and is now 83 years of age, but of sound and perfect memory, and by other aged people who corroborated his relation, and wrote down by his son Lieutenant Macgregor, at Inverhaddon, in February,

1828, with no other view than to preserve from oblivion those interesting sketches of the history of that ancient family. Copied from the original manuscript and extended down to the year 1837 by the said Lieutenant Macgregor, with a view of including the young progeny that have arisen since the original was taken down.

(Signed) ALEXANDER MACGREGOR.

Wester Tempar, 14th January, 1837.

[Here follow anecdotes of the Dunan family. The story of Rachel Macgregor's abduction from Dunan seems to have made a deep impression on the minds of the people, and it still lives fresh in the traditions of Rannoch and Lochaber. The capture of the fair maid of Dunan—the wild dramatic scene in the lonely sheiling at Lochtreig side, where she rejected the hand and heart of the Laird of Keppoch, and plighted her troth to the handsome young scion of the house of Letterfinlay—the magnanimous resignation of Mac Mhic Raonil, his sumptuous entertainment of his rival at Keppoch House, followed in the morning by the marriage pagent, is a theme well calculated to rouse the Celtic muse.* The story appeared in an abridged, and perhaps in some respects more accurate form, in the *Celtic Magazine*, Vol. IX., in connection with the history of the Macmartin Camerons of Rannoch, but it may not be amiss to give the Lieutenant's version of it here.]

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMILY OF DUNAN.

Patrick Macgregor, V. of Dunan, had a sister, Rachel, who, when a young girl, was one day driving her father's calves to the hill (saodacha nan laogh), when a party of Lochaber men happened to be returning home from the south, and who, being struck with her beauty, and knowing that something might be made of their prize, took it into their wise heads to carry her off, which they did by main force, with a view to marry her unto some certain gentle old bachelor in Lochaber, but whom, when she saw, she refused to marry on any account whatever. He is said to have been Mac Mhic-Raonil na Ceapach (Macdonald of Keppoch), and different reasons are assigned for her rejection of him, one being that he was advanced in years. The interview between Rachel and her would-be-lover took place in a lonely sheiling by the side

* See footnote *Celtic Magazine*, Vol. IX. p. 330.

of Lochtreig in the mountains between Dunan and Keppoch. All fair means were tried to overcome her obstinacy but to no purpose, when one less principled than the rest proposed, by way of punishing her, that she should be ravished and then allowed to go home. A second objected to this brutish proposal, and by way of amendment moved that all the gentlemen present should be drawn up in line, and that she should be allowed to choose for herself; and, that as they had carried her there against her will, whoever should happen to be the object of her choice, would be obliged to marry her, and be no worse used than they intended to use her. Some say that this humane motion was dictated by a relative of her mother's, who was sister to Cameron of Gleneaves, but be that as it may, her choice fell upon Cameron of Blarachadrin, a very handsome youth, of the family of Mac-vic-Mhartin (Letterfinlay)* and she is said to have been so contented with her lot that she never thought proper to pay a visit to her parents at Dunan thereafter.

In the course of a considerable time, however, her husband, who was a drover, was passing to the south by Dunan with his cattle, accompanied by several others of the same profession, and it being late, he sent his servant to his father-in-law (whom till this time he had never seen), to solicit a night's grass for their droves, which was readily granted them, and themselves invited to a night's lodgings. The servant, seeing that he had succeeded so well, told Dunan that his son-in-law was there, and pointed out the handsomest amongst them as he, when they were all hospitably entertained. At parting next morning he requested his son-in-law to call on his return, when he presented him with twenty milk cows and a bull as a marriage portion and out of gratitude for saving his daughter's honour. It seems he had a family by her, as one of his sons John sometime thereafter came to see his uncle Patrick to Dunan, with whom he settled, and was the first of the Camerons of that tribe who came to Rannoch. This John (Mac-Mhic-ic-Mhartain) or, as he was called in Rannoch, Ian Ban Abrach, was, it would appear, in high favour with his uncle,

* Blarachaorin is said by some to have been son of Duncan Macmartin or Cameron of Letterfinlay, but many circumstances point to his having been rather the son of Duncan's brother, John Macmartin or Cameron of Kinlochleven, known as *Fear Cheanlachleunn*.—R. C.

Patrick, who, on his deathbed, is said to have beseeched his nephew to marry his widow, a daughter of John Macgregor of Ardlarich, whom Patrick in his old age had taken as his third wife. On his nephew's consenting to this arrangement, Patrick promised to bequeath him one half of his possessions, leaving his lands of Dunan, Kinnachlacher, and Camuserochd in equal portions to his son and nephew.

It is said that a sister or niece of Rachel Macgregor of Dunan went after some time to Lochaber to see her, and she being a handsome young girl, a brother of Mac Mhic Raonil, a noted freebooter, known by the name of Gaumhin Ceannfhìn, who lived at Lochtreig had, out of revenge for the insult offered to his brother, either carried her off from Blarachaorin or, which is more probable, intercepted her on her return, and retained her at Lochtreig, where she was for some time unknown to her friends; and that her brothers (which makes me conclude her a niece) hearing thereof, went to take her from him, and be revenged for the insult. From this she dissuaded them, as it was not likely she would ever get another husband after being so long with him, and therefore she preferred remaining where she was. Her gaumhin (stirk) sometime thereafter, in consideration that he had got nothing by her, made a foray and carried off all her brother's goats from Dunan, which, as soon as they learned, they went to Lochtreig in pursuit. When she saw them arrive, knowing their desperate temper, and that they were never properly reconciled on her account, and dreading the consequence of their visit, she fell into a fit and died immediately. Her brothers carried back the goats, but are said to have taken no further revenge at that time. She left no family. Many more anecdotes are related of that family.

(Signed) ALEXANDER MACGREGOR.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HERO TALES OF THE GAEL.

IV.—THE DEIRDRE STORY—ITS VARIOUS VERSIONS.

THE story of Deirdre, as it appears in the form of a popular tale, we have given in the preceding two numbers. There is, however, another version of the tale, more fragmentary and rather unsatisfactory, in the form of a ballad. Of this Deirdre ballad there are various versions, nearly all of which can be found in Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne* (pp. 19-29). The ballad consists for the most part of the various lamentations uttered by Deirdre on and after the death of the sons of Uisnech. These lamentations are found as separate poems in what appears to have been the fifteenth century text, divided from each other by stretches of prose narrative. These poems are Deirdre's piercing wail at the death of Uisnech's sons, her praise of Clann Uisnech, whom she compares to three dragons, bears, lions, and so forth, her loneliness without them, while their arms and hounds and hawks are devoid of owners, her reminiscences of her life with Naois, who on one occasion seemed or was unfaithful, but who was forgiven, for

> "Naois gave a true word
> And thrice he swore in presence of his weapons
> That he would not cause me gloom
> Till he should go from me to the host of the dead."

The Scotch ballad also gives as part of her lamentation the beautiful address to Alba, beginning in the Edinburgh 15th century MS. (the Glenmasan) thus:

> Inmain tír an tír út thoir,
> Alba con[a] hingantaib;
> nocha ticfuinn eisdi ille
> mana tísainn le Noise

> "Loveable land the land there east,
> Alba with its wonders,
> I would not have come hither out of it,
> Had I not come with Naois."

This in the earlier Irish and Scotch versions is sung by Deirdre as she leaves Scotland. The story contained in the

ballad is somewhat vague and cursorily told. It begins with Deirdre and Clann Uisnech leaving Scotland; they were sailing on the sea; a fog came on and they accidentally put in under the walls of Conchobar's town. The three men landed and left Deirdre on board; they met Conchobar and he slew them. Then Conchobar came down to the sea and invited Deirdre to land. She refused, unless he allowed her to go to the bodies of the sons of Uisnech:

"Gun taibhrinn mo thri poga meala
Do na tri corpa caomh geala."

"That I may give my three honey kisses
To the three dear white corpses."

On her way she met a carpenter slicing with a knife. She gave him her ring for the knife, went to the bodies, uttered the long poetic lamentation, stretched herself beside the dead, and killed herself with the knife.

The oldest Irish version is in the Book of Leinster, a MS. of the 12th century. There the story is told with all the verisimilitude of real history: the only supernatural element in it is the prophesyings of the Druid Cathbad. It is as follows: Deirdre was the daughter of the Ulster bard Feidlimid, and it happened that at her birth King Conchobar and the nobles of Ulster were being entertained by her father the bard. The Druid Cathbad, who was also present, prophesied that she should be the cause of woes unnumbered to Ulster. The warriors were for killing her, but Conchobar decided to bring her up to be his own wife, and evade the prophecy. She was kept apart in a *lis* (fortress), where she could not see any men until she should wed Conchobar. Her tutor, her nurse, and a female satirist named Lebarchan alone saw her. Conchobar, of course, also visited her. The tutor was one day killing a calf in the snow, and a raven came, and was drinking the blood of the calf. Deirdre said to her nurse that she would like to have the man who would have the "three colours yonder on him; namely, his hair like the raven, his cheek like the blood, and his body like the snow." Lebarchan told her such a person was near enough—Naois, the son of Uisnech. There were three brothers of them, Naois, Ardan, and Ainle, and they sang so sweetly that every human being who

heard them was enchanted, and the cattle gave two-thirds additional milk. They were fleet as hounds in the chase, and the three together could defy a province. Deirdre managed to meet Naois and boldly proposed to him to fly with her. He refused at first, but she prevailed. He, his brothers, and their company fled with her. After wandering round all Erin, they were forced to come to Alba. They made friends with the King of Alba and took service under him. But the king came to hear of Deirdre's beauty and he must have her. The men of Alba gathered against the brothers and they had to fly. Their flight was heard of in Erin, and Conchobar was pressed to receive them back. Fergus Mac Roich, Conchobar's stepfather, and Cormac, Conchobar's son, took the sons of Uisnech under their protection, and brought them to Ulster. Conchobar managed to draw Fergus and Cormac away from them, and then got a petty king whom he had lately conquered and pardoned, to attack the sons of Uisnech, defenceless and off their guard, and they were slain. Conchobar took Deirdre as his wife, but he could not console her for the loss of the sons of Uisnech, and a year afterwards he handed her over to Eogan, the murderer of her lover, when, as she was being conveyed in the chariot as his bride, she threw herself out of the chariot and purposely dashed her head against a "rock of a stone before her . . . . so that her head was shattered to pieces and that she died."

Fergus Mac Roich and Cormac Conloingeas, son of Conchobar, who had taken the sons of Uisnech under their protection, took vengeance for the sons of Uisnech, as far as they could, and then withdrew to the court of Queen Meave. Fergus was there her chief counsellor and friend.

The versions of the 15th up to the 18th century, as found in the Edinburgh Glenmasan MS. and the Irish manuscripts, considerably enlarge upon the 12th century tale.* Those versions are practically the same in plot as the popular tale which we translated from Mr. Carmichael's Gaelic. The only difference is that the Irish versons are more accurate as to names and less cast in the form of the fairy or folk tale. The Gaelic version is a

*See Windische's *Irische Texte*, 1st series, pp. 59-92; 2nd series, part 2, pp. 109-183; *Gaelic Journal*, Jan. 1884; *Celtic Magazine*, XII. pp. 567-570.

thorough fairy tale; the number three is consistently used in relation to every action. For instance, the Druid places three obstacles before the sons of Uisnech in the Gaelic tale; in the Irish form of it, the sea alone is placed before them. Fergus has three sons—Boinne Borb, Cuilionn Cruaidh, and Fiallan Finn; the Irish tale gives him two—Buinne Borb and Ilann Find. The incidents of the bothy, of the hunter, of Deirdre's pursuit of Naois at their first meeting, and of the Amhusgs are not known to the Irish story. That there may be a germ of truth in the story is possible—an elopement to Alba, a return, and a treacherous death, are quite too possible; but its literary finish as a popular tale completely dwarfs any element of truth that may have originally been in the story. The triads of incidents, the enchantments, and the other marvellous men and powers met with crush out the little historic truth, if any, that existed as basis for the story. At present the Deirdre story is a heroic fairy or popular tale, nothing more nor less. With even the evidence of the 12th century Book of Leinster before him, he would be a hardy man who would assert that such an elopement actually occurred in the 1st century of our era. Everything in the early romances cluster round Conchobar or Cuchulinn, just as on Gaelic and modern Irish ground heroic events gather round Brian Boro or Manus and Fionn.

We must not pass on without noticing how James Macpherson dealt with the Deirdre story. Deirdre he calls Darthula, but not without some authority from his Gaelic countrymen, who appear frequently to refer to Deirdre as Dearduil. Macpherson's poems of Darthula opens with an invocation to the moon, and then we are introduced to the sons of Uisnech and Darthula, on the sea near *Cairbar's* camp, driven there by a storm, the night before their death. This brings us *in medias res*, as all true epics should do, and the foregoing part of the story is told in the speeches of Darthula and Nathos, a somewhat confusing dialogue, but doubtless "epic." These previous facts are, that Darthula is daughter of Colla. Cairbar, who usurped the Irish throne on the death of Cuchulinn, regent for young Cormac, and who put Cormac to death, was in love with Darthula. Cuchilinn was uncle to the sons of Uisnech, and Nathos took command on his

death, but had to fly, for the Irish army deserted him for Cairbar. On his way to Scotland he fell in with Darthula, and rescued her from Cairbar; they put out for Scotland, but were driven back. Cairbar met them and killed them with *arrows*, one of which pierced Darthula. Macpherson naively says: "The poem relates the death of Darthula differently from the common tradition. This account is the most probable, as suicide seems to have been unknown in those early times, for no traces of it are found in the old poetry." Yet Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, committed suicide only fifty years later, to escape Roman tyranny and passion! The oldest Irish version is in a MS. written nearly 700 years ago, as we saw, and the composition may be much older, yet there Deirdre unpoetically knocks out her brains, evidently because no weapon could be had. The Scotch version, whether tale or ballad, ends far more poetically than either Macpherson's or the Irish one.

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS FATED MUST BE.*

THERE was once an astronomer, and on his travels he came to a house where a woman had a young female child. While standing contemplating the stars, he read in one of them that this child was destined to be his wife. The astronomer was, however, determined that this should not be, and, accordingly, entering the house, he proposed to the mother to buy the baby from her, offering her a very large sum of money. The mother was quite pleased with the terms, and, unnatural though her conduct was, at once parted with her child. The astronomer went off with the child, placed it in a box, and cast the box into the sea.

The box had not floated long when it was found by a fisherman. He brought the child home to his wife, and they adopted it. The child grew up to be a fascinating young lady, and at the age of eighteen entered the service of the proprietor of the place.

* From Mr. Kenneth Macleod.

The astronomer had occasion to visit this proprietor, and, on staying to dinner, became much interested in the pretty servant girl that attended to the table. He remarked to his host about her, and was immediately told her strange story—how the fisherman found her and brought her up. The astronomer at once recognised that she was the child he himself threw into the sea. Accordingly, when he found her alone, he brought her down to the sea-side, and, taking a ring off his finger, broke it into two halves and threw the one half into the sea and the other half he placed in his sporran. He then said to the girl, "If I ever see your face again without having the half of the ring which I threw into the sea, I will kill you." And so saying he departed.

Some time after, the girl visited her adopted father's house on the sea-shore. Some fish was brought to her to dress and cook, when inside one of them she found the half-ring she was in quest of. She carefully laid it past to await its proper time. Business soon brought the astronomer back again, and in the same house he again met the girl. "Did I not tell you," said he, "that if ever I saw your face again without having the half-ring, I would kill you." "Take it easy," was her answer. "Here is the half-ring for you!" He tried the two halves, and found that they fitted exactly. Thinking it useless to strive against manifest destiny, the astronomer married the girl, and lived happily with her ever after.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

Sir,—I trust you will allow me to ask a question in your magazine relating to a point in ancient Gaelic history, which has greatly puzzled me and perhaps others too. It is this: Of the Scandinavians who ravaged Ireland and Scotland the Danes are called Dubhgaill, the Norwegians Finngaill; why were they so called? Dr. Todd in his introduction (p. xxx.) to his edition of the Wars of the Gaedhill with the Gaill says—"Two distinct nations of the Gaill are undoubtedly described. They are distinguished as white or fair, and black or dark-haired foreigners, the Danes being the dark and the Norwegians the white race." Dr. Skene holds the same opinion (Celtic Scotland, vol. I, p. 304), though he does not seem to have made an independent investigation of the matter, but merely to have followed Dr. Todd.

But is it the case that the Danes were a dark-haired race, or that they were darker than the Norwegians? They are not so now, I believe. A few months ago I asked a Danish clergyman whom I met in Edinburgh whether it was true that the Danes were darker than the Norwegians? He replied that most certainly they were not.

It seems to me that Dr. Skene and Dr. Todd have no authority from ancient books for calling the Danes a dark-haired race. The latter are called dark (dubh) and the former white (fionn), but nowhere, as far as I know, is it stated that these epithets referred to the complexion of the hair. I admit that they might fairly have this reference, if we did not know that the Danes are not darker than the Norwegians; but as they are not and seemingly never were so, we should, I think, look about for another explanation.

May we not then consider that the word *dubh* referred to some other characteristic of the Danes, and probably to their habit of wearing armour? The Black Prince was so called from the colour of his armour; why should not the Danes have been called "black" from the same reason? We know that the Northmen generally were distinguished from the Irish by wearing armour. Is it not possible that it was the Danes rather than the Norwegians who wore armour? If this were so they might easily have been called "black," while the Norwegians, wearing leathern tunics of buff colour, were called "white."

Or might not the Danes have been called "dubh," in order that an obliteration might be produced. Those who have read the wars of the Gaedhill with the Gaill know that the Danes have applied to them not only the epithet "dubh," but also several others beginning with *d*. Dr. Todd admits (Introd. xxx.) that *gormglara*, blue or azure, is applied to both kinds of Norsemen, and was probably chosen as an epithet to Gaill and Gentile, because its initial letter is *g*. Might not *dubh* have been applied for the same reason?

It might be contended that, as far as we know, the Norwegians wore armour as much as the Danes: but is this the case? Is it not the fact that, when reference is made in the wars of the Gaedhill with the Gael to the habit of wearing armour, the Northmen spoken of are the Danes? In the description of the battle of Clonfert, the foreigners are described (p. 159) as being clothed in armour, and Brian calls them (p. 203) foreigners of the lorica or breastplate. But most of the foreigners in this battle were Danes. I have not met with one passage in this book where the Norwegians are spoken of as wearing armour. Dr. Skene (Celtic Scotland, vol. I., p. 325) quotes a passage from some old writer where reference is made to "the Gentiles of pure colour"; and he states that they were Norwegians, and owns that the epithet seems to refer to hair or complexion, but in face of the fact that the Danes are just as fair as the Norwegians, and probably always were so, could not this be a reference to their not wearing dark armour? Or if it *does* refer to the hair or complexion, why should the Norwegians be intended rather than the Danes? Indeed, on referring to the context, one finds that three "Gentiles of pure colour" seem to have been Danes on Dr. Skene's own admission, if I am correct in considering Olaf, King of Dublin, a Dane and not a Norwegian.

There appears to be a sufficient reason why the Danes should use more body armour than the Norwegians—they were nearer to the manufacturing countries of those days. There were, we are told, routes of commerce leading from the Mediterranean to the Baltic: along these routes the furs and amber of the north passed south,

while the articles of civilisation went north. From their position, the Danes would have much closer communication with these trade routes than the Norwegians, and would naturally take more advantage of them.

I shall be glad if my questions elicit any replies. My surmises as to the reason for the words *dubh* and *fionn* may be unsatisfactory; but on the other hand I maintain that it is most unsatisfactory to be told by learned writers that the Danes were a dark-haired race.—I am, etc., G. H.

Edinburgh, January 24, 1888.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Gaelic Society of Inverness held its sixteenth annual dinner on the 17th of January. There was a good muster of members. Sir Henry Macandrew, in the unavoidable absence of the Chief, Mackintosh of Mackintosh, presided. The speeches on the whole were equal to the usual average on such occasions.

THE syllabus for the present session of the same Society was issued along with the dinner programme, and it certainly does not fall below any previous list that we have seen. Among the new authors of papers we are glad to notice the name of Mr. Geo. F. Black, who is to write on "Ogham Inscriptions found in Scotland." The election of office-bearers took place on the 25th January, when Mackintosh of Mackintosh was re-elected Chief. The Secretary, Mr. Duncan Mackintosh, was also re-appointed.

WE find that we have somewhat misrepresented Dr. Stokes' theory in regard to the derivation of *gruad* (cheek). He conneots *gruad* with Eng. *great*, just as Skr. *ganda* (cheek), for *garnda*, is connected with Lat. *grandis*, but he does not equate *gruad* with *grandis*. By a misprint on page 47 of the November *Magazine*, stems in *i* are mentioned instead of stems in *s*.

The Celtic Magazine.

EDITED BY

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. Scot.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[By Alexander Mackenzie.]

The Macleods of Raasay.

(Continued.)

III. Malcolm or MacGillechallum Garbh Macleod succeeded his father, Alexander. He is mentioned in a charter granted under the Great Seal, by James VI., dated the 14th of February, 1571-72, in favour of Torquil Conanach Macleod, son and heir of Roderick Macleod X. of the Lewis—*Torquilo Macleod filio et hæredi Roderici Macleod de Lewes, et hæredibus masculis de corpore suo legitime procreat, seu procreand. Suibus deficiens Gillicalmo Vic Gillicallum Garve Macleod de Rasay, hæredibus suis, etc. terrarum baronie de Assynt, etc. infra vicecomitat. de Ross, et terras de insula de Lewes in vicecomitat. de Inverness, super resignatione dict. quondam Roderici sui patris, in libera baronia de Lewes, unit. etc.* From this charter it is clear that on the failure of heirs male of Roderick Macleod of the Lewis MacGillechallum Garbh of Raasay and his descendants became the nearest male representatives of that ancient family.

In an Act of the Lords of Session and Council under date 3rd December, 1580, in an action by the Bishop of the Isles against several of the Island chiefs, Malcolm Garbh is mentioned as "Gilleschallum M'Gilleschallum of Rasay" immediately before Roderick Macleod of Lewis, John Macian of

Ardnamurchan, Lachlan MacLean of Duart, Tormot Macleod of Harris, and Donald Macdonald Gorm of Sleat. The action is "to have it found and decreed that the said persons, and each one of them, has intromitted with the mails, 'fermis,' teinds, and duties pertaining and belonging to the lands and kirks pertaining to the said reverend father within the Bishopric of the Isles and Abbey of Icolmkill, each one of them for their own parts of the crops and years of God 1572-73, and divers other years; extending to divers avail, quantity and prices like as at more length is contained in the said summons, acts, and letters made thereupon before." The Bishop appeared by his procurator, but the foresaid chiefs, among whom are many others beside those whose names we give, "being lawfully summoned to this action, oftimes called and not compearing," the Lords of Council continued it without prejudice of parties to the 12th of April following, when all the witnesses, who are ordered to be summoned anew, had to appear under more severe penalties.* On the 8th of December, 1580, Lachlan Maclean of Duart enters into a contract with the Bishop on the subject of his Lordship's claims, but on the 26th of July, 1581, the Bishop receives the escheat of Duart's goods "moveable and unmoveable" which may fall the King's hands, and those of several other of the western chiefs, who had been declared rebels and put to the horn, at the instance of the bishop for nonpayment of their formes mails, teinds, and duties, pertaining to the Bishopric of the Isles and the Abbacy of Icolmkill for the crops of 1575, 1576, 1577, and 1578.† We cannot, however, find any further trace of the action against MacGillechallum Garbh and the other island chiefs for the dues in connection with the crops of 1572-73.

Malcolm's name appears as "Makgillichallum of Raarsay" in the Roll of landlords appended to the Act of Parliament, known as the "General Band," passed in 1587 for quieting and keeping in obedience the disorderly subjects of the portions of the Borders,

* Act of the Lords of Council and Session *in causa* Bishop of the Isles against the Islesmen, 1580, quoted at length at pp. 13 and 14 *Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis.*

† The Contract is recorded on the 26th of December. *General Register of Deeds*, Vol. 19, and *Register of the Privy Council*, Vol. 48, p. 29.

Highlands, and Isles, "quhair brokin men hes duelt and presentlie duellis." It is worthy of note that while in the Roll of broken clans named in an Act of Parliament, passed in 1594, "for punishment of thift, reiff, oppressioun, and soirning," the Macleods of Lewis and Harris are separately mentioned, those of Raasay are not.

In February, 1588 a strong force, under the chiefs of Mackintosh, Mackay, Munro, Macleod of Assynt, and "Gilcalme," Macleod of Raasay, joined the Earl of Sutherland in an expedition to Caithness to enforce a commission of fire and sword which he obtained against the Earl of Caithness, with the view of punishing the latter for killing George Gordon of Marle, who had some time before insulted the Earl of Caithness by cutting off the tails of his Lordship's horses. On the approach of this strong force, under the Earl of Sutherland, the people of Caithness became much alarmed and fled in all directions. Many were killed, and a great spoil of goods and cattle was carried away, in consequence of which the event has since been known in local chronology as *Latha na Creach Mhor*," or "The day of the great spoil." Sir Robert Gordon names Gillecallum and John MacGillechallum as being personally present on this occasion. Sir Robert says that the ruthless invaders "burnt and wasted the town of Wick, but they saved the Church, where the last Earl of Caithness's heart was found in a case of lead; the ashes of which heart was thrown with the wind by John MacGillechallum, Raasay," who was no doubt the redoubted "Ian na Tuaighe," this chief's uncle.

In 1596 Malcolm has a charter on his assignation under the Great Seal, dated 10th of July, in which he is described as "*Macgillicallum filio et hæredi Alister Vic-Gillicallum de Rasay, hæredibus masculis et assignatis quibuscunque, terrarum de Rasay, Ire*, etc., in Inverness-shire." The lands are described as having been held formerly of the Bishop of the Isles, but now of the King by the Act of Annexation. Early in the seventeenth century, Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, acquired great power in the Western Isles, through the great ability and influence of his brother, Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, afterwards Tutor of Colin, first Earl of Seaforth. He acquired for his brother

and nephew the superiority of Troternish, with the heritable stewartry of the Isle of Skye, and the superiority of Raasay and neighbouring islands. Referring to this matter, Douglas says that "this Malcolm, in consequence of a transaction with Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail, resigned his lands of Raasay, etc., in his favour, took them holden of him, and accordingly got a charter from the said Kenneth, then created Lord of Kintail, dated anno, 1610." It will be remembered that in 1572 Torquil Conanach, son of Roderick Macleod, X. of the Lewis, received a charter of all the family possessions, in terms of which, failing heirs male of Old Roderick, MacGillechallum Garbh of Raasay would succeed. Torquil Conanach having made over all his rights to Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, it would probably be found necessary for Macleod of Raasay to acknowledge his Lordship's superiority over his lands. Malcolm was indebted to the Mackenzies for having aided in reinstating him in the family estates after the Massacre of Island Isay, and for maintaining him in possession of them against the Gairloch Macleods until he was able to do so for himself. It was probably in this way that the Mackenzies of Kintail acquired the superiority of Raasay and of the other lands belonging to that family. The fact is further corroborated by Thomas Knox, Bishop of the Isles, who, writing of the state and revenues of his diocese in 1626, says that "Rasa, belonging to the Abbot of Icolmikill, is possessit be the Erle of Seafort. He hes na tak nor acknawlegeis anie rent."* This, it will be observed, was written in the time of Malcolm Garbh's successor.

In 1610 a severe skirmish was fought at Lochan-an-fheidh, above Glen Torridon, between the Mackenzies of Gairloch—led by Alastair Breac, at that date eldest surviving son and apparent heir of John Roy—and the Macleods, under John Mac Allan Mhic Rory, then the only direct male representative of Allan Macleod of Gairloch, and grandson, probably, of Rory Nimhneach. John Tolmach MacRuairidh, John's uncle, was also present, but he managed to effect his escape. John Mac Allan and seventeen or eighteen of his followers were taken prisoners. Many were killed; and the few who escaped alive, with John Tolmach, were pursued out of the district. The slain were buried where they

* *Demmylne MSS.* in the Advocates' Library.

fell, and the graves can still be seen, the nettles which continue to grow over them at the present day indicating their position on the field of battle, at the west side of the Sgura-Dubh, above Glen Torridon, a little beyond the Gairloch march.

Shortly after this another attempt was made by the Macleods to regain the lands of Gairloch, the history of which is still a prominent and interesting feature in the local traditions of the parish. The affair is called "Latha Leac-na-Saighead." Mr. John Dixon gives a capital version of it, as related to him by Roderick Mackenzie, locally known as Ruairidh 'n Torra—an intelligent old man of about ninety years of age, still alive—in his most interesting book on the history and traditions of Gairloch. According to Roderick's version, as recorded by Mr. Dixon, many of the Macleods, after they had been driven from Gairloch, had settled in Skye. A considerable number of the younger men of the clan were invited by their Chief to pass Hogmanay night in the Castle at Dunvegan. In the kitchen there was an old woman, known as Mor Bhàn, who was usually occupied in carding wool, and who was supposed to be a witch. After dinner the men began to drink, and when they had passed sometime thus, they sent into the kitchen for the Mor Bhàn. She at once joined them in the hall, and having drank one or two glasses, she remarked that it was a very poor thing for the Macleods to be deprived of their own lands in Gairloch, and to have to live in comparative poverty in Raasay and the Isles of Skye. "But," says she, addressing them, "prepare yourselves and start tomorrow for Gairloch, sail in the black birlinn, and you shall regain Gairloch. I shall be a witness of your success when you return." The men trusted her, believing she had the power of divination. In the morning they set sail for Gairloch—the black galley was full of the Macleods. It was evening when they entered the loch. They were afraid to land on the mainland, for they remembered that the descendants of Domhnull Greannach (a celebrated Macrae) were still there, and they knew their prowess only too well. They therefore turned to the South side of the loch, and fastened their birlinn to the Fraoch Eilean, in the well-sheltered bay opposite Leac-nan-Saighead, between Shieldaig and Badachro. Here they decided

to wait until morning, and then disembark and walk round the head of the loch. But all the movements of the Macleods had been well watched. Domhnull Odhar Mac Iain Leith and his brother Iain, the celebrated Macrae archers, recognised the birlinn of the Macleods, and determined to oppose their landing. They walked round the head of the loch by Shieldaig, and posted themselves before daylight at the back of the Leac, a protecting rock overlooking the Fraoch Eilean. The steps on which they stood at the back of the rock are still pointed out. Donald Odhar, being of small stature, took the higher of the two steps, and Iain took the other. Standing on these they crouched down behind the rock, completely sheltered from the enemy but commanding a full view of the island, while they were quite invisible to the Macleods lying here and there on the island. Both the brothers were celebrated archers. As soon as the day dawned they directed their weapons on the Macleods, of whom a number were killed before their comrades were even aware of the direction from which the fatal messengers of death proceeded. The Macleods endeavoured to answer their arrows, but not being able to see the foe, their efforts were of no effect. In the heat of the fight one of the Macleods climbed the mast of the birlinn to discover the position of the enemy. Iain Odhar, observing him, took deadly aim at him when near the top. The shaft pierced his body and pinned him to the mast. "Oh," says Donald to his brother John, "you have sent a pin through his broth." The slaughter continued, and the remnant of the Macleods hurried aboard the birlinn. Cutting the rope, they turned her head seawards. By this time only two of them were left alive. In their hurry to escape they left all the bodies of their slain companions unburied on the island. A rumour of the arrival of the Macleods had spread through the district during the night, and other warriors, such as Fionnla Dubh na Saighead and Fear Shieldaig, were soon at the scene of action, but all they had to do on their arrival was to assist in the burial of the dead Macleods. Pits were dug, into each of which a number of the dead bodies were thrown, and mounds were raised over them which remain to this day, as any one may see.*

* *Gairloch, its Records, Traditions, and Natural History:* By John H. Dixon, F.S.A. Scot., 1886.

In the following year (1611) Murdoch Mackenzie, second surviving son of John Roy Mackenzie, IV. of Gairloch, accompanied by Alexander Bayne, apparent heir of Tulloch, and several brave men from Gairloch, sailed to the Isle of Skye in a vessel loaded with wine and provisions. It is said by some that Murdoch's intention was to apprehend John Tolmach, while others maintain that his object was to secure in marriage the daughter and heir of line of Donald Dubh MacRory. This is the most probable, and is the unbroken tradition in Gairloch. John was a prisoner in Gairloch, was unmarried, and likely to be secured where he was, in the event of the proposed marriage taking place. By such a union, failing issue by John, secured in captivity by John Roy, the ancient rights of the Macleods would revert to the Gairloch family, and a troublesome dispute would be for ever settled, especially if John Tolmach were secured at the same time. It may easily be conceived how both objects would become combined; but whatever may have been the real object of the trip to Skye, it proved disastrous. The ship found its way—intentionally on the part of the crew, or forced by a severe storm—to a sheltered bay off Kirkton of Raasay, opposite the present mansion house, where young Macgillechallum at the time resided. Here anchor was cast; and young Raasay, hearing that Murdoch Mackenzie was on board, discussed the situation with his friend, Macgillechallum Mòr MacDhomhnuill Mhic Neill, who persuaded him to visit the ship as a friend, and secure Mackenzie by stratagem, with the view of getting him afterwards exchanged for his own relative, John MacAllan Mhic Rory, still a prisoner in Gairloch. Acting on this advice, young Raasay, with Gillechallum Mòr and twelve of their men, started for the ship, leaving word with his bastard brother, Murdoch, to get all the men he could ready to go to their assistance in small boats as soon as the alarm was given.

Mackenzie received his visitors in the most hospitable and unsuspecting manner, supplying them with as much wine and other viands as they could consume. Four of his men, however, feeling somewhat suspicious, and fearing the worst, abstained from drink. Alexander Bayne of Tulloch, and the remainder of Murdoch's men partook of the good cheer to excess, and ulti-

mately became so drunk that they had all to retire below deck. Mackenzie, who sat between Raasay and Macgillechallum Mor, had not the slightest suspicion; but Macleod seeing him alone, started up, turned suddenly round, and told Mackenzie that he must become his prisoner. Murdoch instantly started to his feet in a violent passion, laid hold of Raasay by the waist, and threw him down, exclaiming, "I would scorn to be your prisoner." One of Raasay's followers seeing his young chief treated thus, stabbed Mackenzie with his dirk through the body, who, finding himself wounded, stepped back to draw his sword, and, his foot coming against some obstruction, he stumbled over it and fell overboard.

Those on shore having now observed the row, came out in their small boats, and seeing Mackenzie, who was a dexterous swimmer, manfully making for Sconsar on the opposite shore, in Skye, they pelted him with stones, smashed in his brains, and drowned him. The few of his men who kept sober, seeing their leader thus perish, resolved to sell their lives dearly; and fighting like heroes, they killed the young laird of Raasay, with Macgillechallum Mòr, author of all the mischief, and his two sons. Young Bayne of Tulloch and his six inebriated companions, who had followed him below, hearing the uproar overhead, attempted to come on deck, but they were all killed by the Macleods as they presented themselves through the hold. Not a soul of the Raasay men escaped alive from the swords of the four who had kept free from drink, and who were ably supported by the ship's crew.

The small boats now began to gather round the vessel, and the Raasay men attempted to get on board; but they were thrown back, slain, and pitched into the sea without mercy. The shot and ammunition having become exhausted, all the pots and pans, and other articles of furniture on board, were hurled at the Macleods, while our four abstainers plied their warlike weapons with deadly effect. Having procured a lull from the attempts of the enemy, they began to pull in their anchor, when a shot from one of the boats killed one of the four—Hector MacKenneth, "a pretty young gentleman." The other three seeing him slain, and being themselves more or less seriously wounded, they cut

their cable, hoisted canvas, and sailed before a fresh breeze, with all the dead bodies still lying about the deck. As soon as they got out of danger, they threw the bodies of young Raasay and his men into the sea, that they might receive the same interment which their own leader had received, and whose body they were not able to search for.

It is said that none of the bodies were ever found, except that of MacGillechallum Mòr, which afterwards came ashore, and was buried in Raasay. The Gairloch men carried the bodies of Bayne of Tulloch and of his companions to Lochcarron, where they were properly buried.

The only three survivors of the fight were John MacEachainn Chaoil, John MacKenneth Mhic Eachainn, and Kenneth MacSheumais. The first named lived for thirty years after, dying in 1641; the second died in 1662; and the third in 1663—all very old men. Amongst the slain was a son of Mackenzie of Badachro, a cadet of the House of Gairloch, who is said to have signally distinguished himself.* The conduct of the Mackenzies of Gairloch has been such on this and previous occasions that they deemed it prudent to obtain a remission from the Crown for their conduct, which was duly granted, in 1614, by James VI.†

Douglas says that "this Malcolm was a man of parts and spirit, but finding the family of Lewis, of whom he was descended, upon the decline, he thought proper to cultivate a friendship with his nearest and most powerful neighbour; he therefore entered into a bond of manrent and friendship, offensive and defensive, with Donald Macdonald of Slate, etc., etc., which hath continued inviolate to this day."‡ He appears to have been alive in August, 1611, when his eldest son and heir, Gillecallum Og, was killed by the Mackenzies of Gairloch on board their vessel opposite his house, in the Bay of Clachan, but he must have been frail and unable to lead his men in person, and is believed to have died before the end of that year.

* Allangrange, Ardintoul, and Letterfearn MSS., and Sir Robert Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland. For traditional Gaelic account, taken down from the recitation of Kenneth Fraser, in Gairloch, see *Celtic Magazine*, vol. ii., pp. 192-4.

† For this document in full see pp. 321-2—Mackenzie's *History and Genealogies of the Mackenzies.*

‡ *Baronage of Scotland*, p. 386.

Malcolm Garbh was married, with issue—

1. Malcolm, or Gillecallum Og, who died before his father, without issue—killed by the Mackenzies of Gairloch in a sea fight at Raasay in August, 1611.
2. Alexander, who succeeded his father.

He had also Murdoch, an illegitimate son, prominent in the fight in which his eldest brother, Malcolm, was killed.

Malcolm Garbh is supposed to have died in 1611, when he was succeeded by his eldest surviving son.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BATTLE OF GAVRA, OR, HYMN OF OSCAR.

[By Rev. J. Campell.]

(*Continued.*)

I will not call my music my chief (effort),(1)
Tho' Ossian were fain,(2) he could to-night,
Since Oscar and the stalwart(3) Cairvy
Have fallen in the fight at Gavra.

Word came down to us,
To hardy Oscar of the Feinne,
To go to a feast with his Fians,
And he would get tribute(4) according.

The handsome Oscar who shunned not an enemy.

* * * * * * * * *

[Three days previous to the fight, Oscar, who, in his grandfather's absence, was leader of the Feinne, was invited to a feast with Cairbry.]

Three hundred men of might,
Went with him, attendant on his will and want.

[On the way a fairy woman met them, and Oscar said to her :]

Weird(5) woman that washest the garments,
Make for us the self-same prophecy,
Will anyone of them fall by us,
Or shall we all go to nothingness.

There will be slain by thee, she said, nine(6) hundred,
And the King himself, be wounded to death by thee,
And the choicest man that falls on thy side,
All his life time has come.

[They reached Cairbré's house, where three days were spent in drinking.]

We got honour, and we got meat
As ever we got before,
To be joyfully entering in,
Along with Cairbré into his palace.(7)

The last day of the drinking
Cairbré cried with a loud voice
"Exchange of spear-shafts, I will have from thee,
High brown-haired Oscar of Alba."

"Whatever exchange of spears you want,
Red-haired Cairbré of ship-harbours,
Often I and my spear were with thee
In time of battle and hard conflict.

"But exchange of shaft, without exchange of head,
It were unjust to ask that of me.
The cause of that request is
That I should be without Feinn or father,"

"Though the Feinn and your father were
As well as ever they were in life,
I would require for myself
That what I asked, I should get."

"If the Feinn and my father were
As well as they were in life,
Scarce would you get here below
The breadth of your house of Erin.

Hatred filled the heroes full,
As they listened to the controversy;
Fierce words, half and half
Between Cairbré and Oscar.

Lasting words these, lasting words,
The red Cairbré would give:
"That envenomed spear in thy fist
For it shall be thy speedy death."

Other words against these
The stalwart Oscar gave
That he would put the spear of nine enchantments.
Where his beard and hair met.

Lasting words these, lasting words,
The red Cairbré would give
That he would put the spear of seven enchantments
Between his kidneys and navel.

We took with us next day,
As many of the Feinn as were of us,
We took with us our host and multitude
To the north side of Erin.(8)

When we happened there
In a confined gorge, in a narrow glen,
Cairbré cried with a high voice
"Martial sounds(9) are advancing to meet you."

There came upon us, but not for succour,
Five score of bowmen
These fell there under Oscar's hands,
And disgrace(10) went to the King of Erin.

Five score of fierce Gaël,
That came from a rough, inclement land
These fell there by Oscar's hands,
And disgrace went to the King of Erin.(11)

Five score of men-at-arms,
That came from a rough land of snow,
These fell there by Oscar's hands
And disgrace went to the King of Erin.

Five score red Cairbrés(12)
That resembled Cairbré of the people
These fell by Oscar's hands
And disgrace went to the King of Erin.

The five who nearest were to the King,
Whose duty was heroism and lofty deed,
These fell there by Oscar's hands,
And disgrace went to the King of Erin.

When the red Cairbré saw
Oscar ever hewing the people,
The envenomed spear(13) in his hand
He threw it to meet Oscar.

Oscar fell on his right knee,
With the envenomed spear through his body,
And gave the next throw,
To the meeting of hair and beard.

[Then the people of Cairbré said to his son]

" Rise Art, and grasp your sword,
Stand in your father's place,
If death is not lying in wait for you,
You will be deemed to us a son of good fortune."

He gave the next throw upwards,
And to us the height seemed sufficient,
And he threw down by the correctness of his aim
Art, son of Cairbré, at the next throw.

The people of Cairbré, so firm was their struggle,
Put a helmet on a post,(14)
So that they might win the field of battle,
When they saw Oscar in sore pain

He lifted a thin hard slate
From the earth beside the bank,
And smashed the helmet on its post,
'Twas the last deed of my noble son.

" Lift me with you now, Fians,
What you never did before;
Take me to a clean hillock,
But take off my dress."(15)

We lifted with us the handsome Oscar,
On the tops(16) of our lofty spears,
And we gave him gentle carriage
Till we came to the house of Fin.

We heard in the beach to the North,
Shouts of people and clang of arms,
And our heroes gave a sudden start
Before Oscar grew cold in death.

(Oscar loquitur)—
" Evil betide thee, son of many virtues,(17)
You will lie a second time;
These are ships of my grandfather,
And they are coming with succour to us."

We all blessed Fin;
If we did he gave not blessing to us,
Tears of blood flowed from his eyelids,
And he turned his back upon us.

(Fin loquitur)—
" Worse, my son, were you off,
That day we were at Dun-Skaich,(18)
When geese(19) would swim upon thy breast,
It was my hand that healed thee."

(Oscar loq.)—"My healing is not by growth,(20)
Neither will it be ever done;
The spear deep in the right hand side
Wonts not that it can be healed."

(Fin loq.)—"Worse, son, were you off,
The day we were in Dundalk,
Geese would swim upon thy breast
It was my hand that healed thee."

(Oscar loq.)—"My healing is not by growth
Neither can it ever be done
Since the sevenfold charmed spear.
Is between my kidneys and navel."

(Fin loq.)—"Wretched, it was not I that fell
In the fight of sunny, scanty Gavra,
And you were east and west,
Marching before the Fians, Oscar."

(Oscar loq.)—"Though it were you that fell
In sunny, scanty Gavra's fight
One sigh east or west
Would not be heard in pity for you in Oscar.

No man ever knew,
A heart of flesh was in my breast,
But a heart of the twisted antler(22)
That has been covered with steel.

But the howling of dogs beside me,
And the wail of old heroes,
And the weeping of the crowd of women by turns,
'Tis that, that pain's my heart."

(Fin loq.)—"Beloved of my beloved, beloved of my beloved.
Child of my child, white skinned and slender,
My heart is leaping like the elk,(23)
And it is my utter sorrow, Oscar will not rise.

The death of Oscar, that pains my heart
The champion of Erin, great is his loss to us,
When saw I my time
One so valorous behind a sword blade?"

Wife would not weep for her own husband,
And sister would not weep for brother,
As many of us as were round the dwelling
We all were weeping for Oscar.

'Tis I would give in very truth,
The dark raven of my unreason,
The five of us who were round the board
That the hero's wound had closed in health.(24)

NOTES.

(1) *Triath* (chief) means the poet's best effort or masterpiece. In his effort the poet has marvellously succeeded, but on comparison with other ballads or poems ascribed to him, there is evidence of a higher and more far-reaching stretch of the poetic mind. These evidences, few in number as they are, fortunately, are out of reach of the spuriousness ascribed to the works published by "Macpherson."

(2) *Oil.* It is a matter of discussion what *oil* means. In this recitation there is no doubt as to the meaning being the same as *Ged bu thoil le*, although "It is the will of the poet," but in the common conventional expression, Ge b' oil leat [in spite of you] it is doubtful but that there is a verb *oil* which might convey a meaning directly opposite. Very possibly it conveys an idea that the will of the person addressed is of no consequence as to the result.

(3) *Calma* implies the confidence of superior strength, and it is noticeable that strong people are not usually so fiery and cross-grained as weaker people.

(4) *Cìs*, tribute. The Fians, as already pointed out, were not tributary to any king of Ireland, and the usurper when he brought the whole country under one sway naturally sought the friendship of these warriors. They must have been a powerful band when three hundred brave men were detached as body guard of their leader's grandson.

As to the stanzas which are here awanting, it was endeavoured by the writer to supply the failure of the reciter's memory by quoting to him from other copies of the poem in preservation in Campbell of Islay's book of the Fians, but unsuccessfully. The utmost that could be got from him was that such expressions might have been, but he did not remember them.

(5) *Baobh*, an evil woman, hence a common name applied to witches. *Gheibh bao' guidhe ach cha n-fhaigh h-anam tròcair*, an ill woman gets her wish but her soul gets no mercy. The word

here does not imply more than that the woman was not of mortal race. From the poem it cannot be inferred that there is any island or special place for the souls of the departed, as is commonly asserted to have been the old or pre-Christian faith. The poet's view is entirely confined to the present visible world as it is also in the Mosaic teachings.

(6)*Caogad.* This word is not in common use, though it frequently occurs in Ossianic ballads. Nine is given as its most probable meaning. [It is not its etymologic meaning, which is 50: Ed.] Nine as the multiple or cube of three is a mystic number and occurs frequently.

(7)*Teamhair* denotes the place better known in modern times as "Tara's Halls." Its locality is not definitely fixed; all that can be safely inferred is that it was the abode of the high king of Ireland [*Ard righ Eirinn*] "Where once the Harp of Erin the soul of music shed."

(8)At this stage the words occur in other poems connected with this battle: "*Bha sinn an oidhche sin gun chobhair thall sa bhos aig taobh na h-amhuinn*" [We were that night without succour on this and that side of the river]. The river denoted is perhaps the Bann, where probably also Fin MacCowal, when a stripling, killed *Arcaidh dubh iasgar* [dark Arci the fisher] who had slain his father, *Cumhail.*

(9)*Lomairreachd,* martial music and the tramp of armed men.

(10)*Masladh.* It was a matter of doubt to the reciter, as it has been to every commentator, whether the word should be *masladh* [disgrace], or *mosgladh* [warning]. Either is suitable.

(11)Here occurs in other versions, "*Mungan MacSeirc a bha san Rôimhe chomhraigeadh e ciad claidheamh glas.*" The introduction of this champion, though the slaying of him is creditable to Oscar, is inadmissable as part of the original poem; it savours too much of the middle ages.

It was a common saying, in all old tales [sgeulachdan], that a redoubtable warrior had "The combat of a hundred men on his hands." In the north-west islands *Domhal Mac Iain ic Sheumais* who fought the battle of Carinish in Uist, is the last who is said to have had the combat of a hundred men on his hand [comhrag ceud].

(12)*Coig fichead Cairbhi ruadh.* The men were called Cairvi by the reciter, and were probably men resembling the king in personal appearance and dress, kept for the purpose of misleading the enemy in the heat of the conflict. A *ruse* of the same kind is alluded to in Shakespeare, in Henry IV., act v. scene iii., at the battle of Shrewsbury—

> Douglas—"And I do lament thee in the battle thus,
> Because some tell me that thou art a king.
> Blunt—They tell thee true."

(13)*Nimhe* means deadly piercing, or death inflicting. There is no evidence that the Celtic tribes used poisoned weapons.

(14)*Cath Gabhra.* A helmet? The reciter had here *Cath Gabhra* [the battle of Gavra], which he explained as being "The king's dress," but did not know why it was so called. The word is probably *Cathbharr*, given in Lhuyd's Dictionary in his Archæologia as a helmet, quoting it from Plunket, one of the oldest Irish Glossaries. It is easily resolvable into Cath-bharr, a war head-piece. *Ceap* means a block, a pillar, or post, shoemaker's last, round which or upon which anything is placed.

(15)*Eudach*, clothes. Some say this was a shirt of chain mail [*éididh cruadhach*], but the reciter said, probably with more correctness, that the whole of Oscar's dress was stripped off previous to his burial. This also more agrees with the fay woman having been seen washing his clothes, the sight of which, previous to that vision, not having been an omen of evil. "*Gus an d' thainig an diugh an aoibh sin cha b' olc a tional.*"

(16)*Air bharraibh* here evidently means on crossed spears, not as *barr* commonly means, on the points.

(17)*Mhic nam buaidh*, gifted one. The saying is probably that of Oscar, on word being brought to him that sounds were heard on the beach. He thought they might be part of the deceitful plans laid by Cairbre for the destruction of the Fians.

(18)*Dūnsgàthaich* is said to be in Sleat in Skye, and that it was there that Cuchullin left Conlaoch his son, whom he afterwards killed, in ignorance of his identity. The poems referring to it have the appearance of being ante-Ossianic. *Dundealgain* is given in Lhuyd's Archæologia as Dundalk in Ireland.

(19)*Gēoidh.* Geese swimming on the breast of the wounded

hero means excessive loss of blood. In other versions, notably that in Gillies' collection, the phrase occurs (cranes would swim on thy breast) [*Shnamhadh na corran roimh d' chneas*] denoting a gaping wound. *Curra* or *eorra*, a heron, or ungainly bird, is also employed to denote birds in the same sense in which it occurs in jail-bird *Corracha mairgeadh, i.e.*, market herons, birds or people who haunt markets or places where they are likely to find employment, though that employment may not be of much responsibility or pay. It is the word used in the Gaelic Scriptures to denote the "Fellows of the baser sort," whom the Jews at Thessalonica stirred up to annoy the Apostles. It is also said to denote children born in adultery, who, in all probability, have no one to look after them. *Aithris an darna curra air a churra eile* is an expression meaning the reproach of one worthless woman of another, much the same as *Aithris bradaig air breugaig, i.e.*, the thief's reproach of the liar.

(20)*Fás.* It is not quite clear what this expression means, whether it is *le fàs* (by gradual growth) *i.e.*, healing, or *ri fas* [it is not destined to heal].

(21)*Gad iargain aig Oscar.* It was said by the reciter that this expression was to lessen the grandfather's grief by a pretended indifference on the part of the dying hero.

(22)*Chuinn a chuir.* The reciter did not know the meaning of this expression, but explained it as *ungadh ghlain* (clean anointing). It is quite a rational explanation that it is *Cuibhir a chuir*, a twisted antler, than which not even a stone is more unfeeling. If covered with iron, as in the text, nothing more incapable of emotion can be conceived.

(23)*Lon* was another word the reciter did not know the meaning of. He thought that in this case its common meaning was excessive love or desire or appetite, and meant that "Fin" had an overpowering love for his grandchild. It is a common Gaelic expression *Co luath ris na luin* [as swift as deer], and the expression likely means that the speaker's heart was beating swiftly or violently. Some say that *luin* is a form of *lothain*, a leash of deer-hounds, but in this case more probably it denotes some kind of deer, perhaps an elk or some animal of the deer kind.

(24) The translation here given is but guess work. The main

objection to it is that the gloom of sorrow and unreason are not in Gaelic represented by the blackness of the raven. The knowledge with which that bird is credited, "Fios fithich," is not that of the "shadow of coming events," but the almost instinctive knowledge that the bird has of prey or carrion, *Fios fithich gu roic*, upon which it feeds with more relish than on prey that has been killed. There is no instance within the range of Gaelic literature, so far as the writer knows, in which the bird is credited with a knowledge of future events. *Coigead* in this stanza is not a word in conventional use. *Coig* is the common numeral five, and following the analogy of fichead, triochad, which is given in "Lhuyd's Archæologia" as meaning thirty. It may mean fifty, but the indication is not certain. *Socadh* is the word used when wood, which has shrunk through dryness, is put again in water and becomes tight; thus, when a boat which has been long exposed on the beach is again launched, and the water has had due effect upon it, the wood recovers itself and the boat is said to be seasoned—*air a socadh*. *Chlār* may mean bier.

Manse of Tiree,
26th November, 1877.

CRAOBH-OIR AGUS CRAOBH-AIRGID.*

BHA ann roimhe so rig aigh an robh bean d' am b' ainm Craobh-airgid, agus nighean d' am b' ainm Craobh-oir. Latha de na laithean, chaidh Craobh-oir agus Craobh-airgid do ghleann, far an robh tobar anns an robh breac. Arsa Craobh-airgid,

"A bhricein, a bhalaich bhig, bhoidheich, nach mise an aon bhan-righ is briagha anns an t-saoghal ?"

"O ! gu dearbh, cha tu."

"Co eile ?"

"Tha Craobh-oir, do nighean."

Chaidh Craobh-airgid dachaidh agus an cuthach ga dalladh. Laigh i air an leaba, agus cha bhiodh i slan gu brath gus am faigheadh i cridhe agus gruan Chraoibh-oir, a h-inghean, ri 'n itheadh.

Aig beul na h-oidhche thainig an righ dhachaidh, agus dh' innseadh dha gun robh Craobh-airgid, a bhean, gle thinn. Chaidh e far an robh i, agus dh' fhaighnich e d'e bha cearr oirre.

"O ! chan 'eil ach rud a dh' fhaodas tusa a leigheas ma thogras tu."

"Gu dearbh, chan 'eil rud sam bith a b' urrainn domhsa dheanamh riut nach deanainn."

"Ma gheobh mi cridhe agus gruan Chraoibh-oir, mo nighean, ri 'n itheadh, bidh mi slan."

Dh' fhalbh an righ agus chuir e a chuid ghillean d' an bheinn-sheilg a dh' iarraidh boc-goibhre, agus thug e a chridhe agus a ghruan d' a mhnaoi ri 'n itheadh ; agus dh' eirich i gu slan fallain.

D'e thachair mu 'n am so ach gun d' thainig mac righ mhoir a thairis, a dh' iarraidh Chraoibh-oir ri posadh. Dheonaich an righ ris a so, agus dh' fhalbh iad thairis.

* From Mr. Kenneth Macleod, Eigg, both Gaelic and English. We are all the more pleased to place the above tale before our readers because folklorists have thought that the Little Snow White formula of tale has not existed in the Highlands. Mr. Nutt, in the *Celtic Magazine* of August (p. 463) and October (551) noticed the absence of this form of tale in Campbell's Collection of West Highland Popular Tales. He will, doubtless, be glad to see that so fresh and original a version of the story does exist on Gaelic ground. Mr. Macleod heard another version where no

GOLD-TREE AND SILVER-TREE.*

THERE was before this a king who had a wife, whose name was Silver-tree, and a daughter, whose name was Gold-tree. On a certain day of the days, Gold-tree and Silver-tree went to a glen, where there was a well, in which there was a trout.

Said Silver-tree—"Troutie, bonny little fellow, am not I the most beautiful queen in the world?"

"Oh! indeed, you are not."

"Who then?"

"Yes, Gold-tree, your daughter."

Silver-tree went home, and she blind with rage. She lay down on the bed, and she would never be well, until she would get the heart and the liver of Gold-tree, her daughter, to eat.

At night-fall the king came home, and it was told him that Silver-tree, his wife, was very sick. He went where she was, and asked her what was wrong with her.

"Oh, only a thing which you may heal, if you like."

"Oh, indeed, there is nothing at all which I could do for you that I would not do."

"If I will get the heart and the liver of Gold-tree, my daughter, to eat, I shall be well."

The king went and sent his lads to the hunting-hill for a he-goat, and he gave its heart and its liver to his wife to eat; and she rose well and healthy.

What happened about this time but that the son of a great king came from abroad to ask Gold-tree for marrying. The king agreed to this, and they went abroad.

A year after this Silver-tree went to the glen, where there was the well in which there was the trout.

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names are given to the female characters: the fish is replaced by a witch or wise woman, who bewitches the daughter and tries to make her kill the king's three favourite animals—a horse, dog, and cock, which the mother herself has to do, but she accuses her daughter to the king, and suggests the punishment of eating her heart. The king gets the goat's heart, and the daughter runs away and hides with the henwife of a prince, who discovers and marries her. The rest of the story is the same as the above, only that the king relieves the prince of his second wife.

Bliadhna an deigh so chaidh Craobh-airgid d' an ghleann, far an robh an tobar anns an robh am breac.

"A bhricein, a bhalaich bhig, bhoidheich," ars' ise, "nach mise an aon bhan-righ is briagha anns an t-saoghal ?"

"O, gu dearbh, cha tu."

"Co eile ?"

"Tha Craobh-oir, do nighean."

"O, ma ta, is fhada sin bho nach 'eil ise beo. Tha bliadhna ann bho'n dh' ith mi a cridhe agus a gruan."

"O ! gu dearbh, is ise nach 'eil sin marbh. Tha i posda aig prionnsa mor thairis."

Chaidh Craobh-airgid dhachaidh, agus dh' fheumadh an righ an long-fhada a chur air doigh, gun robh ise a' dol a choimhead a h-eudail, Craobh-oir, agus gur fhada bho nach fhac i i. Chaidh an long-fhada a chur air doigh, agus dh' fhalbh iad.

Is i Craobh-airgid fhein a bha air an stiuir, agus stiuir i an long cho math agus nach robh iad fada sam bith gun thairis a ruigheachd.

Bha am prionnsa mach anns a' bheinn-sheilg. Dh' fhaithnich Craobh-oir long-fhada a h-athair a' tighinn. "O," ars ise ris na seirbhisich, "tha mo mhathair a' tighinn, agus marbhaidh i mise."

"Cha mharbh idir ; glaisidh sinne stigh ann an seomar thu far nach fhaigh i na d' choir."

Is ann mar so a bha ; agus an uair a thainig Craobh-airgid air tir, agus a thoisich i air eigheachd—"Thig an coinne do mhathar fhein, agus i air tighinn ga d' choimhead," thuirt Craobh-oir nach b'urrain di, gun robh i air a glasadh anns an t-seomar, agus nach fhaigheadh i as.

"Nach cuir thu," arsa Craobh-airgid, "do mhiar bheag a mach air toll na h-iuchrach, agus gun toireadh do mhathair fhein pog dhi ?"

Chuir ise mach a miar, agus dh' fhalbh Craobh-airgid agus stob i bior nimhe innte, agus thuit Craobh-oir marbh.

An uair a thainig am prionnsa dhachaidh agus a fhuair e Craobh-oir marbh, ehaidh e gu mor mhulad uamhasach, agus leis cho briagh agus a bha i cha do thiodhlaic e idir i, ach ghlais e stigh ann an seomar i, far nach faigheadh gin sam bith na coir.

"Troutie, bonny little fellow," said she, "am not I the most beautiful queen in the world?"

"Oh, indeed, you are not."

"Who, then?"

"Yes, Gold-tree, your daughter."

"Oh, well, it is long since she was living. There is a year since I ate her heart and liver."

"Oh! indeed, it is she that is not dead. She is married to a great prince abroad."

Silver-tree went home, and the king would require to put the long-ship in order, that she was going to see her dear Gold-tree, and that it was long since she saw her. The long-ship was put in order, and they went away.

It was Silver-tree herself that was at the helm, and she steered the ship so well that they were not long at all without arriving.

The prince was out in the hunting-hill. Gold-tree knew the long-ship of her father coming. "Oh!" said she to the servants, "my mother is coming, and she will kill me."

"She will not kill you at all; we will lock you in a room where she will not get near you."

This is how it was; and when Silver-tree came ashore, and she began to cry out—

"Come to meet your own mother, and she come to see you," Gold-tree said that she could not, that she was locked in the room, and that she could not get out of it.

"Will you not put out," said Silver-tree, "your little finger through the key-hole, and that your own mother may give a kiss to it?"

She put out her little-finger, and Silver-tree went and put a poisoned stab in it, and Gold-tree fell dead.

When the prince came home, and found Gold-tree dead, he went to great sorrow, and with how beautiful she was, he did not bury her at all, but he locked her in a room where nobody would get near her.

In the space of time he married again, and the whole house was under the hand of this wife but one room, and he himself was keeping the key of that room. On a certain day of the days

An ceann uine phos e a rìs, agus bha an tigh uile fo laimh na mna so ach aon seomar, agus bha e fhein a' gleidheil iuchair an t-seomair sin. Latha de na laithean dhi-chuimhnich e an iuchair a bheir leis, agus fhuair an darna bean a stigh do 'n t-seomar. Dé chunnaic i an sin ach an t-aon bhoirionnach bu bhriagha a chunnaic i riamh.

Thoisich i air a tionndan agus a feuchainn, agus thugadar an aire do 'n bhior nimhe na miar. Thug i am bior aisde, agus dh' eirich Craobh-oir beo, cho briagh agus a bha i riamh.

Am beul na h-oidhche thainig am prionnsa dhachaidh as a' bheinn sheilg, a' coimhead gu math tuirseach.

"Dé an geall," ars 'a bhean, "a chuireadh tu rium nach toirinn gaire ort?"

"O, gu dearbh, cha tugadh ni sam bith gaire ormsa ach Craobh-oir a thighinn beo."

"O, ma ta, tha i beo agad shios an sin anns an t-seomar."

An uair a chunnaic am prionnsa Craobh-oir beo, rinn e toileachas mor agus thoisich e air a pogadh, 's a pogadh, 's a pogadh. Ars an darna bean, "Bho 'n is ise a' chiad te a bha agad, is fearr dhuit leantail rithe, agus falbhaidh mise."

"O, gu dearbh, chan fhalbh, ach bidh an dithis agaibh agam."

An ceann na bhadhna chaidh Craobh-airgid d' an ghleann, far an robh an tobar, anns an robh am breac. "A bhricein, a bhalaich bhig bhoidheich," ars' ise "nach mise an t-aon bhan-righ is briagha anns an t-saoghal?"

"O, gu dearbh, cha tu."

"Co eile?"

"Tha Craobh-oir, do nighean."

"O, mata, chan 'eil ise beo. Tha bliadhna ann bho 'n a chuir mi am bior nimhe na miar."

"O, gu dearbh, is ise nach 'eil sin marbh; is i nach 'eil."

Chaidh Craobh-airgid dhachaidh, agus dh' fheumaidh an righ an long-fhada a chur air doigh, gun robh ise a' dol a' choimhead a h-eudail, Craobh-oir, agus gur fhada bho nach fhac i i. Chaidh an long-fhada a chur air doigh, agus dh' fhalbh iad.

Is i Craobh-airgid fhein a bha air an stiuir, agus stiuir i an long cho math agus nach robh iad fad sam bith gun ruigheachd.

he forgot to bring the key with him, and the second wife got into the room. What did she see there but the most beautiful woman that she ever saw.

She began to turn and try her, and she noticed the poisoned stab in her finger. She took the stab out, and Gold-tree rose alive, as beautiful as she was ever.

At the fall of night the prince came home from the hunting-hill, looking very downcast.

"What bet," said his wife, "would you put to me that I would make you laugh?"

"Oh! indeed, nothing would make me laugh, except Gold-tree to come alive."

"Well, you have her alive down there in the room."

When the prince saw Gold-tree alive he made great rejoicings, and he began to kiss her, and kiss her, and kiss her. Said the second wife, "Since she is the first one you had it is better for you to stick to her, and I will go away."

"Oh! indeed, you will not go away, but I shall have both of you."

At the end of the year Silver-tree went to the glen, where there was the well, in which there was the trout. "Troutie, bonny little fellow," said she, "am not I the most beautiful queen in the world?"

"Oh! indeed, you are not."

"Who then?"

"Yes, Gold-tree, your daughter."

"Oh! well, she is not alive. There is a year since I put the poisoned stab into her finger."

"Oh, indeed, it is she that is not dead; it is she that is not."

Silver-tree went home, and the king would require to put the long-ship in order, that she was going to see her dear Gold-tree, and that it was long since she saw her. The long-ship was put in order, and they went away. It was Silver-tree herself that was at the helm, and she steered the ship so well that they were not long at all without arriving.

The prince was out in the hunting-hill. Gold-tree knew her father's ship coming.

"Oh," said she, "my mother is coming and she will kill me."

Bha am prionnsa a mach anns a' bheinn-sheilg. Dh' fhaithnich Craobh-oir long a h-athair a tighinn.

"O," ars ise, "tha mo mhathair a' tighinn agus marbhaidh i mise."

"Cha mharbh idir," ars' an darna bean; "Is ann a theid sinn sios na coinne."

Thanig Craobh-airgid air tir. "Thig sios, a Chraoibh-oir, a ghaoil," ars' ise, "agus do mhathair fhein air tighinn ga d' ionnsaidh le deoch phriseil."

"Tha e na chleachdamh anns an duthaich so," ars' an darna bean, "gun toir an neach a bheir seachad deoch balgam e fhein as an toiseach."

Chuir Craobh-airgid a beul ris, agus dh' fhalbh an darna bean agus thug i dorn da sios a craos, agus thuit i marbh. Cha robh aca ach a giulan na closaich mhairbh dachaidh, agus a tiodhlacadh.

Bha am prionnsa agus a dha mhnaoi beo fada an deigh so, gu toilichte agus gu rianail.

Dh' fhag mise an sin iad.

ENGLISH.

"Not at all," said the second wife, "we will go down to meet her."

Silver-tree came ashore. "Come down, Gold-tree, love," said she, "and your own mother come to you with a valuable drink."

"It is a custom in this country," said the second wife, "that the person who offers a drink take a draught out of it himself first."

Silver-tree put her mouth to it, and the second wife went and gave a hit to it down her throat, and she fell dead. They had only to carry her home a dead corpse and bury her.

The prince and his two wives were long alive after this, pleased and peaceful.

I left them there.

THE MACGREGORS OF RANNOCH.

[By R. W. D. CAMERON, M.D.]

A MEMOIR OF THE FAMILY OF ARDLARICH.

(*Continued.*)

IT is universally allowed by the oldest Macgregors in Rannoch in their traditional history that the family of Ardlarich is no other than the identical family of *Macgregor*, although it is not easy at this remote period to ascertain with any degree of certainty when or how they got possession there, and whoever will take the trouble to consult Douglas' *Scottish Baronetage* will see what a miserable patchwork is made there to engraft the family of Breac-shliabh on the stem of Glenstrae.

It is, however, affirmed that a succession of the Lairds of Macgregor lived in Ardlarich; that from Ardlarich Alister Ruadh of Glenstrae marched with his men to the memorable battle of Glenfruin; that the principal Macgregors of Rannoch were amongst the pledges proposed to the Earl of Argyll for the good behaviour of the clan; that it was one of the Lairds of Macgregor who built the island of Loch Rannoch, which is an immense cairn of stones bound together with rafters of wood crossing each other, and that he built a storehouse in it; that when Major Macgregor, last of Glenstrae, died in Ireland leaving considerable property, his heir being advertised for, Robert Mac Dhoncha Mhic Gilespa Ruadh of Ardlarich claimed the property, and was by his Grace the Duke of Athole, Sir Robert Menzies of that ilk, and most of the other gentlemen of note in the Highlands of Perthshire, certified to be the true and legitimate heir and representative of the family of Macgregor, and it is at least presumed that they were then in the knowledge of the fact before they would subscribe such a document. Nor can it be supposed that they would ever countenance any false pretender in a matter in which they were not the least interested, although the lineal descent of that family cannot now be traced with any degree of accuracy before that of

I. Gilespic Macgregor of Ardlarich, who was married, and left a son, John, who succeeded him, and Donald, of whom more afterwards.

II. John, who was also married, and left two sons and three daughters. (1) Gilespa ruadh, who succeeded him; (2) Ewan. One of the daughters eloped with Macdonald of Achnancoithichan. The second was married first to Patrick Macgregor of Dunan, and secondly to Ian Ban Cameron of Camuserochd. The third daughter married Macgregor of Lenagan.

His second son, Ewan, married Janet, daughter to the Laird of Duileter, by whom he had two sons, John and Duncan. Duncan settled in Badenoch or Strathspey, but left no issue.

Ewan's wife is said to have been a bad lot, and to have carried on an intrigue with one Gregor More in Learan, when they both wished Ewan out of the way; and on the occasion of a funeral passing from the west of Erochd to Killichonan, a noted thief of the name of Stewart, vulgarly called Mac Dhoncha Mhic Ian Uidhir, was observed sitting on a hill-head east of Erochd, upon which the said Ewan, Gregor More, and others pursued him. He first crossed the river of Erochd to the west and up the hill, and, being hotly pursued, he recrossed again to the east above Ard-larich, near the march of Killichonan, all the while hotly pursued. Ewan led the van of the pursuit, with Gregor More at his heels egging him on, and as they were near the said march Ewan fired at the thief and broke his thigh, upon which the thief fell, and called to Ewan to keep back or he would shoot him, but Grigor still pressed him on to his ruin, upon which the thief shot and killed him on the spot. Whether the thief died of his wounds or was killed by his pursuers I know not, but he was buried by the burn side, near the spot where his grave is still to be seen, and Ewan was buried at Killichonan. His brother, Gilespa ruadh, was from home at the time, and was much offended that they were not both buried in the same grave, whether in the church-yard or at the burn side.

Ewan's widow afterwards married her paramour, Gregor More, who was eventually hanged in Crieff. His wife had been jealous of himself and her servant maid, and had actually cropped off one of her maid's ears in one of her fits, which became proverbial in the country, "Nighean Ian duibh ruaidh thug a chluas do shearbhanta."

Gregor, on being apprehended, was carried to Castle Menzies,

to which his wife followed him, and interceded strongly with Lady Cirstan Campbell, wife of Sir Alexander Menzies, for his life. It appears that her ladyship amused her for some time with hope of success, while they carried him out at a back door and sent him off to Crieff, which, coming to his wife's knowledge, she set out immediately after him, but he was executed before she arrived. On her return home she took Castle Menzies on her way, and on her bare knees on the threshold of the castle, imprecated a curse on the family of Menzies, the cause of her misfortunes, that an heir should never be born on the estate. Neither Sir Robert nor his successor, Sir John, had any heirs born to them, but it appears that the spell is now broken, as Sir Neil Menzies has had two sons and two daughters born to him since he became heir, and two other daughters in his father's lifetime. I do not know what family this Gregor was of, or whether he left any children.

Ewan's eldest son John was married to a woman of the family of Lenagan, by whom he had no children. He was of a cross, troublesome temper, and very fond of punning, and many droll anecdotes are related of him.

John Macgregor of Ardlarich was succeeded in the representation by his eldest son.

III. Gilespa Ruadh of Ardlarich, who married first Annabella Stewart, daughter of Dougal Mac Tighearna na h-Apin (Stewart of Appin), by whom he had two daughters. He married, secondly, a daughter of John Macgregor of Drumlich in Balquhidder, by whom he had two sons, Duncan and John, and several daughters. He married, thirdly, Ann nighean Ian duibh Mhic Grigair, by whom he had Alexander (afterwards referred to as VI. of Ardlarich), Elizabeth, and Marjory. His son, John, was for some time in the Black Watch after it was first raised.

Gilespa was succeeded by his eldest son,

IV. Duncan MacGilespa, who was thrice married—first to Elizabeth, daughter of Gregor Mac Dhoncha Mhic Geal Challum, by whom he had one son, John, who died young; secondly, to Jean, daughter of Patrick, brother to John of Drumlich, by whom he had three daughters; thirdly to Mary, daughter of Gilespa Macdonald of Dalness, by whom he had three sons, Robert,

Gilespa, and James, and two daughters, Margaret and Elizabeth. Gilespa died young. James went to the army, and was married, but whether he left any children is unknown.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

V. Robert Macgregor of Ardlarich. He joined the Stewart interests when but young, and was a Captain in Prince Charles Edward's army in the rebellion of 1745, in the battalion under the command of Major Menzies of Shian, and Callum Macgregor, Liaran, was his lieutenant. Robert was a very tall, handsome, young man.

Sir Robert Menzies, jealous of his still enjoying the title of Ardlarich, removed himself and his mother to Kinnachlacher, where he gave him half a merk of land gratis, with a promise that how soon he would be in a position to stock it he would get another half merk on the same terms, for life, in consideration of his having removed from Ardlarich without any trouble.

It was about this time that Major Macgregor of Glenstrae died in Ireland, at least that his legitimate heir was advertised for, and that the certificate formerly alluded to was given to Robert by the Duke of Athole, Sir Robert Menzies, and others in the county, that he was the lineal heir of that family, with which he proceeded to Ireland, as far as Achtero in Balquhidder, where he fell ill and died unmarried.

The circumstance of this certificate, together with the fact that Macgregor of Balhaddies had offered 2000 merks Scots to his father for his individual consent to the chieftainship at the meeting of the clan at Blair Athole in July, 1714, confirms me in the belief that they were the lineal representatives of the Lairds of Macgregor as well as of Ardlarich; and it is further probable from the circumstance of Robert's father having gone to Lord Breadalbane to claim the title deeds of the lands of Glenstrae, which had fallen into his hands, and which his Lordship had laid on the table to present to him, when Duncan, unfortunately, said something which displeased Breadalbane so much that he laid them up again. I am not aware that they were ever claimed thereafter except by the notorious Rob Roy, who was told by his Lordship that he should never lay his foul fingers over them as he knew himself who had the best right to them.

The manner in which the Breadalbane family got possession of these charters is related as follows:—James Macgregor of Glenstrae had courted the Laird of Breadalbane's daughter, in which he was encouraged by her father with the dark design of getting possession of his estate, which lay in the bosom of his own in Glenorchy. James was invited on a particular night for the purpose of producing his charters for examination previous to a marriage contract being drawn up, and as he approached Taymouth he was met by an old man, who asked him if he was not going on such an errand. He answered in the affirmative, on which the old man cautioned him to be on his guard, it being intended to poison him. He told him that after dinner each in the company was to be served with a bottle of wine, and begged of him not to taste his own until he made one of the others taste it first, there being a scheme to have it mixed with strong poison. James replied that it did not become him to be so suspicious when he apprehended no danger, and proceeded on his way. Matters fell out just as the old man told him, and poor James fell a victim to his own incredulity, and his charters remained in possession of the Laird of Breadalbane.

This Robert having died childless, and both his brothers being dead, he was succeeded by his uncle, VI., Alister Macgilespa* of Ardlarich, who married Rachel, daughter of Neil Macgregor of the family of Dunan, by whom he had one son, Gilespa Ban, and eight daughters (1) Catherine, (2) Mary, (3)

*There is extant a certificate in favour of Alister MacGilespa of Ardlarich, of which this is a copy—"That Alexander Macgregor, aged 84, in Wester Killichonan, is, according to the information of the most knowing people in this country, the fifth by lineal succession from James Macgregor, who first came out of the family of Macgregor (commonly called of Ardlarich), in Rannoch, in the parish of Fortingall, is attested at Kinloch Rannoch the seventh day of January, 1787 years." (Signed JOHN MONCRIEFF, minister of Rannoch and Foss. The James referred to in this document must therefore have been the grandfather of Gilespic I. of the memoirs. He was probably the son of Gregor Macgregor, proprietor of the Middle division of Slismine, consisting of Ardlarich and other villages as far as Aldcheardie, who died in the Island of Loch Rannoch in July, 1526. This Gregor is mentioned in the Dean of Lismore's manuscript as being the son of John Macgregor alias McEwine McAllaster of Glenstrae, and as having been buried in Dysart, Glenurchy, in a stone coffin on the north side of the High Altar of Glenstrae. James was succeeded in Ardlarich by John Dubh Macgregor, as would appear from an entry in the Register of Decrees, dated 24th May, 1595—"Alexander Menzies of that ilk against Alexander Macgregor of Glenstra, pretended tenant and occupier of the 32 merk land of Rannoch by himself and sub-tenant under-written." Among the names subscribed appears that of John Dubh McConachdie Vic Allister, as occupier of the 6 merk land of Ardlarich.

Margaret, (4) Ann, (5) Elizabeth, (6) Rachel, (7) Janet, (8) Marjory. With the exception of Rachel and Janet all were married, and their descendants are numerous.

Gilespa Bən married Margaret Burden, by whom he had two sons—James (named for the James Macgregor of Glenstrae, who was poisoned at Taymouth) and Gregor, both of whom died young. He had also two daughters, Catherine and Mary, who married and had issue.

Gilespa Ban and his sons having died before his father, and he having no other male issue, the representation of the family became extinct in that branch in him, and now devolved on the descendants of Donald, second son of Gilespa, first of these memoirs, as will be seen afterwards.

At the time when the late Sir John Macgregor Murray sent Messrs. John and Duncan Macgregor from Balquhidder through the Highlands to collect the suffrages of the clan to his being their chief (he did not ask it as a right, but as a boon), they were primarily directed to the Rannoch Macgregors, who peremptorily refused their consent. But, upon their making a second attempt, with orders to proceed no farther if they were refused again in Rannoch, the messengers proceeded and convened the whole clan in the burial ground of Killichonan. Malcolm Macgregor in Liaran, who took a lead amongst them, was particularly averse to signing the bond from the fear of incurring the displeasure of the family of Menzies, and opposed it so strenuously that the clan began to disperse without doing anything, when his son, Captain Robert Macgregor, of the 10th Foot, asked for the bond, and upon one of the gravestones signed it. He was followed in this by Peter Macgregor in Liaran, and by Gregor Macgregor in Cardoch, and then, considering that he had neither son nor grandson to claim it, by Alister MacGilespa, who designed himself "representative of Macgregor and of Ardlarich," and, addressing the clan, said that as he had now surrendered his right to the chieftainship, no other had a right to withhold theirs. All present then signed on his invitation. Callum Macgregor was gone off by this time, and had no opportunity afforded him of signing the bond ever after.

Alister MacGilespa then delivered to the said messengers, to

be presented to Sir John, the document which was attested by the Duke of Athole and others in favour of his nephew when he intended going to Ireland, which had fallen into his hands at his nephew's demise. I am not aware that the property left by Major Macgregor in Ireland was ever after claimed, and of course prescription falls upon it now.

Alister MacGilespa died about the year 1788, aged 88 years, and Gilespa ruadh, his father, died about the year 1720, an aged man.

On the death of Alister MacGilespa and his male issue, the representation of Ardlarich, and consequently of Macgregor, is allowed to have devolved on

VII. Ian Mac Phadrich, son of Padric More, the fourth in descent from Donald, 2nd son of Gilespa, first of these memoirs.

Ian Mac Phadrich was a man of invincible courage and powerful strength, and many anecdotes are related of his prowess and daring feats, both in this country and in America, to which he emigrated when a young man, and settled in the province of New York until the breaking out of the American war. On the breaking out of the war he was offered a captain's commission in the Republican army, but he preferred joining the British, for which his property and effects were confiscated, and himself obliged to decamp. His loyalty was rewarded by a captain's commission by the British also, in which capacity he was generally employed with the Foragers, which so annoyed the Americans that a reward was offered for his head, and he had many narrow escapes from them. He owed his life more than once to the swiftness of his horse, and on one occasion his horse's main was perforated in several places by the American balls, but like Tam O'Shanter's mare he carried off his master whole and unscaithed.

The British army were on one occasion much straitened in their camp for provisions, being surrounded by the enemy's land forces on the one side, which cut off their forages, and the French fleet lay moored before them, nor were they in a condition to attack either till reinforced. In this dilemma a council of war was called to devise what was best to be done, when an honourable surrender was resolved upon. At length, John proposed, if allowed a proper party, to attempt some of the enemy's trans-

ports before they would make a shameful surrender. The attempt was considered quite hopeless, but he was allowed a party of his own selection, and, owing to the darkness of a boisterous winter night, they succeeded in cutting the cables, and carrying off unobserved one of the enemy's transports laden with oxen. John's name for daring exploits was by this time proverbial in both camps, and the consternation of the French in the morning on discovering their own loss, and on seeing their ship safely moored in the possession of the British, was bordering on madness. The French Admiral is said to have exclaimed in his frenzy that there was not a man in the British camp who would dare to make the attempt had the notorious Mac Alpine kept away.

At the commencement of hostilities it was held out by the British, as an inducement for the inhabitants to join their standard, that they should be indemnified for any losses they might sustain in consequence, and as John was plundered seven times his claims were very considerable. He lost no time in lodging them, but from their magnitude they were at first refused, which obliged him to come over to London three several times; but on procuring testimonials of his eminent services from the general officers who commanded, his claims were not only paid in full, but himself further rewarded with a captain's half-pay for life. He afterwards published an account of all his difficulties, and the share he had had in the war. He was alive of late and in good circumstances near the town of Halifax, and if alive till now (1837), he is 88 years of age. He was four times married, and is said to have a numerous family of sons. A great many anecdotes are related of him, but the above is sufficient for my purpose to illustrate his martial character.

There is another family of Macgregors in Rannoch who maintain that they are descended from that of Ardlarich, which I intend to trace out yet if I can.

(Signed) ALEXANDER MACGREGOR.

Wester Tempar, 2nd February, 1837.

SNATCHES OF SONG COLLECTED IN BADENOCH.

No. IX.

SORROW and joy alike find congenial voice in song. The doleful plaints of unrequited love and the happy warbling notes that express fidelity and hope are perhaps equally touching and beautiful in their several ways. Lyrics of this description need little explanation. The ancient plot is familiar and ever fresh. It may even be stated in an algebraic formula. A and B fall mutually in love. In the course of time B ceases to love A, and instead becomes enamoured of C. Thus A, forlorn, is "left lamenting." So it was with A, the poor damsel who pours forth her woe in this lyric. Cupid had surely played one of his maddest pranks; for she was forsaken by her lover, who had not one word of Gaelic, for the sake of another fair one, who knew no English. In the simple language of unsophisticated song she expressed the genuine feelings of her heart, and died all for true love. *Tempora mutantur.*

O ! gur mise tha air glasadh,
  Is air snaidheadh fo m' fheòil,
Mu'n òganach chùil duinn,
  Dha 'm beil rùn nam ban òg.

An diugh chaidh thu chum na féille,
  'S càch gu léir gu-n deach iad ann,
'S dh' fhag thu mise aig a' bhaile,
  Mur nach biodh m' fhear-farraid ann.

Ach bha na gillean eil' rium caoimhneil,
  Agus rinn iad 'fharraid rium,
"Am beil thu dol chum na féille"
  No, "'n duigh fhèin ciod é do shunnd."

'Dearbh cha-n 'eil mi dol chum na féille,
  Och ! cha teid, ciod é ni mi ann,
'S ann tha m' fhéill-se a's mo chlachan,
  Air an leabaidh so 'thàmh.

Ged is tric tha mi air mo leabaidh,
  Cha-n è bho ro-ghoirteas mo chinn,
Ach 'mheud 's a thug mi gaol dha 'n òigear,
  Nach d' thug dhomh-sa gaol 'ga chionn

O ! gur gòrach mi thug gaol duit,
An rud a dh' fhaodainn bhi dhe dhìth,
Ach thu bhi ro bhoidheach 's mi bhi ro ghòrach,
'S cha robh do chomhradh 'n sin orm a dhìth.

O ! gu-n chuir thu mi bhi bho obair,
A ghaoil, gu-n chuir thu mi bho 'n ghnìomh,
O ! gu-n chuir thu mi bho 'n chadal,
'S chuir thu baileach mi bho 'n bhiadh.

O ! gur mise chaill bhi cridheil,
O ! gur mise chaill a' phròis,
'S ann a ghoid thu bhuam mo chridhe,
Is cha-n urra' mi inns' mo dhòigh

'N uair a thigea' tu 'stigh 'na chitsin,
Bhiodh tu cridheil am measg chàch,
Rium cha deana' tu guth no còmhradh,
Ged bheireadh e beò mi bho na bhàs.

'N uair a thigea' tu seach an uinneag,
Bhiodh mo chridh'-sa air a leòn',
'N uair a chithinn do chùl donn dualach,
'S ann is truagh gu-m beil mi beò.

Tha Iain 'ga mo iarraidh,
Bho chionn bliadhna no dhà,
Ach mur fhaigh mi fhìn Seòrus,
O ! cha phòs mi fear eil' gu bràch.

'S ann Di-Dòmhnuich dol 'na chlachan,
Ghabh mi beachd air gach fear bha ann,
Fear a' bhoidhchead cha-n fhaicinn,
Ged is ioma gill' og a bh' ann.

O ! cha-n fhaic mi is cha léir dhomh,
Fo na ghréin ghil ach thu,
'S ged bu leam na tri rioghachdan,
Bheirinn saor iad na-m faighinn thu.

'S ann a thoisich càch ri ràdh,
Gur è do ghradh a thug dhomh laidh' sìos,
Do phog le fàilte cha dian bonn-stà dhomh,
Ach mar ni 'n t-slainte dha 'n duine thinn.

Ach is coma leam dha sin,
Ciod e their càch air mo chùl,
Ach mur fhaigh mi-fhin thu, Sheorais,
Ni mi bron gu dhol chum na h-ùir.

During the great wars connected with the career of Napoleon, the martial spirit ran very high in Badenoch. The flower of the country had donned the tartan under the young and popular Marquis of Huntly, and with light step and swelling heart went gaily away to fight the French. Those who remained behind were sometimes left in sad plight.

A weary lot is thine, fair maid.
A weary lot is thine,
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green, etc., etc.

—have often had a peculiar fascination in the eyes of the gentler sex. She whom Scott has immortalised in his fine ballad, from which we quote, bade a quick adieu to her lover, and pined ruefully for the return of him who gave small thought to those far away. Such an one bewailed her fate in the succeeding strains. Her thoughts, like those of our unfortunate A, turn wistfully to the grass-green turf of the church-yard. Nevertheless she did survive. The scornful terms in which she alludes to shepherds and their pursuits are noteworthy and characteristic. She could not understand how any high spirited maid would accept the tenders of a country bumpkin. As for herself she affected the frank, fearless spirits who won laurels in the service of their king, and she would remain faithful to the soldier lad who first gained her heart.

Tha Nollaig a'tighinn,
'S cha-n 'eil mi cridheil gu ceòl,
Cha-n éisd mi ceòl fìdhle,
No nì s-am bi spòrs.
Cha-n éisd mi ceòl fìdhle,
No nì s-am bi spòrs,
'S mi fo chumhadh an fhleasgaich,
So ghreas mi gu fhòd.

Tha mo chion air a' ghille,
Dh' fhàg fo iomadan mi,
'S chaoidh cha ghabh mi fear eile,
Gu-s an tig thu mi rìs,

Gu-s an tig thu mi dhachaidh,
Le do *phass* agad sgrìobht,
B' annsa pòg bho d' bheul daithte,
Na bheil aca do nì.

Tha mo chion air a ghaisgeach,
Is maisich tha beò,
Dha 'm math an tig breacan,
Féile preasach is còt ;
Ite 'n eòin an deadh-chleachdadh,
Air an fhleasgach is bòidhch',
'S thug mi gaol dhuit gun teagamh,
A ghreas mi gu fhòd.

Tha mo ghaol-sa an cómhnaidh,
Fo chòt' aig an righ,
'S gur e 'm fleasgach is bòidhche,
Thug Diùc Gòrdain bhuaim fhìn
Ach na'n tigt' thu air fòrlach,
'S mi gu-m pòs' tu gun nì,
'S ged a bhiodh tu ad Choirneal,
Ghaoil, bu leòir dhuit-sa mi.

'S lìonar maighdean òg uasal,
Tha 's-an uair so gun mhiadh,
'S mur pòs iad ri buachaillean,
Cha-n 'eil daoin'-uails' ann d' an trian.
'S ma 's a fiù leò bhi luaidh riu,
Balaich shuarach nach fhiach,
'S ann tha na fiùranan suairce,
'S an ruaig fo an righ.

Tha mi fhéin air a h-aon ann,
Ged nach fhaod dhomh bhi mòr,
Ann am beartas an t-saoghail,
Cha taobh mi ri m' bheo,
Fear air son chaorach,
No crodh-laoigh mu-n a' chro,
Chaoidh cha phos mi ri ùmaidh,
'S cha churaidh leam e.

Bha mi uair an am barail,
Gu-n robh mi daingionn dhiom fhìn,
'S nach robh 'fheara air thalamh,
Na mhealladh mo chridh',
Gu-s an d' thàinig an gallan,
A dh' fhàs fearail air thìr,
'S rinn e nise mo mhealladh,
'S fhuair e 'n gealladh ud dhiom.

Many are the lays attesting the "unconquerable strength of love." Some very plaintive ones are cast in dramatic form. Here is a ballad of this kind. It is two or three hundred years old, and tells how the course of true love was violently interrupted. It is perhaps vain to inquire who were the parties, injuring and injured. They evidently belonged to the higher ranks.

ISE.

Ged a chuir sibh mi'm priosan,
Cha do ghoid mi riamh nì bhuaibh,
'S cha mho thug mi laoigh á n-ur cro.

Mur d' thug mi 'n cion-falaicht,
Dha 'n oigear dheas, fhearail,
Theid air thùs an t-sluaigh bharr air an torr.

Ach s' beag dh' àrdan Clann-'ic-Griogair,
'S meud m' earlaid gun tig iad,
Ged a dhianadh iad sligean mu'r bord.

Ged a leagadh iad an caisteal,
Eadar fiodh agus clachan,
Agus mise 'thoirt a mach air bharr feoir.

Fhir na dearg-ghruaidh dhuibhe,
Tha mi deurach 'g ad chumhadh,
Bho'n la reub thu cuan sruthach nan ron.

Bu tu iasgair na h- amhna,
Moch 'g a iarraidh 's 'g a fhaighinn,
'S cha bhiodh miann air na mnathaibh ad choir.

Agus sealgair a' mhunaidh,
'N uair a rach tu air d'uilinn,
Chuirea' tu an damh mulcach fo leon.

'S ged a racha' tu dh' Eirinn,
'S 'a Shasuinn an déigh sin.
Thig thu dhachaidh mu 'n téid orm snaim-phosaidh.

Ged a rachadh mo cheangal,
Eadar lamhan is cnaimhean,
'S mo chur ann an geamhal le ord.

'S ged a rinn sibh mo ghlasadh,
Far nach fhaod mi leus 'fhaicinn,
Cha teid do ghaol as mo bheachd-sa ri 'm bheo.

ESAN.

Naile! 's mis' tha fo mhi-ghean,
Gar-n dian mi 'chach innseadh,
Ach 'g a chumail orm fhìn 'na throm cheo.

Mi 'bhi cumhadh na gruagaich,
Bu ghlain 'rughadh a gruaidhean,
Na 'n t-ubhal 'ga bhuain bharr meoir.

Righ ! gur diombach mi 'n latha
Bha do chùmhnant 's an t-sabhal,
Nach robh mi 's mo cheathairn ad choir.

Cha b' ann le cuireadh do bhàinnse,
Ach bhual' bhuillean mar naimhdean,
'S dhianainn fuil orra le lainn ghéir gu 'm broig.

Dhìolainn snighe do shuilean,
Do leann-dubh is do chùram,
Air na shuidh mu na buird 's an tigh-osd'.

Gur e fàth mo chion féin ort,
'Mheud 's tha fhàilteachd 'n ad aodainn,
'S nach eil àrdan gun chéill ann do shron.

There is a terrible reality about the great burden of sorrow set forth in the next ballad. It is throughout a wild wail of grief and despair. So far as I am aware there is no other composition in Gaelic poetry like it. Although frequently sung, I have been unable to ascertain to what district or time the legend belongs. Sixteen of the verses given below are to be found in Sinclair's "Oranaiche."

'Dol null thar Cumhann-Cuilinn,
Bhuail mulad gle mhor mi.

Sgailc a fhuair mi 's-an leth-cheann,
Leanas 'm feast ri mo bheo rium.

Ruith mi corr is naoi miltean,
Anns an tir nach robh m' eolas.

Rinn mi sin ann 'san oidhche,
Airson na maighdinn bu bhoidhche.

'S 'nuair rainig mi 'm baile,
Cha robh aighear no ceol ann.

Cha robh cluich ann air cairtean,
Na farum air ol ann.

Cha robh furan air uaislean,
No luaidh air gill og ann.

Bha na mnathan ri fuaigheal,
Na gruagaichean bronach.

'S i 'na sìneadh air déile,
'S an léine fhuair, reoite.

'Na sìneadh fo 'n uinneig,
Far nach cluinn i mo chomhradh.

Ann an cisd nan ceud tarunn,
Fo do mheall shùilean boidheach.

Ann an ciste caol ghiuthais,
'N déidh a dubhadh gu boidheach.

Tha d' fhalt mar an dìthein,
'Bhios a' cinntinn 's an eorna.

'Nuair a chuireadh tu cìr ann,
B' fhada chì:' e air boidhchead.

Le 'ghilead 's le 'thanad,
Chìte faileas an oir dhe.

'S daor a cheannaich mi 'n t-anart,
Chaidh mu 'd mheall-shùilean boidheach.

'S daor a cheannaich mi 'n trusgan,
Chaidh a thrusadh mu 'd dhorna.

Dhomh-sa b'aithne do bheusan,
'Bhi gun leumraich gun mhor-chuis.

Ghlac thu ciall agus gliocas,
Moran tuigs' agus eolais.

Bha thu maiseach is beusach,
Bha thu spéiceil, neo-sporsail.

Ach fhir chruthaich an saoghal,
Cum mi-féin gun dol gorach.

Cum mo chiall rium 's mo ghliocas,
Gus an tig thu 'g am fheoraich.

'S dubh choisich mi 'n oidhche.
Chum na maighdinn bu bhoidhche.

T.S.

THE TRAGEDY OF CLACH-NAN-CEANN.

A Sgeulachd of the Rannoch Camerons.

(Continued.)

Immediately after The Mackintosh had committed the terrible crime of dashing Marsali's three little boys against *Clach-nan-ceann*, he was seized with a bitter fit of remorse, and he and his men fled with much precipitation from Rannoch to Badenoch. They seemed to have experienced that peculiar feeling which is known amongst military men by the name of *panic*—a terror proceeding, not from the physical, but the spiritual world. "The wicked flee," says the Jewish proverb, "when no man pursueth;" and the Mackintosh chief and his followers ran that evening round the west end of Loch Rannoch and northwards by the wilds of Loch Ericht, with as much speed as if all the furies of the nethermost abyss were hotly pursuing them. Hence the saying in reference to this :—

"Theich Macantoisich mach bho Raineach
Mar chu le earball mu chasan,
'S a dhaoin' a' guil 's a' bual' am basan ;
Ach O ! cha d' theich e bho'n a mhod
Shuidh steach an cridhe Mhicantoisich,
Ga dhiteadh anns an aobhar mhor so."

That is—

"Mackintosh ran off from Rannoch
Like dog with tail between his legs,
And his men wept and smote their palms ;
But O ! he 'scaped not from the court
That sat in Mackintosh's heart
And sentenced him in this great cause."

When the chief arrived at his Castle in Badenoch, he found that although he could transfer his body he could not transfer his mind from the scene of the tragedy. It is a curious psychological, and, perhaps, partly physiological fact, that, when a man commits a murder in cold blood, the world of consciousness becomes to him for some time at least greatly enlarged, so as to embrace within its cognisance certain portions of the spiritual world. Whether this arises from the supremacy claimed by conscience over the inner man, or from the deeper impressions made by deeds of horror on the tablets of the memory and imagination, or from a combination of both, the stern reality

remains all the same, that the murderer is doomed while in this world to endure sights and visions of the world of spirits; and that in some cases he propagates his new faculty in the form of second sight to his posterity. The Mackintosh soon felt the full force of this enlarged faculty of vision. The scenery of Rannoch was now ever present in his sight as a view within the view around him; and the dead bodies of the children and Ewen and Ian appeared fixedly before his eyes in the act of being slain. The scenery and subjects of the murder also haunted his nightly slumbers, and were only interrupted by more horrible visions of avenging demons and a threatened judgment to come. Then at night noises were constantly being heard throughout the Castle, passing from room to room. At one time a tap-tap-tap was made at the stair-head; at another time a noise was heard as if a dead weight were being dragged across one of the room floors; and always about the still hour of midnight the faint and weird cry resounded through the Castle as of little children that were being murdered in some far distant place. Day and night were alike rendered hideous under this new faculty of revelation.

The poor chief was in a sad predicament. A settled gloom took possession of his countenance, and he lost flesh day by day, until at length he was reduced to a gaunt and miserable skeleton of his former self. His attendants got alarmed, and recommended a change of scene as the most likely means of alleviating his melancholy. He removed to Moy Hall; but the scene and subjects of the murder still dogged him there, and some circumstances of terror were added even more alarming. He removed thence to Aberarder; but the scene and subjects of the murder still dogged him there, and some circumstances of terror were superadded even more alarming. At length, in despair, he wandered away alone to a desolate moor on the confines of Lochaber; but even then he found that the vast solitudes of nature in the external world were no refuge to him from the cloud of witnesses that troubled his repose in the inner man, and constantly bore testimony against him at the bar of conscience.

At long last The Mackintosh went to a priest and made confession. The good man received him kindly, and heard his tale of murder to the end. He then shook his head, and said he

could not grant absolution for the sin and guilt incurred by the commission of such an awful crime without deep and heartfelt repentance, and a long course of severe penance. The priest recommended him, however, in the meantime to go to his castle in Badenoch; and, as often as his melancholy and pneumascopy came on, to make his piper play one of those doleful laments which form such an important branch of Highland pipe music, and to make confession of his sins while the piper was playing. "Your case," said the worthy father, "is partly like that of King Saul; you require music to drive away the evil spirits that trouble you and to make you well, and melancholy music is the proper cure for melancholy. Your case is also partly like that of King David, who composed and sang the *Miserēre* in confession of his sins, and so obtained pardon; and you should also sing the confession of your sins, and so obtain pardon through the finished work and intercession of the Saviour."

The Mackintosh felt considerable relief after having thus unburdened his mind to a fellow-mortal who so faithfully enjoined repentance and held out some hope of ultimate pardon. He returned to Badenoch; and, having sent immediately for his piper, he requested him to be at all times ready to play in front of the castle—when asked to do so—a selection of the most mournful airs and laments he knew in Highland pipe music. The piper touched his bonnet, bowed gracefully to his chief, and told him he should have much pleasure in so serving him; and on the spur of the moment he went out and composed and played in front of the castle a lament which has ever since become classical in Highland music; and it is said that he performed on his instrument the various measures of this extemporised *Pibroch* in such melting and exquisite wails of sorrow, that the Mackintosh not only felt his hard heart softened down and subdued, but was so fired with an inspiration kindred to that of the musician that he composed the following stanzas and sang them at intervals to the recurring strain:—

I.

"Mharsailidh, Mharsailidh,
Mharsailidh Dhunain,
Gur truagh mi air thalamh
La rinn thu mo dhiultadh;

'S e cumha Mhicantoisich
Gun d' rinn mi do chiuradh ;
Ach 'se bogh' 'n droch codhail
Thug ormsa bhi bruideal."

II.

"Tha *Tigh-na-dige, Tigh-na-dige,*
Tigh-na-dige 'g eighich
Le fuil *Chlach-nan-ceann*
Suas gus na neamhan ;
Tha Croiscrag is Leagag
A freagairt ri cheile,
Mullach Meall a Bhubair
Is luban nam feithean.

III.

"Tha tanasgan, tanasgan,
Tanasg' nam paisdean,
Ag eirigh fa 'm' chomhair
Mar gum biodh iad an sgathain ;
Tha Eoghan 'sa chladach
Air a mhort le Ardlaraich
Is Iain an Loch Raineach
'S an lion air a bhathadh.

IV.

"Pheacaich mi, pheacaich mi
'D aghaidhs', a Dhe, nis ;
A' d' aghaidhsa pheacaich mi
Athair anns na neamhan ;
Ach glan mi 'san tobair
Chaidh fhosgladh le h-eufachd,
Is bios mi na's gile
N'an sneachd air Beinn Nebheis."

That is—

I.

"Marsali, Marsali,
Marsali of Dunan,
I've a wretch been on earth
Ever since you refused me ;
'Tis the Mackintosh lament
That I feel I have wronged you ;
But 'twas the bow of ill omen
That made me so brutish.

II.

"*Tigh-na-dige, Tigh-na-dige,*
Tigh-na-dige is wailing
With the blood of *Clach-nan-ceann*
Up to the heavens ;
Croiscrag and Leagag
Reply to one another
The top of Meall-a-Bhubair
And the bends of the streamlets.

III.

" The spectres, the spectres,
The spectres of the children
Now rise up before me
As if in a mirror ;
Ewen on the beach
Murdered by Ardlarich
And Iain in Loch Rannoch
Drowned in the fish-net.

IV.

" I have sinned, I have sinned
Against Thee, O God, now ;
'Gainst Thee have I sinned
O Father in the heavens ;
But cleanse me in the fountain
That was opened effectual
And I shall be whiter
Than the snow on Ben Nevis."

The chief continued to practise this choral repentance to the notes of the bagpipes for more than a month. Never before or since were such strains of doleful and melancholy music so constantly and unvaryingly played around a human habitation ; and never was there a more extraordinary course of penance performed to such music than could now be listened to at the Mackintosh's castle in Badenoch. The scenery and subjects of the *Clach-nan-ceann* tragedy came back over and over again in all their sickening horrors ; and it was found out that the constant wailing of the bagpipes out-of-doors, and the constant confession of the guilt and the enormity of the crime indoors were the only efficacious means for exercising the avenging demons of Rannoch from the mental vision of the chief.

But although The Mackintosh was sincere enough in his repentance, and earnestly desired to have the guilt of the murders he had committed removed from his conscience, it was manifest that he could not long bear the strain of the penance he was undergoing from day to day, and that a violent reaction must sooner or later needs come. Judging, indeed, from the moral constitution of the man, it could not well be otherwise ; for to suppose that under such circumstances a permanent saint could all at once, and without any relapse, be formed out of such material would be the premising of nothing short of a miracle.

About the beginning of December, when the snow-storm already referred to came on, a small party of the chief's old boon companions paid him a visit, and, as had been their wont in former times, stayed along with him for some time as guests in the castle. They experienced every kindness at the hands of their host, but they could not help expressing to him their astonishment at the continual wailings of the bagpipes outside the castle, and his own strange and unaccountable conduct within. "What is the reason, chief," asked they, "that you are keeping that poor piper of yours out in this cold weather at all hours of the day and night playing one continual string of *coronachs*, and that you are yourself so sad and sorrowful?" The chief frankly told his friends all the circumstances of his case—the affair of the *Bow*; the Tragedy of *Clach-nan-ceann*; how he was troubled with the scenery and ghosts of Rannoch; how he had gone to a priest; and how he was now carrying out that holy man's recommendation that he should make a long and continuous confession of his sins to the saddest airs and laments that could be played on the bagpipes. This narrative brought on nothing but great guffaws of laughter from his companions. Mackintosh bit his lip, but was too polite to tell them how annoyed he felt at their making light of what was to him in reality a very serious matter. But from laughter they proceeded to earnest, and recommended him to change this way of doing altogether by telling the piper to strike up a more lively air, and by himself consenting to eat and drink and make merry with his friends. The chief hesitated for some time, as if in very serious doubt what was best to do in the circumstances; but at length the reactionary force, already at work within him, combined with the desire to be hospitable to his guests, carried the day against the dictates of religion and conscience. He sent word to the piper to strike up a lively tune; ordered the bottles and glasses to be produced; and there and then entered upon a course of eating and drinking, which for weeks to come rendered his castle an extraordinary and disgusting scene of dissipation and revelry. It was here as elsewhere in the physical and moral worlds—a tendency to swing from one extreme to the other—from an extreme of religiosity on the one hand, to an extreme of casting aside all the bonds of religion and decency on the other.

On Christmas Eve a high festival was held in the castle, not

so much in honour of the Babe of Bethlehem as of Bacchus. The chief and his friends ate and drank, and finished off as usual by getting glorious over their glasses. But when The Mackintosh was retiring at midnight the ghost of Ewen Cameron appeared before him in the corridor, and raising up his shadowy right arm pointed to him with his hand, and, in hollow and sepulchral tones. said :—

"Mhicantoisich mhort mo phaisdean,
Bios tu 'nochd ad thruaghan grannda,
Is air do mhaslach 'leis an Taillear."

That is—

"O Mackintosh that slew my children,
To-night thou'lt be a sorry wretch,
And sore dishonoured by the Tailor."

SIGMA.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SINCLAIRS OF ENGLAND.—Trubner & Co., London. This is an interesting volume to those who may take the time and trouble to study the historical details connected with a once powerful family, whose blood is more or less mixed up with the principal baronial families of Great Britain. The history of the Sinclairs of Scotland is well known, and the same may be said of the Sinclairs of Denmark, Sweden, and other countries. But, strange to say, during so many centuries, the Sinclairs of England, although some of the name occupied very honourable and distinguished positions, have been without a family history. The present volume is intended to supply the want which has been so much felt, and to do for the Sinclairs of England what has been done in several forms for the Sinclairs of Scotland. The author, whoever he may be, must be recommended for the careful and satisfactory manner in which he completed his task. The book is clearly and vigorously written, while he has dealt in a very comprehensive, yet distinct manner, with the different branches of the family. The contents of the volume conclusively show at a glance the extensive field over which the author had to travel, so that he might give in a condensed form a general idea of the leading heroes of the Sinclairs in England, with the permanent characteristics for which they were famed. The Sinclairs are intimately associated with the most northern county in Scotland, namely Caithness, but it appears from the volume before us that the Sinclairs have been far away south, in the county of Cornwall; indeed, our author treats us to a chapter on "The Sinclairs of Cornwall." It is to be hoped that this volume will find its way to the library of every antiquarian in this country.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MACLEODS.

[By Alexander Mackenzie.]

The Macleods of Raasay.

(Continued.)

The history of this branch of the Macleods is throughout more than usually difficult to trace. It is specially so at this period. Being a subordinate sept, any references to the family in the public records are few and meagre, and the references to be found refer more to relatives—brothers, uncles, and sons—than to the heads of the house. It would appear that there was always a notorious, wild, mischief-making "John Macgillechallum" among the most immediate connexions of the family, but no one named John seems to have been among the chiefs. When and how "Ian na Tuaighe"—John of the Axe—ended his days we have not been able to ascertain, but there is no doubt that he was succeeded by a son or a near relative who inherited his blood-thirsty and most daring characteristics. What the exact relationship of his successor in evil—this second John—had to the head of the house in 1612 it is impossible at present to say. That he was in no respect better than his namesake of the Axe is clear from the picture presented of him in the following references, which we extract from the Register of the Scottish Privy Council:—

On the 16th of March, 1592-93, "Macgillecallum of Raarsay's"

name appears among those of several other chiefs, Lowland and Highland, in the Register of the Privy Council, on which occasion the King, with the advice of his Council, ordained letters to be issued to relax the persons named therein from the horn for any cause bygone, to receive them to the King's peace, "and gif them the wand thereof." In 1594-95 we find an entry on the 6th of February denouncing Macleod of Raasay and others for not appearing to answer a charge of reif. The complaint is at the instance of Alexander Bane of Tulloch, and it says that "Upon 7th September last Gillichallum Rasa, laird of Rasa; John Mac-Gillichallum Rasa, his son; Alexander Ley, Andro Ley, Angus Pyper, Hucheon McInglas, Alexander McEan McRory, John McWilliame Dow, with their accomplices, broken men and sorners, came to the complainer's lands of and Auchnaglerauch and reft and awaytuke furth thairof tuelff scoir ky, fyve hundreth sheep, tua hundreth gait, and tuentie horse and meiris;" and that they had often before committed sundry acts of oppression and degradation upon him. The pursuer was represented by Duncan Bane, apparent heir of Tulloch and Mr. Ranald Bane, his heirs and procurators. The defenders did not appear, and were ordered to be denounced as rebels.

On the 25th of December, 1595, there is a complaint at the instance of Tulloch and Alexander Bane, Fiar of Loggie, against the Rev. John Mackenzie, minister of Urray, who, "forgetful of that calling and profession whereunto he is received, and of the good example which, by his good life and conversation, he should give to others," has been guilty of many "insolencies and open and manifest oppressions" against the complainers, "as namely by reset and herding within his house of John Macgillichallum Rasa, a common and notorious thief, and limmer, and denounced rebel, for open and avowed theft in the month of May last," and who had come to the said Mr. John's house "upon set purpose and provision to lie derne and quiet there" till he might find the opportunity to murder Mr. Hucheon McConeill Bane and Duncan Bane, son of the said Alexander Bane, younger of Tulloch. After he had remained with the Rev. Mr. John the space of 48 hours, "upon sure knowledge had by the said Mr. John of his barbarous and wicked intention," he had come out of the said house at night

to the dwelling-place of the said Hucheon of set purpose to slay him, which he would have done if Hucheon, getting information of his intention, "had not convoyed himselff and the said barne away." Since that time the said Mr. John had come to the complainer's lands of Urray, "cut his ploughs and 'rigwiddeis,' and thereby, and by others the like open and manifest oppressions, has laid and holds the said lands waste." The Rev. Mr. John did not appear, and was denounced a rebel.

It would seem that a Mr. John "Irwing of Kynnock" became cautioner on the 29th December, 1595, for the Rev. John Mackenzie, of Urray, to the amount of 300 merks, that he would appear on the 3rd of February following to answer the complaint made against him by the Banes respecting "the reset" and protection of this John Macgillechallum, Raasay. The bond is deleted by warrant, subscribed by the King's hand at Edinburgh on the 17th of January, 1595-96.*

There is another complaint by the same parties in connection with this matter, on the 6th of February, 1595-96, from which it appears that John Macgillechallum, Rasa, had been put to the horn on the 7th of March, 1594, but, notwithstanding this, "he not only remains unreleased from the horn, but continues in his wicked and accustomed trade of reif, theft, sorning, and oppression, seeking all indirect and shameful means to wreck and destroy him (Bane of Tulloch) and his bairns. Thus, lately he sent to the complainer, desiring him to give over to him his old heritage called Torrertane [Torridon], with assurance, if he do not the same, to burn his whole corns and goods." In these insolencies he is "encouraged and set forward by the consort, reset, and supply which he receives of Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail and his friends, he being near kinsman to the said Kenneth, viz., his father's sister's son, who, in that respect, shows him all good offices of friendship and courtesy, indirectly assisting him with his men, and moyan in all his enterprises against the said complainer and his bairns, without whose oversight and allowance, and protection it were not able to have a reset in any part of the country." The complainer, Bane of Tulloch, is then described as a decrepit aged man past eighty years of age; and being blind for several years,

*Register of the Privy Council, folio 316, b.

"he mon meane himself to his Majestie for remeid." He is represented by Alexander Bane, Fiar of Loggie, and Mr. Ranald Bane. Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail appears personally, and the King and Council remits the matter before the judges competent to deal with it.

On the 21st of March, 1596-97, there is an entry in the Register of the Privy Council that Roderick Mor Macleod of Dunvegan appeared, and became bound in 10,000 (? merks), "be the faith and treuth of his body," to acknowledge his Highness as his only Sovereign Lord, to make his men obey the King's lieutenants "in repressing of the insolence" of the inhabitants of the Isles and Highlands; also that Donald Macleud, son of Johnne Macleud of Rosok (? Raasay), appointed to remain in Edinburgh as pledge for the obedience of Rory Mor, shall remain till the return of and entry of the said Roderick upon the 30th of November following. The Clerk of Council subscribed this obligation on Rory Mor's behalf.

On the death of Malcolm Garbh MacGillechallum in 1611, he was succeeded by his second and eldest surviving son,

IV. ALEXANDER MACLEOD of Raasay, then apparently a minor, for he was not served heir to his father until the 18th of February, 1617. It is clear that he succeeded to the Chiefship in 1611, from a letter of King James's, dated at Whitehall on the 5th of November in that year, whereby his Majesty granted to Andrew, Bishop of the Isles, "all and whatsomever sums of money shall be found resting and owing to his Majesty by Donald Gorm of Sleat, Rory Macleod of Harris, Lachlan Mackinnon of Strathardle, Alexander MacGillechallum of Raasay," and other Highland chiefs named, for any taxes due to the King by these chiefs or their predecessors prior to the 1st of July, 1606.

In 1626 Thomas Knox, Bishop of the Isles, makes a report of his diocese, its lands, incumbents, ministers, and rents. Having described the Isle of Skye, he says:—"Near this country lies the small island of Scalpa, and to the north of Scalpa lieth Rasa, belonging to the Abbot of Icolmkill, is possessed by the Earl of Seaforth. He has no tack nor acknowledges any rent" for it. According to the Laird of Applecross' manuscript History of the Mackenzies, Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, tutor to Colin,

first Earl of Seaforth, employed himself in settling his pupil's estate, "which he did to that advantage that ere his minority passed he freed his estate, leaving him master of an opulent fortune and of great superiorities, for he acquired the superiority of Troternish, with the heritable Stewartry of the Isle of Skye, the superiority of Raasay," and several other islands.*

On the 19th of September, 1628, Macleod entered into an agreement, at the Castle of Duntulm, with Colin Earl of Seaforth, Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, John Macleod of Dunvegan, John Macranald of Islandtirum, and Sir Lachlan Mackinnon of Strath, for the preservation of deer and roe on their respective properties, and the punishment of trespassers in pursuit of game on any part of their estates. This document, a most curious and interesting one, has been already quoted in full, under "The Macleods of Harris and Dunvegan," *Celtic Magazine*, Vol. XI., pp. 340-42, and therefore need not be further referred to here.† In the body of this contract Macleod is described as "Alexander McGillichallum of Rasa."

Alexander married with issue—

1. Alexander, his heir and successor.

2. John, whose son, also John, ultimately succeeded to the chiefship, and carried on the representation of the family.

He died before 1643, when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

V. ALEXANDER MACLEOD, served heir to his father, described as "Alexander MacGillechallum Mhic Gillechallum," on the 20th of August, 1643. The rental of Raasay, as entered in the Valuation Roll of the County of Inverness in 1644, was £666 13s. 4d., Scots.

Alexander married Sibella, eldest daughter of Roderick Mackenzie, I. of Applecross, by his wife, Florence, daughter of Murdoch Mackenzie, II. of Redcastle, with issue—

1. John Garbh, his heir and successor.
2. Janet; 3, Giles, who were afterwards, in 1688, on the death of their brother, without issue, served heirs of line, conquest, and provision to their father.

* Mackenzie's *History of the Mackenzies*, pp. 168-69.

† The contract is recorded in the General Register of Deeds, Vol. 408, on the 3rd of November, 1628.

He died before 1648, and was succeeded by his only son,

VI. JOHN GARBH MACLEOD, who was served heir to his father on the 22nd of September, 1648. This chief was distinguished for his great strength. He was universally admitted to be the most powerful and best built Highlander of his time, and the gallantry of his personal exploits was a household word among his contemporaries. He met his death at the early age of twenty-one, while returning from the Lewis, where he was on a visit to his relative, George, second Earl of Seaforth. The vessel in which he was on his way home went down in a great storm on the north coast of Skye, when John Garbh and all on board perished. He was very highly esteemed, and his untimely fate was deeply mourned, not only by his young wife and family connexions, but by all who knew him. The famous Skye poetess, *Mairi Nighean Alastair Ruaidh*, composed a touching lament in his memory, which is given at length in Mackenzie's "*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*." His own sister also composed an elegy of considerable merit, in which his praises and personal prowess are set forth. The celebrated Patrick Mor MacCrimmon, Macleod of Dunvegan's family piper, commemorated the sad event by composing the famous *Piobaireachd*, "John Garbh Macleod of Raasay's Lament," one of the most pathetic, and greatest favourites among crack pipers on appropriate occasions to the present day.

He married, shortly before his death, Janet, third daughter of Sir Roderick Mor Macleod of Dunvegan, and, dying without issue, the male representation of the family devolved upon his cousin-german,

VII. ALEXANDER MACLEOD, son of John, second son of Alexander, fourth, and brother of Alexander fifth chief of the family. He seems to have been quite young when he succeeded to the representation of the family, and for a time the estates did not follow the chiefship. "In 1688 Janet and Giles Macleods, *alias* McAlaster Vic Gillechallum were served heirs of line, conquest, and provision to their father, Alexander McLeod *alias* McAlaster Vic Gillechallum of Raasay, who was the son and heir of the deceased Alexander McLeod, *alias* McGillechallum, the grandfather of the said Janet and Giles McLeods *alias* McAlaster Vic Gillichallum, who was the son and heir of Malcolm McLeod

alias McGillicallum of Rasay, the great-grandfather of the said Janet and Giles McLeods, *alias* McAlaster Vic Gillicallum of Rasay, in the lands of Rasay, including the towns, lands, islands, lie grassings of Kilmaluack, Ausach, Balliechurne, Balliemeanoch, Inveruig, Glam, Moisnes, Brochill, with the pertinents of Sciepadeall, Hallag, Leaghk, Kamiorick, Lieboast, Slagandine, Slachro, Fearne, Stair, Ire, Shuashnesmore, Shuasnesbeg, Inneraross, Boradell, Glen, and Kylehan, and the two islands commonly called Rona and Fladda."*

It is curious to find that in 1630 Alexander Maclean had been served heir to his father, "Donald M'Leane M'Ferquhard M'Eachen in the same lands.

Alexander Macleod obtained a resignation of the whole estate from his cousins, Janet and Giles, the heirs of line, and secured a charter of all the lands of Raasay in his own favour, dated the 19th of August, 1692, whereupon he was duly infeft in the family estates.

He married Catherine second daughter of Sir Norman Macleod first of Bernera (third son of Sir Roderick Mor Macleod of Dunvegan) by his second wife, Catherine, eldest daughter of Sir James Macdonald, second baronet of Sleat, with issue—a son and successor.

She married secondly Angus Macdonald of Scotus, brother of the celebrated warrior, Alastair Dubh of Glengarry, whose direct male representatives died out in 1868, when the descendant of Alexander Macleod of Raasay's widow, by her second marriage, became chief of Glengarry.

Alexander was succeeded by his son,

VIII. MALCOLM MACLEOD, eighth of Raasay. Though the Chief of Dunvegan finally decided not to join Prince Charles in 1745, Malcolm of Raasay, accompanied by his third son, Dr. Murdoch Macleod of Eyre, and Captain Malcolm Macleod, his nephew, joined the Prince at the head of a hundred of the Macleods of Raasay. Like many other Highland proprietors of that stirring period, Malcolm kept his eldest son out of the Rising, and before he joined the Prince himself he took the precaution to convey the estate to John, his heir and successor, so that, what-

* *Origines Parochiales Scotiae*, Vol. II., Part I, p. 348.

ever might happen, the property should be safe. In the Account of Charge and Discharge by Mr. Murray of Broughton, published in the appendix to Chambers' History of the Rebellion of 1745-6, there is an entry of £20, which had been forwarded to Macleod of Raasay, and another sum of £40, "sent from the wood on the side of Locharkik, by Macleod of Bernera to Macleod of Raza, upon receipt of a letter from him complaining that the former was too small." It would appear, from a note appended to the account, that the complaint was somewhat pointed, for Macleod "wrote with a little too much warmth." So warm was his protest that Mr. Alexander Macleod, younger of Neuck, afterwards of Muiravonside, made an apology to Mr. Murray for him "and begged that it might not prevent from sending a [second] supply." After the battle of Culloden, old Macleod found his way back in safety to Raasay, where for a time he continued in hiding. The Government search was, however, getting so close, and the danger of capture by the enemy becoming more likely every day, that he determined upon removing for greater security to a more inaccessible place on the mainland. For this purpose he escaped to the wilds of Knoydart, the property of his friend John Macdonell of Glengarry, whose second son, Angus, was "out," though he remained at home himself on the same principle upon which Raasay kept his own eldest son out of personal participation in the struggle—to protect the estate.

Malcolm married Mary, daughter of Alexander Macleod, III. of Applecross, by his first wife, Anne, daughter of Alexander Fraser, Tutor of Lovat by his wife, Sibella, daughter of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, and widow of John Macleod XIV. of Harris and Dunvegan. By this lady Macleod of Raasay had issue—

1. John, his heir and successor.

2. Norman, an officer in the service of the States General.

3. Dr. Murdoch of Eyre, in Skye, who married and had issue, Malcolm Macleod of Eyre and others.

4. Janet who, in 1743, married, as his second wife, John Mackinnon of Mackinnon with issue—(1) Charles who, born in 1753,

became Chief of Mackinnon; (2) Lauchlan, who died, unmarried, in Jamaica; and (3) a daughter, Margaret.

5. Florence, who married Roderick Macdonald of Sandaig; and secondly Archibald Macqueen of Totterome, Isle of Skye.

Malcolm was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be continued.)

UNPUBLISHED PROVERBS.

Is beag an suidhe nach dean uidhe.
Time is lost by even a little tarrying.

Is fhearr greim caillich na tagar righ
An old wife's grip is better than a king's claim.

Ged is mor Creag-a-Chodh, is beag a math.
Though Creag-Coe is big, it is useless.
[Said by a man who was complimented on the size of his wife—a useless body.]

Is minig bha 'm posadh luath na phosadh truagh, 's am posadh mall na phosadh dall.
Often is an early marriage a poor marriage, and a late marriage often a blind marriage.

Is iomodh cu coimheach rinn tabhan teth 'n Raineach.
Many a strange dog has barked hotly in Rannoch.

Crathaidh an cu 'earball ris an neach a bheir da.
The dog will wag his tail for him who gives him something.

I.—THE ORIGIN OF THE CLAN MACLEAN.

[By the REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.]

THE founder of the Clan Maclean was Gilleain na Tuaighe—Gilleain of the Battle-axe. The name Gilleain, or Gille-Eoin, is of ecclesiastical origin, and means servant of John. Gilleain was thus a person who had been dedicated at his baptism to the service of John, the Apostle. The fact that he was known as Gilleain na Tuaighe does not indicate, however, that he walked very much in the footsteps of that man of peace.

It is held by some witness that the Macleans are of Norman origin. Gilleain, it is maintained, was a son of John Fitz-Thomas, chief of the Geraldines in Ireland, who was descended from a certain Otho that came over to England with William the Conqueror. This theory is of comparatively recent origin. Probably the earliest trace of it on record is to be found in a manuscript history of the Clan Mackenzie, written by George, First Earl of Cromarty, in 1669. It has no foundation upon which to rest. Besides, it is contrary to well-known facts. It is simply the invention of those Highland genealogists of the sixteenth century who believed it was more honourable to be descended from some Danish pirate, Norman knight, or Irish kingling than from an honest farmer, hunter, or shepherd of their own glens. It stands upon a level with the absurd notion that the Kelts of Scotland and Ireland are descended from Gathelus and Scota, daughter of Pharaoh, king of Egypt.

Dr. Kennedy, in his "Dissertation on the Royal Line of the Stuarts," and the Rev. John Beaton, the last seanachaidh of the Macleans of Duart, trace Gilleain back to Erc, an Irish chieftain, and through Erc to Aonghas Tuirmeach Teamhrach, an ancient monarch of Ireland. Erc was the father of Loarn, Angus, and Fergus, the founders of the kingdom of Dalriada in Argyleshire, where they settled about 506 A.D. According to the Irish annalists, Aonghas Tuirmeach Teamhrach, or Angus of many descendants, who lived in Tara, was a very good king, and ruled over Ireland during the long period of sixty years.

It is, of course, impossible to prove that Gilleain was not descended from one of the three sons of Erc. At the same time we have no evidence upon which we can depend to show that he was. So far as Aonghas Tuirmeach Teamhrach is concerned, he may or may not have existed.

That the Macleans are of purely Highland origin may be regarded as an unquestionable fact. Skene, who has studied Scottish history more thoroughly than any other man living, maintained this view quite firmly both in his "Highlanders of Scotland" and in that magnificent work, "Celtic Scotland." Indeed, we cannot see how any man in the light of the present age could hold any other view.

About the year 1160 Malcolm IV. King of Scotland removed a large number of the old inhabitants of the district of Moray from their homes, and planted strangers from the Lowlands in their place. Skene, in his "Highlanders of Scotland," started the theory that among the peoples removed by King Malcolm from their homes in Moray were the ancestors of the Macleans. He considered it not "unlikely that Glenurchart was their original residence." He regarded the district of Lorn as their oldest seat in Argyleshire—the place to which they had been removed by King Malcolm. This theory, so far as we can see, has no foundation. There is not any real evidence to show that the ancestors of the Macleans had ever lived in the district of Moray.

The Macleans are descended from Sean Dughall Sgainne, Old Dugald of Scone. This Dugald, who was a venerable and just man, occupied an influential position in Perthshire in his day. He must have flourished about the year 1100.—*Skene's Celtic Scotland, page* 343, *and also page* 486.

Old Dougald of Scone had a son named Raingce. Raingce had three sons—Cucatha, Cusithe, and Cuduiligh. Cucatha, or dog of battle, was the progenitor of the Clan Conchatha in the district of Lennox, and Cusithe, or dog of peace, the progenitor of the Clan Consithe, in Fife. Of these clans we know nothing. It is possible that by the Clan Concatha the Colquhouns are meant. Cuduiligh became lay abbot of the Monastery of Lismore in Argyleshire. He had a son named Niall. Niall had a son named Rath, or Macrath. Rath, it is said, was married to a sister

of Somerled, Sombairle Mor Mac Gillebride, who was slain at Renfrew in 1164. He had a son named Gilleain, or Gille-Eoin. This Gilleain was the founder of the Clan Maclean.

There is a tradition to the effect that the Macleans and the Mackenzies are descended from a common ancestor. It is thus referred to by John Maclean, Am Bard MacGilleain, in his Marbhrann Thighearna Chola :—

" Bhiodh Mac-Coinnich air ghluasad
Ann ad aobhar, 's bu dual da bhi ann ;
Is gu'n robh sibh 'shliochd bhraithrean
A bha ainmeil ri 'n la anns a' champ."

That a close friendship existed between the Macleans and the Mackenzies is quite certain. Sir Lachlan Mor Maclean sent his son and heir, Hector, to be educated in the house of Cailean Cam, 11th Mackenzie of Kintail. Again, when Sir John Maclean was a child he was sent for protection from the Campbells to the Earl of Seaforth, with whom he lived several years. But whilst these things are true, we have no ground for supposing that the two clans were originally related. Gilleain, the ancestor of Coinneach, the founder of the Clan Mackenzie, was known as Gilleain na h'Airde. It is thus certain that he lived either in Aird Mhic-Shimi in Inverness-shire, or in Aird Rois, the name by which the mountainous region in the centre of Ross-shire was designated in early times. That the latter was his place of residence is highly probable. But Gilleain na Tuaighe lived in Argyleshire, and his ancestor, Sean Dughall Sgainne, in Perthshire. It is evident then that there is no foundation for the supposition that the Macleans and the Mackenzies are branches from the same stock.

GEORGE, FIFTH EARL OF CAITHNESS OF THE SINCLAIR LINE.

[By George M. Sutherland, F.S.A. Scot., Wick.]

(Continued.)

In 1872, Dr. Charles Rogers, while engaged in some antiquarian researches in the Public Record office, found MSS. of some interest, bearing on the Scottish nobility; and these form the subject of a neat volume which he afterwards published, under the name of "Estimate of the Scottish nobility during the minority of James the Sixth." The following is a reference to the Earl of Caithness from that volume as contained in a chapter of "The list and characters of the nobility." "Kathnes, George Sinclair, half-brother to this Erle Bothuille, by the mother's syde, is a youth of XVIJ years of age, under the tutorie of the Erle of Gowrie, who hath his wardeshipp (a cause of the late unkindness and harte burninge between him and Bothuille). Of his religion and inclination there is yet lyttle tryall. His power extendes over the bondes of Cathness, although the Erle Marischall and the Lord Oliphonte be porcioners with him of that countreye." It appears from a document called "The present state of Scotland," that the Earl of Caithness was more kindly disposed to France than to England. In a note of the "Especiall particularities concerning the present estate of the nobility here in Scotland (with Genealogical Notices by Lord Burghley)," the Earl of Caithness is described as follows: E. of Cathnesse, N. Sinklar, of XXIIItie yeares. His mother, a Heburne, sister to the E. Bothuell, and mother to this E. Bodwell, now livinge. So Bothuell and Cathnesse brothers by the mother side. His wife sister to the E. Huntley. The Mr. of Cathness, his brother of XXItie yeares His sonne and heire of 3 or 4 yeares. His lands in Cathnes."

In 1591, the Earl of Caithness figures among a list of "the papists and discontented Earls and Lords of Scotland," and under a list of "The present state of the nobility in Scotland," in the year 1592, there is the following allusion to him, among references of a somewhat similar character to others.—Erles, Survaynes

Religion : Cathnes—Sinckler—Neut : their ages : of 20 yeres ; his mother Hebburne, sister to Bothwell that died in Danemark, married this Huntlaie's sister.

From the above it appears that he was neither a Protestant nor a Roman Catholic, but a neutral—one whose religious convictions are guided to a considerable extent by public and private policy. In 1602 there is an entry about him as follows in "The Names and Titles of Erles and Lords of Scotland":—"In Catnes —George Erle of Catnes, of surname Sinclere ; he maried Gorden, sister to George, now Marqwes of Huntley, and by her hath children." There is not a very pleasing description of him in "A Catalogue of the Scottis Nobilitis," for he is set forth in this way—"The Erll of Kaitness, callit Sinklar, half-brother to Bothwell of the mother's syd ; Catholique, a violent, bloody man." It seems that a very brief time transferred him from the ranks of the neutrals in religion to the Roman Catholic faith.

Alexander Earl of Sutherland had in 1583 acquired the Superiority of Strathnaver, and also the office of Heritable Sheriff of both Sutherland and Strathnaver. These were given by the Earl of Huntley to the Earl of Sutherland, but the Earl of Caithness was very much dissatisfied at the conduct of his own relative in adding to the influence and power of his principal opponent. Lord Caithness made a strong representation to Huntley on the subject, and the latter was willing to defer somewhat to the wishes of the Earl of Caithness. Huntley no doubt approached the Earl of Sutherland with the view of giving effect to the wishes of Lord Caithness, but, as Sir Robert Gordon informs us, the Earl of Sutherland stood on his dignity, "and refused flatlie to yield up agane or restore the said Superioritie either to the Earle of Huntlie or to the Earl of Cathaynes, seeing the bargane wes alreadie past and finished, whereat the Earle of Huntley wes somewhat offended, until he was reconciled unto Earle Alexander shortlie thereafter by the mediatoun of Sir Patrick Gordon of Auchindoun."

For one reason or other there was not much love between Earl Alexander and Earl George, and notwithstanding the agreements at which they arrived occasionally, it required very little offence from either side to break the bonds of peace. In 1587 a new

ground of quarrelling arose. George Gordon, a relative and retainer of the Earl of Sutherland, had shown many acts of indignity to the Earl of Caithness and his servants on going to Edinburgh from Girnigoe Castle, or in returning therefrom. This man Gordon resided at Strathully, not far from the borders of Caithness. It appears that he and his party waylaid some servants of the Earl of Caithness, who were proceeding to Edinburgh, that he cut the tails of the horses, and wished the servants to tell Earl George what he had done. The Earl of Caithness reported the circumstances to the Earl of Sutherland, but the latter declined to interfere. Sir Robert Gordon, on the other hand, maintains that the Earl of Caithness did not inform the Earl of Sutherland of what had happened, although strongly advised by Huntlie to do so, and he therefore tries to make out that the Earl of Caithness was so defiant and, in short, so unreasonable as not to bring the matter before Earl Alexander. But in any event, whether Earl Alexander refused to give redress, or Earl George refused to lay his complaints before his brother of Sutherland, one thing is certain that the Earl of Caithness made up his mind to administer justice at his own hands. Accordingly he sent a picked body of men from Caithness, who surrounded Gordon's house. Gordon fought as well as he could, but he was placed at a disadvantage. He rushed from his residence and attempted to cross the Helmsdale river, but in crossing he was killed with arrows. The Earl of Sutherland, on hearing what had taken place, demanded satisfaction for the slaughter of his kinsman from the Earl of Caithness. Earl George breathed defiance to the messenger, and hinted that if he had any respect for his own neck he would take himself to Sutherlandshire without further ceremony. Sutherland therefore made up his mind to have ample revenge, and this opens up a new chapter of hostilities that took place between the rival clans of Sutherland and Caithness.

The forces of the Earls forthwith mustered at Helmsdale river —each force being on the opposite side of the river. Slight skirmishing took place, and Lord Caithness was assisted by Mackay and his Strathnaver men. Through the meditation of some friends a truce was latterly patched up, but in this arrangement Mackay was left out, as Earl Alexander urged that Mackay being

a vassal of his own could be no party to the truce that had been agreed to. At this Mackay was highly incensed; and it was further agreed between the two Earls that they should meet at Edinburgh to adjust their differences. The meeting at Edinburgh came off, and it was apparently the chief object of the Earl of Sutherland to get the Earl of Caithness to join him in an attempt to crush the Mackays. They therefore entered into a secret treaty to have this done, but Earl George conveyed the hint to Mackay of what had been resolved upon. Evidently Mackay could not place much reliance on the Earl of Caithness, for he thought it his better policy to arrange terms with the Earl of Sutherland. The truce between the Earls expired on September, 1588, and on their return from Elgin, the Earl of Sutherland demanded satisfaction from the Earl of Caithness for the slaughter of George Gordon. This the Earl of Caithness declined, or at least delayed to do, whereupon the Earl of Sutherland sent a force of 200 men, under two of the Gordons into the parish of Latheron. The result was that they wasted and destroyed the whole parish, and captured a great many cattle, which they took to Sutherland and divided among the company. This expedition was known as the "Creach Larn," or the harrying of Latheron.

In the meantime the Earl of Sutherland was active enough, for he desired to be protected by the power of the State in his dealings with the Earl of Caithness. On this account he obtained a commission from the Privy Council against the Earl of Caithness for the death of George Gordon. The Earl at once assembled all his forces for the purpose of executing his commission, and he then invaded the county of Caithness. His main object was an attempt to get a hold of the Earl of Caithness, but the Earl wisely shut himself up in his impregnable Castle of Girnigoe. The Sutherland men sat before it twelve days, but all they could do was simply to look at it. This took place in the year 1588. The principal exploit of the Sutherlands was the burning of the town of Wick, an achievement which must have cost very little trouble, considering that at the time the town merely consisted of a few thatched houses. Sir Robert Gordon, writes that the people of Caithness ran to all quarters on hearing of the approach of the Sutherland host, who even pursued the Sinclairs all the way to

Duncansbay. He states "They burnt and wasted the town of Wick, bot they saiffed the Church, wher the last Earl of Catteynes, his heart was found in a case of lead; the ashes of which heart wes throwne with the wind by John MacGilchalm Rasey." The Earl of Sutherland devastated the whole country, and took with him therefrom vast herds of cattle. This great spoliation was called La-ne-Craigh-Moir, meaning thereby the day of the great slaughter or spoil. But a conference took place mid-way between Wick and Girnigoe Castle, when all matters of controversy were referred to arbitration, the Earl of Huntly being appointed umpire and oversman. A truce was therefore concluded—the Earl of Sutherland, as Sir Robert writes, "being satisfied with the harme and spoile wes then alreadie done," retired to Sutherland "having lost in that journey bot one man, who wes slain in the water of Weik, stragling behind the army."

The truce was of short duration. The Earl of Caithness no doubt strongly resented the expeditions into his territories by the Earl of Sutherland, and in retaliation he sent parties into Sutherland to do as much mischief as possible in that county. Sir James Sinclair of Murkle on one occasion killed three of the sentinels or border watchers of the Earl of Sutherland, but the fourth escaped and gave the alarm. Sinclair was, however, defeated after a very stiff battle, and Earl Alexander once more prepared for the invasion of Caithness, into which indeed he advanced as far as Corrieboich in Braemore. The Earl of Huntly again intervened, with the result that the Earls of Caithness and Sutherland entered into a solemn compact by which they referred all their differences to Huntly. This agreement only remained in force for a few weeks, when quarrels again broke out. The battle of Clyne followed, and it was one of the hardest fought battles that ever took place between the rival houses. On this occasion, in the year 1589, the Earl of Caithness was assisted by Donald Balloch Mackay of Scourie. The battle raged for a long time, and it was only ended by night coming on. Both sides suffered severely. But while the Caithness men were away at this battle, the Mackays invaded the district of Caithness between the borders of Sutherland and the town of Thurso, and caused much loss and damage to the inhabitants.

(*To be continued.*)

SNATCHES OF SONG COLLECTED IN BADENOCH.

No. X.

NUMERLESS are the stray verses which have floated, as it were, upon their own music, through many generations. One is almost vexed to see them in print. Best perhaps to let them take their course, until at length they pass quietly into oblivion. No sooner were the ballads of the Borders collected and published, than they ceased to be sung. The charm was gone when they were fully displayed in the broad daylight of the nineteenth century. But chips of song die hard, although it is often difficult to discover what qualities enable them to survive so long, and altogether impossible to explain the circumstances which called them into existence. Take that hoary quatrain often heard of eld beside the domestic hearth :

Dealan-dé diùthachan !
Thug na téidh am bruthach orra ;
Chaidh Mac Shimidh as an déigh,
'S cha d' thig fiadh dhachaidh 'nochd.

Why should an unsuccessful hunting on the part of Lord Lovat be associated for ages with the whirling circles made by a burning stick when moved rapidly around? As well investigate the epic history of Jack and Jill.

Another of these stray verses tells of a summer pasturage among the misty hills. The " dun cattle " referred to were doubtlessly the deer :

Tha 'chailleach 's i bodhar,
Tha 'm bodach 's e càm ;
Cha léir dhaibh an crodh odhar,
Le ceothach nam beann.

There are some stanzas which bear evidence that they originated in wild and troublous times. Two such may be given. Each is a note of warning which had been sung by pitying female to arouse the intended victim to a sense of imminent and mortal danger. Of the first I know nothing further than that it is adapted to the air of " Crodh Chailen":

Nach dùisg thu ! nach dùisg thu !
Nach dùisg thu, 'fhir ruaidh !
'S an fhoill air do chùl-thaobh,
Nach dùisg thu, 'fhir ruaidh !

The next is altogether gruesome, and is connected with a dismal tale. A traveller in a lonely inn hears a nurse lulling a child to sleep by her songs, in an adjoining apartment. As soon as she thinks that she has attracted his attention, she improvises a verse to convey her terrible warning. He springs to his feet, and soon discovers that there is a corpse underneath his couch. He makes good his escape, and eventually marries the songstress :

Hé ! am beil thu 'd chadal idir ?
Hé ! am beil thu 'd chadal trom ?
Laimhsich stigh fo do leabaidh,
Gheibh thu 'n gairdean rag 's e trom.

The scene of the well-known legend which Scott has connected with "Glenfinlas," in his ballad of that name, the seanachies of Badenoch have always laid in Gaick. When the hunter escaped from the demons by stratagem, and leapt upon the stallion's back, he sung this verse of weird sough :

Tha gaoth mhòr air Loch-an-t-Seilich,
Tha gaoth eil' air Loch-na-Dùin ;
Ruigidh mise Loch-a' Bhrodainn,
Mu'n téid cadal air mo shùil.

From these themes dark and dread it is pleasant to turn to the fine spirited catch whose measures, even, attest the high hopes which animated the enthusiastic Jacobites in the North before Culloden :

"Théid sinn chogadh ris a Phrionns',"
Thu'irt Diùc Uilleam, thu'irt Diuc Uilleam ;
"Sud an cogadh nach téid leinn"
Thu'irt na gillean, thu'irt na gillean.

A "land question" had occupied the thoughts of a certain maiden long ago. She explains that if she had the disposal of properties she knew a fair-haired Charles who would not then be landless :

Ach nam bìthinn raoghainn na fearainn,
Cha bhiodh Tearlach Ruadh dhe falamh.

Bu leats' Strath-Eireann is Strath-Naruinn,
Ard-na-Saoire 's Clach-na-h-Aire.

Fhuair thu mi 'nam chaileig shuaraich,
'S mi leigeil a' chruidh 's a' bhuaile.

Sgealb thu 'n cogan 's bhris thu 'm buarach,
'S thog thu mi gu gnìomh mnà uailse.

Once upon a time there dwelt beside the Spey a damsel of such surpassing beauty that her charms were proclaimed everywhere from the Toll-house to Castle Gordon. The Duchess Jane recommended the Marquis of Huntly to make her his own, and to give her a fine horse on which she might ride to church on Sunday. John of the Toll is equally enthusiastic in her praise:

Thu'irt 'Bhan-Diùc ris a' Mharcais,
"Mhorair Sheòrais! thoir leat i,
'Chaileag bhòidheach do'n Chaisteal,
Thoir each mòr dhi 'ga mharcachd
'An t-searmoin."

Labhair Iain an Tóil,
"Sud a' chaileag is bòidhch',
Eadar Uisd is Cnòideart,
Amail-ruigh is Gleann Lochaidh,
Ni sinn suidh' is gun òl sinn
'Deoch-slàinte."

Old folks tell of a fair-haired widow who lived in Strone—Bantrach Bhuidhe na Sròine—and who was a celebrated toast in her day. Callum Dubh proclaimed himself very severely smitten. Unless the Rev. Mr. Blair could arrange matters satisfactorily, the poor bard asks of his friends nothing more than a grave:

Tha leann-dubh orm air tàmh,
'S air mo ghruaidhean tha bhlàth gu tric.
Dianabh uaigh bhàn dhomh,
Cha-n 'eil uair dhomh gu tamh an so nis.
Dh-easbhaidh d' fhaodainn air làimh,
Agus facal a' Bhlàirich bhi ris',
Gur è 's furtachd am bàs dhomh,
Mur cuidich thu 'nàirde mi nis.

Bards have often sung the beauties of their favourite localities. Here are a couple of verses referring to remote and desolate scenes among the Grampians, in the neighbourhood of Kingussie. he au: hor is evidently endeavouring to make the best of things:

Bha mi 'm Bran, an Cuilc, 's an Gàidhig,
'N Eadairt agus Leum na Làrach,
Am Feisidh mhòir bho 'bun gu 'bràighe,
'S b'annsa leam 'bhì 'n Allt-a'-Bhàthaich.

'S mòr a b'fhearr leam 'bhì 'n Drum-Uachdar
Na 'bhì 'n Gàidhig nan creag gruamach,
Far am faicinn ann na h-uailsean
'S iùbhaidh dhearg air bharr an gualainn.

Glentromie, which lies between the valley of the Spey and Gaick, finely wooded, and nestling under the shelter of Croila, is well worthy of this apostrophe—so plaintive and so beautiful:

Gleann Tromaidh nan siantan,
Leam bu mhiann bhi 'nad fhasgath,
Far am faighinn a' bhroighleag,
An oighreag 's an dearcag,
Cnòthan donn air a' challtuinn,
'S iasg dearg air na h-easan.

I suppose that the names connected with every countryside in the Highlands have been fashioned into rhyme. The heights enumerated below belongs to that portion of the Monadh Liath range between Kingussie and Craig Dhubh.—

Creag-bheag Chinn-a' ghiùbhsaich,
Creag-mhòr Bhail'-a' chrothain,
Beinne-bhuidhe na Sròine,
Creag-an-lòin aig na croitean,
Sìthean-mòr Dhail-a' Chaorainn,
Creag-an-abhaig a' Bhail'-shìos,
Creag-liath a' Bhail-shuas,
'S Creag-dhubh Bhiallaid.
Cadha 'n-fhéidh Lochain-ubhaidh,
Cas is mollaicht' tha ann,
Cha-n fhàs feur no fodar ann,
Ach sochagan is dearcagan-allt,
Gobhar air aodainn,
A's laosboc air a'cheann.

I may here set down the fragment of a lament which bears that it was composed by Captain Andrew Macpherson of Ralia upon a comrade—perhaps Eoghann òg, Bhreacachaidh—and his brother. There is something peculiarly touching in this single stanza, and I would fain hope that it may not now be impossible

to obtain at least some further portion of the elegy to which it belongs.

Righ ! gur mòr mo chuid mhulaid,
Gar n-urra mi 'luaidh,
Mu Eòghann 's mu Iain,
Da chridhe gun ghruaim.
'S tric a bheum do làmh teine,
Taobh Loch Eireachd so shuas,
Leis a' ghunna nach diùltadh,
'S leis an fhudar chaol, chruaidh.

Gur e 'm fear a tha cainnt ort,
Caiptean Aindrea 'n Ra'-Léith.

A certain bridegroom, accompanied by the customary train of young men and maidens, was gaily journeying to the house of the bride. Beside a knoll near the road, a sorrowful damsel sat and sang. The bridegroom recognises the form and the voice of her whom he had jilted for one more richly endowed with this world's goods. He cannot proceed a step further. He desires his companions to go to a neighbouring inn, where he promises shortly to rejoin them. Then he listens until that melting strain, which held him spellbound, ceased ; whereupon, in manner fitting, he protests that neither wealth nor plenishing could ever more seduce his heart from "the meek and modest maid of excellent parentage" who had first gained his affections. And the marriage-party waited long, but in vain.

Such is the legend in connection with one of the most exquisite pastoral lyrics in the language. Throughout the whole there is not a single weak couplet. It is a remarkable fact that I cannot remember ever to have seen it in any collection of Gaelic poetry. The images of pastoral life, combined with enchanting natural scenery, so skilfully introduced by the songstress, were indeed well fitted to stir deep emotions in the heart of her Celtic lover. Such expressions as " Gleannan cuthagach, cuachach, " are " Homeric " in a high degree.

Nì mi suidh agus crùban,
'S chan-n 'eil sùgradh air m' aire.

Ann am bun an tuim riabhaich,
Far na liath mi 's mi 'm chaileig.

'S mi 'nam chaileig bhochd, ghòraich,
Bu mhòr mo dhòigh ri na fearaibh.

Ceisd nam ban thug iad bhuam thu,
Ghleannain uaigneich a' bharraich.

Gleannan cuthagach, cuachach,
'San cinn an luachair 's an cannach.

Gheibhte crodh ann air bhuailtibh,
Agus gruagaichean glana,

'Toirt na laoigh bhuap' air eiginn,
'S iad 'g an séideadh le 'n anail.

Gheibht' ann cnothan a's caorrunn,
'S iad, a ghaoil ! air bhlas meala.

Cnothan cruinn air a' challtuinn
'S thus', a' ghraidh ! 's mi 'g an tional.

Mile marbhaisg air mo chairdean,
'S beag a b' fheàird mi dhe 'n tional.

Bho nach d' thug iad dhomh stòras,
Airson do bhòidhchead a cheannach.

'Sann a thog iad mòr-sgeul oirnn,
Gun robh mi-féin a's tu falamh.

Nach robh airgead 'nar pòca,
Na cheanneachadh stop 'san tigh-leanna.

Ge b'e dh' aithris an sgeul ud,
Righ féin, bu mhòr am mearachd.

Tha tri fichead bò ghualach,
Air do bhuaile, 's gum b'airidh !

'S uiread eile chrodh ciar-dhubh,
Tighinn nuas a Bun Ranaich.

Gheibhte sud leat air àiridh,
'S greigh do làraichean-searraich.

Tri fichead do ghobhar,
'S làn fonn chaorach geala.

'S ged a thu'irt iad Iain Caol riut,
Bha iad faoin an am barail.

Bha do shlios mar an fhaoilinn,
'S do dhà thaobh mar an eala.

Bha do phòg mar na h-ùbhlan,
'S d'anail chùbhraidh mar chanal.

Gur ann oidhche do bhàinnse,
Dh' fhàs thu ceannsgalach, fearail.

Le do fhleasgaichibh òga,
'G òl air bòrd 's an tigh-leanna,

Le do mhaighdeanaibh riomhach,
Làn slod agus anairt.

Ach mur fhaigh mi dhiot tuille,
Dian mo chuireadh gu d' bhanais.

Gu banais an òig-fhir,
Dha'n robh mo dhòigh bho chionn tamuill.

Ged nach dianainn ach gàire,
Chumail càch as am barail.

'S ceannaich dhomh-sa paidhir làmhainnean,
'S na bi gann rium mu 'n anart.

Agus ciste dhe 'n uinnsinn,
Thèid 'g am chuibhrig fo 'n talamh

'S ge b' e taobh do'n teid thu,
A righ fein ! gur tu mhealas.

ESAN.

Ach na mealadh mi-féin iad,
Mu theid mi 'gan gabhail.

'S cha dian mi do threigsinn,
Airson féadail no earrais.

Bean gun lasadh gun àrdan,
'S a càirdean bhi ro-mhath.

It is evident that there are a few verses awanting in this version of the ballad, although it has been collected from notes after the recitation of various persons. T. S.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD, THE POET.

[By Rev. JOHN KENNEDY.]

ALEXANDER MACDONALD, or Mac Mhaighstir Alastair—the name by which he is popularly known—was born about the year 1700 A.D. He was the son of Rev. Alexander Macdonald, who was parish minister of Ardnamurchan before the Revolution, but who was deposed in 1697 for non-jurancy. Alexander was the second son of a large family, and, as was natural, his father meant him to follow in his own footsteps and become a preacher; but this proposal, on account of his own disinclination, or, some suppose, at the instigation of his chief, who wished him to study law, was not entertained. For some years he was a student of the Glasgow University, which held then, as still, a high educational position. What academical success attended his career is not recorded, or how long it continued; but the familiarity with the classics which is manifest in his poems proves that he had put the period to good account. At an early age he married Jane Macdonald of the family of Dail-an-Eas in Glenetive, and shortly afterwards settled down as teacher in his native parish—first in a small, then in the principal, school.

When the Highland Chiefs in 1745 rose in arms to support the claims of Charles Stuart, the poet's patriotism and loyalty found expression not merely in song, but in active deeds with the army under the younger Clanranald. He received a commission, but shared fully in all the disasters of that disastrous campaign, and finally lost all that he possessed. After the defeat of Culloden he had recourse to concealment amid the wilds of Arisaig and Moidart; but after the Indemnity Act was passed he received from Clanranald the appointment of land-steward of the Island of Canna.

In 1751 we find him in Edinburgh unsuccessfully in quest of a position as teacher; and in some respects like his more famous countryman and fellow-poet—Burns—returning home to obscurity and the ordinary routine of life, and residing at a place called Sandaig where "he died at a good old age, and was gathered to his fathers in Eilean Fionain in Loch-Shiel."

It is readily granted that Mac Mhaighstir Alastair was, with the exception of Ewen Maclachlan, the most learned of Gaelic bards: and, for that reason, the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge entrusted to him the compilation of the first Gaelic vocabulary—which was published in 1741. Ten years afterwards he published his own poems under the suggestive title, Ais-eiridh na Seann Chanain Albannaich—"The Resurrection of the Old Highland Language"—the first volume of Gaelic poetry given to the world. In this sense he was a great pioneer, and still holds the foremost place. His poems have been at least five times re-published, but it is unfortunate that many of his metrical compositions have been lost.

All Macdonald's poems are lyric—the spontaneous outburst of a heart overflowing with emotion; and as it is not possible to arrange them in chronological order, except approximately according to internal evidence, the following classification may be accepted as at least convenient:—

I. Love Songs.
II. Patriotic and Jacobite Songs.
III. Descriptive Poems.

The book opens aptly with a song in praise of the old Gaelic language—a song from which quotations is still rife. Beginning broadly he assigns as the prerogative and purpose of all language to reveal and communicate thought and to praise God. He then particularises and reflects the belief of his time that Gaelic dates from the days of Eden.

"'S i labhair Adhamh,
Ann am Pàrras féin
'S bu shiubhlach Gàilig
Bho bheul àluinn Eubh."

A contrast is then drawn between Gaelic and Latin, Greek and French, and pre-eminence attributed to the first—specially in satirical epithet and effect.

Then we have the bard's invocation to the Muses—not to the Malvina of Ossian or any Celtic ones, but to "the nine daughters of high Jove," who are individually and appropriately addressed. The material parentage of "mild Mnemosune" is not omitted. The whole picture indicates that the poet's classical training was

not in vain—all are asked to aid him in his undertaking. "Clio fair and firstborn," "Urania of the golden keys," "Calliope loadstar of song," "Euterpe rich in strains and ready to criticise," "Erato, eloquent, source of song," "Melpomene super-abundant font of inspiration," "Terpsichore of woods and verse," "Polyhymnia youngest and fairest," "Thalia with nectar divine—favour my soul and lip with flowing song." Nor does he forget Apollo, and Minerva—patron of poets, whose aid he pleads—and if vouchsafed, he doubts not of success.

So much by way of introduction. We come now to his

I. *Love Songs*—and first among them stands unrivalled "Moladh Mhòraig," pronounced to be "one of the finest productions of the Celtic Muse." The divisions of it are peculiar to Gaelic poetry. They are called "Urlar" and "Siubhal," for which there are no corresponding terms in English. They seem to have been connected with bagpipe music, in which there are pauses and marches that are thus indicated. There is no discontinuity in thought, only in outward form—the effect of which is to enliven the composition.

He opens with a description of a wood, in which Morag is the central figure—bringing the Rosalind of Shakespeare to one's recollection. Then comes a playful allusion to rival beauty, and a full portraiture of Morag. She has an eye like a blue-berry upon a dewy morn, cheeks coloured like the orange, and harplike harmony. As the sun among the stars, she is peerless among the maidens—a guiding star among the stars undimmed. Thus sings he, till he is lost in wonder and in the wood, and asks whether Morag can possibly be of earth. Then comes a contrast with others he had known, but she excels them all. Again he awakens with the dawn, and goes forth with Phoebus to find suitable emblems in the forest and among the roses. Venus and Dido help his song in praise of her whose teeth are as the driven snow. As an example of abundant, but yet not superfluous, epithet, the following may suffice:—

> "My heart is all but broken
> Since I saw thy golden locks,
> In twisted folds of beauty
> Curled and twirled
> In ringlets, folded o'er,

Wavy, glorious—
In starry circles,
As if with pearls adorned,
Or powdered in fashion—
Fair, sun-kissed, and golden hair."

The next that may be mentioned is "Morag" which, though in the guise of a love-song is really an invocation to Charles Stewart, who is represented as a young maiden with wavy locks of yellow hair—to return with a party of maidens—that is, with an army to crush the English force. After descanting on the personal qualities of Morag—of the Prince—he shows how many in the Highlands have fallen in love with her, and how ready they are to fall in her cause—not merely "to gain the bauble reputation at the cannon's mouth," but out of pure devotion. Then follows an enumeration of the districts where such true and loyal men are to be found, all armed and prepared for action.

Another well-known and popular love-lyric is "Cuachag an Fhàsaich" in which the attractions of a dairymaid are set forth. Dairymaids are great favourites among the Gaels, and recall the time when they were a wholly pastoral race. All the incidents connected with such a life are fondly dwelt on—rising early to milk the kine, accompanying them to the hill or plain, returning at mid-day or milking-time, going in quest of them when the shades of evening begin to fall, and finally setting them up for the night. In all this we have a very touching and true picture of happiness.

Next we have a pretty lyric full of poetry in which the bard dwells on the charms of his wife. The language is very fine, but in some cases it is somewhat extravagant. He supposes that all the elements must have combined and exerted their utmost powers in order to produce her—their fairest work. She has the appearance of an angel, but withal a maiden's grace. He concludes by saying :—She is lively, wise, songful, and thrifty—the precious fair one whose hand is ever active.

II. We come now to the *Jacobite or Patriotic* songs. We have already seen that Macdonald was an ardent admirer of Prince Charles, and that all the ability and talent he possessed were freely used in support of the latter's claim. As is well known the Highland Clans rose as one man in favour of the Stewart, and against

the Hanoverian, line or dynasty. It was a time when feeling ran high, and when also it found convenient expression in song. It is hardly conceivable what influence one popular song exercises in such circumstances over a race capable of being deeply moved, and most enthusiastic when roused to action. The Scottish national song, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," is a good instance and illustration of this—as is also the one now to be considered.

"The song of the Clans" is a spirited address to the respective Highland Clans to come forward, and to aid in placing Charles on the throne. All craven-hearted or half-hearted are bid stay at home as hinderers of the good cause and hamperers of the zeal and energy of the rest. Æolus will send a raging wind against the enemy, and Neptune will smooth the sea for the brave and loyal. The people are compared to a helpless brood—the mother gone —or a flock of gentle lambs at the mercy of the fox.

The Clans are individually described—their valour, fidelity, character, indicated. It may be condensed thus :—

The true Macdonalds with martial fire
The foe they shall level soon upon the heath,
The brave Campbells led by the great Argyll
Shall boldly face and fell the enemy ;
The warlike Macphersons with Cluny at their head
Blood shall freely shed by their dexterous lance.
The spirited Macleans their blades shall not let rust ;
The heroic Macleods shall win or die;
The stalwart Camerons with lance like flash of lightning,
Head and heart and hand shall smash as against rocks ;
The ready Johnsons as burning heather under wind—
Or with horses dashing, fast as spark-enkindled powder.
The sure Mackenzies of Kintail, bold and strong
With true steel, tempered to fear no foe ;
The proud MacIntosh in order and in strength
Shall strike the oppressor to the ground,
The stately Grants as tiger bold and fierce
Shall lay many a struggling foeman low.
The Frasers of surpassing strength and skill—
Woe betide the man that feels their arm.
The bold McLauchlans with the poisoned arrows
In haste to front and feel the steel ;
The swift Mackinnons, skilled in war,
Shall dash as waves against the shore—

Thick shall be the dead upon the field—
Food for greedy ravens and hungry carrion;
Sad shall be the moaning at early morn,
But crowned with pomp shall be Prince Charlie.

In the same strain is the song "Health to Charlie," which health the bard would drink though death were in the cup. It discusses the characteristics of the Clans, and concludes with a hope that the much-loved Prince shall yet be crowned king—when waxen candles shall be lighted, every castle top illumined, and the jolly cup and cheer shall go round. The reference to candles of wax throws light on the customs of the Highlanders. Firwood cut into small pieces was then, and in some instances still is, their ordinary means of lighting their houses. The next stage in the illuminating process was that of tallow candles; but these would be superseded by candles of wax on this joyous occasion.

Two songs to the Prince follow in which his prowess is described, and the effect his commanding presence had upon his loyal followers. Their pride and spirit would awaken as they sing—"He comes, he comes—the king we want; let us be armed and clad in kilt." He predicts the doom of the *Red-coats* with their cockade, and he would gift the maiden—a machine for beheading criminals, still to be seen in the Museum of Antiquaries of Scotland—to the Duke of Cumberland. "But well, and welcome wherever he goes be the Prince."

The song of "The Year of Charles" is a spirited defence and exposition of the claims of the Stewart line. It is aptly set to the tune, "Let History Record," and is evidently intended to reflect and record the incidents of the period. It opens by drawing a gloomy picture of the state of things in the absence of the rightful Prince, but goes on to predict the commencement of a golden epoch in the year of Charles. It recalls and very closely resembles the glowing account given by Horace of the blessings of the reign of Augustus. The earth itself will rejoice and literally the winter of discontent will change into glorious summer by this son of hope. France is looked to with much expectation, and the time believed to be at hand when its wines will flow freely and cheer the heart. The clan bards—a guild well-known among the Celts—are charged to commemorate these events. The sun shines

more benignly, the dew descends more gently, milk and honey flow freely, and silver and gold are abundant. There is nothing to be hoped for from King George, but all from the rightful heir. It is interesting to notice how the poet vindicates the religion or Catholic persuasion of the Prince. He asks, if faith must be placed above everything, is it his fault that he was not educated according to Luther? But if that were the real difficulty and drawback, why should his great-grandfather (Charles I.) have been so ruthlessly put to death. He blames the fickleness of the people as the more likely reason. He looks upon King George as at best a step-father that cannot cherish or care for the Gaelic nation. He pleads for the return of the true father under the Father of all that they may no longer be hunted over mountains, rocks, and wastes.

Macdonald is believed to have had the honour of an interview with the Prince when the royal standard was unfurled at Glen-finnan, and to have recited the following song, "Charles son of James"—in which his loyalty finds expression thus:—"If I could walk beside thee, thy presence would so elate me, and my step would become so elastic, that I should almost fly betwixt earth and sky; and I should feel as if intoxicated with the joys of war.

(To be continued.)

NA TRI COIN NAINE.*

BHA ann roimbe so prionnsa agus a phiuthar. Chaochail an athair agus ann mathair, agus bha iadsan a' fuireach cuideachd. Bha am prionnsa dol a mach gach latha d'an mhonadh as deigh nan caorach; agus mus falbhadh e dh' iarradh e air a phiuthair gun a falt a chireadh no an uinneag thuath fhosgladh gus an tigeadh esan dachaidh.

Latha de na laithean co thachair ris ach duine agus tri coin naine aige.

"An ceannaich thu na coin so bhuam?" ars' an duine.

"Gu dearbh chan 'eil dad agamsa bheirinn duit air an son."

"An toireadh tu molt domh air an son?"

"Bheireadh, am fear is fhearr a tha agam."

"Ma ta, theid mise an urras nach gabh thu aithreachas air son sin. Is iad na h-ainmeannan aca Fios, Luaths, agus Trom. An uair a theid thu do 'n bheinn-sheilg cha bhi agad fhein ach suidhe air cnoc agus na coin na chur air falbh, agus bidh fhios aig Fios far am bi na feidh, agus beiridh Luaths orra agus bheir Trom dachaidh iad."

Is ann mar so a bha. Fhuair an duine am molt agus fhuair am prionnsa na coin. An ath mhadainn leis an toileachas a bha air a' phrionnsa dol a mach a' chiad uair d' an bheinn-sheilg leis na coin, dhi-chuimhnich e innseadh d'a phiuthar gun a falt a chireadh no an uinneag thuath fhosgladh gus an tigeadh esan dachaidh. Rainig iad a' bheinn-sheilg. Shuidh am prionnsa e fhein air cnoc agus chuir e air falbh na coin. Bha fhios aig Fios far an robh na feidh, rug Luaths orra, agus thug Trom dachaidh iad. Air an rathad a' tighinn dachaidh, arsa Fios r'a mhaiglistir "Dhi-chuimhnich thu an diugh innseadh do d' phiuthair gun a falt a chireadh no an uinneag thuath fhosgladh gus an tigeadh tusa dachaidh; agus leis a sin an uair a dh' fhalbh thusa thainig tri famhairean ga coimhead; rinn iad uamh fo 'n tigh, agus toll troimh 'n urlar. Air an toll chuir iad *scuttle* (*trap-door*) agus air an *scuttle* cathair; agus rinn iad fhein agus do phiuthar suas etorra gun iarradh ise ortsa suidhe air a' chathair, air chor agus gun tuiteadh tusa sios anus an uaimh agus gun

*From Mr. Kenneth Macleod, who gathered these tales in Eigg.

THE THREE GREEN DOGS.*

THERE were before this a prince and his sister. Their father and mother died, and they were staying together. The prince was going out each day to the hill after the sheep; and before he would go, he would ask his sister not to comb her hair or open the north window until he would come home.

On a day of the days, on his being out in the hill, who met him but a man and he having three green dogs.

"Will you buy these dogs from me?" said the man.

"Indeed, I have nothing that I would give to you for them."

"Would you give a wedder to me for them?"

"I would give the best one that I have."

"Well, I will go witness that you will not take repentance for that. The names to them are Knowledge, Swiftness, and Heaviness. When you will go to the hunting-hill, you will only have to sit on a hill, and send away the dogs, and Knowledge will have knowledge where the deer will be, and Swiftness will catch them, and Heaviness will bring them home."

This was how it was. The man got the wedder and the prince got the dogs. The next morning, with the joy that was on the prince going out the first time to the hunting-hill with the dogs, he forgot to tell his sister not to comb her hair, or open the north window, until he would come home. They reached the hunting-hill. The prince himself sat on a hill and sent away the dogs. Knowledge had knowledge where the deer were, Swiftness caught them, and Heaviness brought them home. On the way coming home, said Knowledge to his master:

"You forgot to-day to tell your sister not to comb her hair, or open the north window, until you would come home; and, with that, when you went away, three giants came to see her. They made a cave under the house, and a hole through the floor. On the hole they put a trap-door and, on the trap-door, a chair; and themselves and your sister made up between them that she would ask you to sit on the chair, so that you would fall down into the cave and that

* The story of the brother and the sister here and of their relations to the giants, is like the opening portions of the tale of "Fionnladh Choinneachain," which Mr. Carmichael printed in vol. V. of the *Inverness Gaelic Society's Transactions.*

itheadh na famhairean thu. Ach, gabh thusa mo chomhairle-sa agus na suidh idir air a' chathair; agus an uair a bheir thu am brochan againne de 'n teine cairich air an *scuttle* e, agus theid mi fhin agus an da chu eile an carabh a cheile; cuiridh sinn car de 'n phoit, agus de'n *scuttle*, agus tuitidh am brochan mu chinn nam famhairean agus theid an losgadh."

Is ann mar so a bha. An uair a thainig am prionnsa dachaidh thoisich a phiuthar air a ghaolachadh agus air a ghradhachadh agus air iarraidh air suidhe air a' chathair, gur cinnteach gun robh e sgith as deigh tighinn dachaidh as a' bheinn-sheilg.

"Cha shuidh," ars' esan, gu math greannach, "ach suidhidh mi far an togair mi fhin."

Dh' fhalbh e an uair sin agus thug e am brochan de 'n teine agus chuir e air an *scuttle* e. Gu tubaisteach chaidh na coin mu 'n cheart àm a shabaid, agus cuireadar car de 'n phoit agus d' an *scuttle*, Thuit am brochan sios mu chinn nam famhairean, agus a mach air an dorus a ghabh iad. A mach as an deigh ghabh am prionnsa agus na coin, agus dhall iad orra gus an do chuir iad a stigh dorus na h-uamha iad. Thill iad an sin dachaidh agus ghabh iad mu thamh.

An ath mhadainn chaidh am prionnsa agus na coin d' an bheinn-sheilg. Shuidh am prionnsa fhein air cnoc, agus bha fhios aig Fios far an robh na feidh, rug Luaths orra, agus thug Trom dachaidh iad. An uair a thainig iad dachaidh thuirt a phiuthar ris a' phrionnsa, "Tha mi ga d' chur fo gheasa agus fo chroisean agus naoi buaraichean mhnathan-sith, siubhlach, seachranach, agus an laogh beag is meata, agus do chluas, agus do chaithe-beatha dhiot, mur teid thu tri uairean as deigh a cheile do 'n uaimh agus tri glaodhan a thoirt aig an dorus."

An uair a chuir iad iad-fhein air doigh chaidh am prionnsa agus na coin a' chiad uair do 'n uaimh am feasgar sin. Chaidh am prionnsa fhein air muin Luaiths mus beireadh na famhairean air. Rainig iad an uamh. Thug am prionnsa na tri glaodhan as. A mach as an deigh thainig na famhairean, ach cha bheireadh a h-aon aca air Luaths. Chaidh Fios agus Trom an carabh nam famhairean agus mharbh iad aonan diubh. Chaidh iad an sin dachaidh agus ghabh iad mu thamh.

An ath mhadauin chaidh am prionnsa agus na coin do 'n

the giants would eat you. But take you my advice and do not sit at all on the chair; and when you will take our porridge off the fire, place it on the trap-door, and myself and the other two dogs will go at each other. We shall put a turn of the pot and of the trap-door, and the porridge will fall about the heads of the giants, and they will be burnt."

This was how it was. When the prince came home, his sister began to fondle and caress him, and to ask him to sit on the chair, that sure he was tired after coming home from the hunting-hill.

"I will not sit," said he, very cross, "but I shall sit where myself likes."

He went then and took the porridge off the fire, and put it on the trap-door. Unluckily, the dogs went at this very time to fight, and they put a turn of the pot and of the trap-door. The porridge fell down about the heads of the giants, and out on the door they took. Out after them took the prince and the dogs and they laid at them until they put them within the door of the cave. They went then home and they took to rest.

The next morning, the prince and the dogs went to the hunting-hill. The prince himself sat on a hill, and Knowledge had knowledge where the deer were, Swiftness caught them, and Heaviness brought them home. When they came home, his sister said to the prince, "I am putting you under spells and crosses and nine fetters of fairy-wives, wandering, straying, and the little calf that is weakest and feeblest, to bring your head and your ear and your life off you, if you will not go three times after other to the cave, and give three shouts at the door."

When they put themselves in order, the prince and the dogs went the first time to the cave that evening. The prince himself went on the back of Swiftness before the giants would catch him. They reached the cave. The prince gave the three shouts out of him. Out after them came the giants, but not one of them would catch Swiftness. Knowledge and Heaviness went at the giants and they killed one of them. They went home then, and they took to rest.

The next morning, the prince and the dogs went to the hunting-hill. The prince himself sat on a hill, and Knowledge had

bheinn-sheilg. Shuidh am prionnsa fhein air cnoc, agus bha fhios aig Fios far an robh na feidh, rug Luaths orra, agus thug Trom dachaidh iad. An uair a chuir iad iad-fein air doigh chaidh iad an oidhche sin a ris do 'n uaimh. Chaidh am prionnsa fhein air muin Luaiths agus thug e tri glaoidhean aig an dorus. A mach as an deigh thainig na famhairean ach cha bheireadh a h-aon aca air Luaths. Chaidh Fios agus Trom an carabh nam famhairean agus mharbh iad aonan duibh. An sin chaidh am prionnsa agus na coin dachaidh, agus gabhadar mu thamh.

An ath mhadaim chaidh am prionnsa agus na tri coin do 'n bheinn-sheilg. Shuidh am Prionnsa fhein air cnoc agus bha fhios aig Fios far an robh na feidh, rug Luaths orra, agus thug Trom dachaidh iad. An uair a fhuair iad iad-fein air doigh chaidh iad do 'n uaimh an treas uair. Ghlaodh am prionnsa tri uairean aig an dorus agus a mach thainig an t-aon fhamhair a dh' fhag iad beo, agus a phiuthar. Chaidh am prionnsa fhein air muin Luaiths agus cha bheireadh am famhair air. Chaidh Fios agus Trom an carabh an fhamhair agus mharbh iad e, agus theich piuthar a' phrionnsa dhachaidh. Chaidh iad an uair sin a stigh do 'n uaimh agus fhuair iad uidhir oir agus airgid agus a bheireadh Trom dachaidh.

An uair a thainig am prionnsa dhachaidh thachair a phiuthar ris anns an dorus agus deoch phuinsein aice.

"Siuthad, a ghaoil," ars' ise, "agus ol an deoch mhath so; is cinnteach gu bheil thu sgith as deigh crioch a chur air na famhairean."

Dh' ol e an deoch, agus cha luaithe dh' ol e i na thuit e marbh. Thoisich na coin car tacain air caoineadh agus air donnalaich m' a thimchioll agus an sin dh'fhalbh iad. Ghabh iad air an aghaidh a' coiseachd gus an do rainig iad tobar far an robh dithis dhaoine —aonan a' lionadh soithich leis an uisge, agus am fear eile ag amharc gu durachdach air.

"Dé," arsa Fios, "tha sibh a' deanamh mar sin?"

"O," fhreagair am fear a bha a' lionadh an t-soithich, "is e tobar-leighis a tha so, agus tha mi toirt deur de 'n uisge do 'n duine so."

"B' fhearr leam," arsa Fios," gun toireadh tu deur dheth dhomhsa."

knowledge where the deer were, Swiftness caught them, and Heaviness brought them home. When they put themselves in order, they went that night again to the cave. The prince himself went on the back of Swiftness and he gave three shouts at the door. Out after them came the giants but not one of them would catch Swiftness. Knowledge and Heaviness went at the giants and they killed one of them. Then the prince and the dogs went home, and took to rest.

The next morning the prince and the three dogs went to the hunting-hill. The prince himself sat on a hill, and Knowledge had knowledge where the deer were, Swiftness caught them, and Heaviness brought them home. When they put themselves in order they went to the cave the third time. The prince bawled out three times at the door and out came the one giant that they left alive and his sister. The prince himself went on the back of Swiftness and the giant would not catch him. Knowledge and Heaviness went at the giant and they killed him, and the sister of the prince fled home. They went then into the cave and they got as much gold and silver as Heaviness would bring home.

When the prince came home, his sister met him in the door and she having a drink of poison.

"Proceed, my dear," said she, "and drink this good drink. Surely you are tired after putting an end to the giants."

He drank the drink, and no sooner did he drink it than he fell dead. The dogs began for a while to cry and whine about him, and then they went away. They went on, walking, until they reached a well where there were two men—one filling a vessel with the water, the other looking earnestly at him.

"What," said Knowledge, "are you doing that way?"

"O," said the man that was filling the vessel, "it is a healing-well that is here and I am giving a drop of the water to this man"

"I wish," said Knowledge "you would give a drop of it to me."

He got this, and they returned to the house of the Prince. They spilt the water on the prince and he rose well and healthy.

"Now," said Knowledge "myself and the other two dogs are going away."

"Oh, indeed, you will not go," said the prince, "great was my need of you."

Fhuair e so, agus tilleadar do thigh a' phrionnsa. Dhoirt iad an t-uisge air a' phrionnsa agus dh' eirich e gu slan, fallain.

"A nis," arsa Fios, "tha mi fhein agus an da chu eile a' falbh."

"O gu dearbh chan fhalbh," ars' am prionnsa; "bu mhor m' fheum oirbh."

"O, ge ta, feumaidh sinn falbh," arsa Fios, agus a mach ghabh iad. As an deigh ghabh an prionnsa ach ann am priobadh na sula bha iad as an t-sealladh. Thug e corr agus seachdain a' sireadh air an son, ach sireadh esan gus am biodh e sgith chan fhaigheadh e na coin.

Latha de na laithean mar a bha e a' gabhail roimhe a' coiseachd gu math tursach airsneulach co a thachair ris ach an aon ghille og a b' aillidhe chunnaig e riamh.

"Am faca tu tri coin uaine air feadh a so?" ars' am prionnsa.

"Chunnaig," ars' an gille og; "an aithnicheadh tu iad ri am faicinn?"

"Bu choltach gum faithnicheadh" ars' am prionnsa.

"Ma ta, is mise Fios."

"O gu dearbh cha tu."

"Buail thusa an t-slatag so orm tri uairean," ars' an gille og, "agus fasaidh mi am chu."

Rinn am prionnsa so, agus mar a thuirt an gille og dh'fhas e na chu. Bhuail e an t-slat a rithist air agus dh' fhas e na ghille og. Co a thainig an uair sin ach Luaths agus Trom ann an riochd ghillean oga.

"Co aca," ars' iadsan ris a' phrionnsa, "is fhearr leat sinn mar tha sinn an drast na'r gillean oga na mar bha sinn roimhe na'r coin?"

"Is docha leam sibh mar a tha sibh a nis na 'r daoine. Fanaidh sibh a nis comhla rium gu brath."

"Tha eagal orm nach urrainn duinn," arsa Fios; "is e clann righ mhoir a tha annainn; chaochail ar mathair o chionn fhada agus chuir ar muime geasa oirnn gum biodh sinn na'r coin gus an deanamaid na nithe sin a rinn sinn-fhein agus thu-fhein. Tha sinn a nis a' dol dachaidh, agus thig thusa leinn agus gum faiceadh tu a' phiuthar bhriagh a tha againne."

Dh' fhalbh iad, agus chord am prionnsa agus piuthar nan gillean cho math r'a cheile agus nach robh iad fada sam bith gun phosadh. Dh' fhalbh piuthar a' phrionnsa agus chan fhaca iad

"Oh, but we must go," said Knowledge, and out they took. After them went the prince, but in the twinkling of an eye they were out of sight. He took more than a week seeking for them, but let him seek until he should be tired he would not find the dogs.

On a day of the days, as he was going before him walking, very sad, disheartened, who met him but the one most beautiful young man that he ever saw.

"Did you see three green dogs about this?" said the prince.

"I did see," said the young lad, "would you know them by seeing them?"

"It is likely that I would know," said the prince.

"Well, I am Knowledge."

"Oh, indeed, you are not."

"Strike you this switch on me three times," said the young lad, "and I will grow a dog."

The prince did this and, as the young lad said, he became a dog. He struck the switch on him again, and he became a young lad. Who came then but Swiftness and Heaviness in the form of young lads.

"Which," said they to the prince, "do you prefer us as we are just now, as young lads, or as we were before, as dogs?"

"I prefer you as you are just now—as men. You will now stay with me for ever."

"I am afraid we cannot," said Knowledge. "It is the children of a great king that we are. Our mother died since long, and our step-mother put us under spells that we would be dogs until we should do the things which ourselves and yourself did. We are now going home, and come you with us that you may see the pretty sister we have."

They went away, and the prince and the sister of the lads pleased each other so well that they were not long at all without marrying. The sister of the prince went away, and they never saw her more. Thus the prince and his wife had the house to themselves; and so far as wealth and love between themselves would make them happy, I will go witness that they were so.

I left them there.

riamh tuilleadh i. Mar sin bha an tigh aig a' phrionnsa agus a mhnaoi dhaibh fhein; agus cho fada agus a dheanadh beairteas agus gaol eatorra fein toilichte iad theid mise an urras gun robh iad sin.

Dh' fhag mise an sin iad.

HERO TALES OF THE GAEL.

V.—THE STORY OF FRAOCH.

OF the many stories in Old Irish literature which precede in action, or form prefaces to, the deeds of Cuchulain on the Tain Bo Chualgne, there is only one, so far as we know, in Scottish Gaelic literature. This is the story of Fraoch. In Irish the tale of Fraoch antecedes in action the events of the Cualgne Cowspoil, for Fraoch, according to agreement with Ailill and Meave, joined the expedition against Cualgne and Cuchulain; but it is probably not a *remscel* or prefatory tale to the Cualgne epic.* There are a dozen of these prefatory tales, and unless the youthful exploits of Cuchulain are to be included in them—and properly they cannot be—these stories are unknown to modern Gaelic literature.

The Fraoch story in Irish appears under the head of Tain Bo Fraich—the cow-spoil of Fraoch. There are some four Irish MS. versions of it, one of which is in the Book of Leinster, a manuscript of the middle of the 12th century. This Irish story was edited and translated by the late O'Beirne Crowe† and it is his version, inaccurate though Dr. Stokes has proved it, that we must here use. Mr. J. F. Campbell was under the impression that the Scotch story was not found in the Book of Leinster, and his statement that "the following fragments are not found in that book" was repeated lately by Mr. Hector Maclean, but erroneously as we shall see. The Irish story may be condensed as follows:

Fraoch, son of Idath, a chieftain of Eirros Domno, in Mayo, belongs on the mother's side to the *sidè* or terrene gods. Her name is Befind and she is sister to Boand, the *sidè* directress of the Boyne river, in short, the goddess Boyne. Fraoch has come

* But consider Zimmer in *Zeitschrift* of Comparative Phil., Vol. 28, p. 435.

† Proceedings of Royal Irish Academy, MSS. Series, I., 1870. p. 134, etc.

to learn that Findabair, daughter of Ailill and Meave, king and queen of Connaught, has fallen in love with him. He resolves to visit Ailill and demand her in marriage. His goddess aunt dresses him and his array in most gorgeous fashion, and with this grand cavalcade, glittering with gold and silver and breathing perfumes of Eden, Fraoch came to Cruachan, where the palace of Ailill and Meave was. Fraoch enjoys the hospitality of his sovereigns for some weeks, but he gets in all the time only one opportunity of speaking to his lady love alone, when she refuses to elope, but promises to marry him and gives him a ring. He then asks the hand of Findabair from her parents, but the bride-price asked of him was excessive. He refused and left the house in high dudgeon, but was brought back by Ailill and Meave for fear they should be reputed for "decay of hospitality." But they tried quietly to make away with him. They went out all to hunt, and at the river Ailill says: "It is declared to me that thou art good in water. Come into this flood that we may see thy swimming." Assured that there was nothing dangerous in it Fraoch strips and, leaving his clothes with his girdle (and purse therein) above them, he jumps into the water. Ailill, ever suspicious, in ungentlemanly fashion, opens Fraoch's purse, finds Findabair's ring and flings it into the river. But a salmon caught it and Fraoch, who noticed the whole thing, caught the salmon, killed it, and placed it in a safe spot on the bank. He was coming out of the water. "'Do not come out' says Ailill, 'until thou shalt bring me a branch of the rowan tree yonder, which is on the brink of the river; beautiful I deem its berries.' He then goes away and breaks a branch off the tree and brings it at his back over the water. . . After that he throws the branches to them out of the water. 'The berries are mellow and beautiful, bring us an addition of them.' He goes off again until he was in the middle of the water. The monster (*in beist*) catches him out of the water. 'Let a sword come to me from you,' he says; and there was not on the land a man who would dare to give it to him through fear of Ailill and Medb. After that Findabair. . . gives a leap into the water with the sword. Her father lets fly a sharp-point spear at her from above, a shot's throw, so that it passes through her two tresses, and that Fraoch caught the spear in his hand. He shoots the spear to the land up, and the monster in his side. He

lets it fly with a charge of the methods of playing of championship, so that it goes over the purple robe and through the shirt that was about Ailill. At this the youths that were with Ailill rise to him. Findabair goes out of the water and leaves the sword in Fraoch's hand; and he cuts his head of the monster (*mil*), so that it was on its side, and he brought the monster with him to land. It is from it is Dub-lind Froech in Brei, in the lands of Connachta." Foiled in this, Ailill ordered a special bath to be prepared for Fraoch, "broth of fresh bacon and the flesh of a heifer minced in it," wherein he nearly parboiled the hero, and he was saved only by the intervention of his supernatural relatives, the *sidé*, who carried him off to Sid Cruachan. He returned next day and Ailill and Meave penitently received him, "as if it were from another world he were coming." Ailill makes a feast, at which he demands of his daugher the ring he gave her and threatens her with death for its loss; and thinking it cannot be found, he says she may marry whom she likes if she can get it. And of course Fraoch gets it in the salmon he had hid. After these trials, Ailill and Meave can no longer refuse their daughter, and she is promised Fraoch if he joins them against Ulster for the cowspoil of Cualgne. He gives his promise and proceeds home to make preparation. On reaching home he finds that his wife, for he had a wife (!) already, sons, and cows have been carried off to Sliab Elpae or the Alps in Switzerland, where he goes in search of them and after many adventures finds them. So ends this story. Fraoch, we are told elsewhere, was drowned by Cuchulain at a ford on Sliab Fuait.

The Irish Fraoch is a demigod, and his story presents that curious blending of the rationalised supernatural—that is, the euhemerised or minimised supernatural—with the usual incidents of a hero's life, a blending which is characteristic of Irish tales about Cuchulain and the early heroes, who, in reality, are only demigods, but who have been fondly deemed by ancient tale-tellers and modern students to have been real historical characters exaggerated into mythic proportions. The Scotch story contains only the Dragon Myth part of the tale. Ailill disappears nearly altogether, and Meave is the cause of the whole mischief. Fraoch is, besides, represented as having been slain by the monster. Meave's motive for wishing the death of Fraoch puzzled the

Scotch ballad reciters, and in the modern versions she is represented as acting from jealousy; she herself loved Fraoch, and as he refused her advances, sent him to his death rather than let her daughter or any other woman possess him. But this theory all hangs on one obscure verse (the 6th), and it does not seem to be countenanced by the Dean of Lismore's version, which is the oldest and best. Jerome Stone's version (Highland Society "Report." p. 99) belongs to the middle of last century, and is some 250 years the junior of the Dean's version, yet it is wonderfully near the older version, even at times preserving the sound of the old lines though losing their, or indeed all, sense. Practically the same may be said of Gillies' copy of the ballad, which is perhaps not independent of Jerome Stone's version. Macnicol's version is wretched in the extreme, and cannot equal those taken down in late years on the West Coast. Campbell reproduces almost all these ballads on pp. 29-33 of his *Leabhar na Feinne.*

The Dragon Myth is common on Gaelic and Irish ground. Lakes are always infested with monsters (biast or beist) and the Fenian heroes or the Saints often appear as slayers of them. St. Columba encountered a monster on Loch Ness which had already bitten and mangled many, and, by the sign of the cross, saved one of his companions from it, as he was swimming across for the coble, which was on the other side.* These lake dragons rarely have treasures. It is dragons on islets or in lone places, "glistening heaths," and the like, which guard treasures, virtue bearing fruits, or lovely and lonely maidens. Norse myth and tale are full of such dragons, and of these the dragon Fafnir, slain by Sigurd, is the most complete specimen. He guards countless treasure, and his heart, when eaten, confers supernatural knowledge, just as the salmon of Ess-roy conferred such powers of knowledge on Fionn. The rowan tree, with its red berries, is the myth tree *par excellence* in Gaelic tales, nor are its supernatural powers forgotten in many a modern superstition, for bits of rowan will protect a house or a wearer against all fairy power and witchcraft. The closest parallel to the Fraoch dragon legend is presented in the story of the pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne. The last incidents of this pursuit centre round a rowan tree which

* Adamnan II. cap. 28.

is guarded by a hideous giant called Searbhan Lochlannach. This tree was left by the Tuatha De Danann (the gods, in fact) and "in all berries that grow upon that tree there are many virtues, that is, there is in every berry of them the exhilaration of wine and the satisfying of old mead; and whoever should eat three berries of them, had he completed a hundred years, he would return to the age of thirty years."* Diarmuid killed the giant and got the berries for Grainne, who had inconsiderately "longed" for them and would not rest till she got them.

The author of the Gaelic ballad, which we translate below, is given in the Dean of Lismore as "in Keich O Cloan" (the blind from Cluain), but who he was we cannot say. The ballad belongs likely to the 15th century. It is in quatrains, the 2nd and 4th line of which have the same terminal rhyme, and there are seven syllables in each line, but the accents are not taken into account, save to some extent in the modern versions. The Dean's names are fairly accurate; only in the case of Ailill does he stumble, and he calls him Orle, if we may trust Dr. Maclauchlan's transcript. The place names are localised in Connaught, near Dunkeld, at the head of Loch Awe, and in Mull, according to the reciter's knowledge and locality, for all these places apparently have Cruachans and Loch Fraochs.

The sigh of a friend from the mead of Fraoch,
A hero's sigh o'er his gory bed,†
A sigh which renders sad a man,
And o'er which weeps the youthful maid.

Here eastwards is the cairn where lies
Fraoch, Fitheach's son, of softest hair,
The man who wrought the will of Meave,
From him it is Cairn Fraoch is named.

A woman's weeping in Cruachan east—
Sad the tale o'er which she weeps—
He who makes her heavily to sigh
Is Fraoch, Fitheach's son, of weapons tried.

* *Ossianic Soc. Transactions*, III., p. 135, etc.; Reprint of Soc. Pres. Gaelic, Vol. II., p. 11. For the myth see Rhys's Hebbert Lectures for 1886, p. 358, etc.

† *Caiseal chró* (a rampart of blood or death!) is a misunderstanding for *cosair chró* (bed of blood or death), an expression of frequent occurrence in Irish tales. See K. Meyer, *Cath Finntraga* (Index).

'Tis she the maiden fair who weeps,
In visiting the mead of Fraoch,
Finnabair of soft wavy tress,
Meave's daughter, whom the heroes love.

Ailill's daughter, most golden of hair,
And Fraoch this night are side by side;
Though many the men whose love she had,
She loved no other man than Fraoch.

Meave felt much displeased at this*—
This love of Fraoch, the good in mind;
Hence the cause of his body's wounds,
Although no wrong to her did he.

He was sent to meet his death
Because of the woman whose mind was bad;†
Great the loss his fall because of Meave,
I will relate without guile the way of it.

A rowan tree stood in Loch Mai—
We see its shores there to the south;
Every quarter and every month
There could be found thereon ripe fruit.

This was the virtue of that rowan tree,
Whose bloom than honey sweeter was,
That its red berry could sustain
A man for nine hours ‡ without food.

A year to each one's earthly span
It would add—'tis sooth I tell—
Health to the wounded it could bring,
Such was the virtue of the ruddy fruit.

One trouble was there in its train—
Whoe'er as leech would help his kin—
A monster venomous lay at its root.
Which stopped each one from culling it.

A heavy, heavy sickness struck
Eochadh's daughter of generous cheer;
She sent word for Fraoch to come;
He asked her what it was that ailed her.

Meave replied she could not be well
Unless she got her soft palm filled
With rowan berries from the cold lake
And no one to cull them but Fraoch.

"Refusal never have I made,"
Said Fitheach's son of ruddy cheeks,
"Whate'er may hap from it," said Fraoch,
"I will go and berries cull for Meave."

Fraoch moved propitiously on his way,
And set to swim upon the lake;
He found the monster fast asleep
With head upraised toward the bunch.

* These two lines are very obscure both in the Dean and in the modern versions.
† An obscure line.
‡ *Tráth* either "hours" or "meals."

Fraoch, Fitheach's son, of weapons keen,
Came from the monster, nor did it know;
He brought a lapful of berries red.
To where Meave was in her own home.

"Though good it is what thou hast brought,"
So said Meave, she of fairest form,
"Nought, hero brave, will serve for me
But to pull the sapling from its root."

Fraoch set about—no coward he—
Again to swim the slimy lake,
Impossible it was—though great his luck—
To flee the death that was his fate.

He took the rowan by the top,
He pulled its trunk from out its root,
As he was bending his steps to land
The monster noticed and pursued.

It caught him, swimming as he was,
It seized his arm within its maw,
While he seized the monster by the jaw—
Pity it was Fraoch lacked his knife!

Finnabair, of soft wavy tress,
Came unto him with knife of gold;
The monster mangled his body fair,
And gnawing tore his arm away.

Then fell they sole to sole opposed,
On the stony strand that southward lies,
Fraoch, Fitheach's son and the monster dire—
Pity, O God, how fared the fight.

The conflict was but a short conflict,
He took away its head in his hand;
The maiden, when she saw what happed,
Upon the strand then fainting fell.

The maiden rose from out her trance,
She took his hand in her own soft hand:
"Although this be but the food of birds,
Great was the exploit it here performed."

From this death that befell the hero,
Loch Mai it is the lake is named,
Wherein the monster lived alway,
Whose maw reached upward to the berry bunch.

To Fraoch's Mead was thereafter brought
The hero's body to its gory bed;
Unto the glen he gave his name,
Worthless it was to live after him!

Carn Lave (Hand Cairn) is this that is by my side, *
The hand of Fraoch it is that is meant,
A man that never conflict shirked,
A man who loved the thick of strife.

Beloved the mouth that strangers ne'er denied,
To which women were wont to give kisses;
Beloved was he as lord of his people,
Beloved the cheek more red than the rose.

* This verse exists only in the Dean's book and the second line is obscure.

Than raven's hue more dark his hair,
Redder his cheeks than the blood of the calf,
Softer and smoother than froth of streams
Whiter than snow was the skin of Fraoch.

More curly than curliest ringlets his hair,
His eyes more blue than flakes of ice,
Than rowans red more red his lips,
Whiter than blossoms his teeth.

Taller his spear than mast for sails,
Sweeter his voice than musical chord,
A better swimmer than was Fraoch
There never stretched his side to stream.

Broader than door-leaf his shield,
Pleasant was it to see him behind it ;*
Equal in length was his sword and his arm,
Broader his lance than spar of ship.

Good was the strength of his two arms,†
Excellent was the activity of his two feet,
His mental power surpassed all princes',
Never before champion did he plead for truce.

Yon was of woman's unreasonableness
The greatest instance I ever saw,
To send Fraoch to uproot the rowan
After the berries were brought over.

Pity it was not in conflict of heroes
That Fraoch fell, distributor he of gold ;
Sad it is that he fell by a monster,
Pity, O God, that he lives not yet!

* An obscure line in all versions.

† This and the next verse are not in the Dean's book.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE University of Edinburgh is to confer the degree of LL.D upon the Rev. Mr. Cameron, Brodick. Mr. Cameron is a Gaelic scholar of European reputation, and we heartily congratulate him on this honour, tardily though his eminent services to Gaelic literature and linguistics have been recognised. Mr. Cameron's philological labours have been especially valuable, for till within a few years ago he was almost alone in bringing before the public of Scotland the results achieved in Celtic linguistic science by the indefatigable Germans. His first philological contributions appeared in the now extinct periodical called the *Gael*, in the years 1872-3-4. In these papers he discussed some 550 root words and showed himself, as usual, quite abreast of the knowledge of the time. Though events have travelled since then, Mr. Cameron's etymologies in the *Gael* are still of great importance—indeed, they are almost the only attempt, save his own in a later periodical, to deal with the subject on Gaelic ground at all. The first volume (alas, the only one !) of the *Scottish Celtic Review*—1881-85—was edited and largely written by him. Here he pursued his philological studies with all the accuracy of more advanced philological views. He has also edited several of the Gaelic ballads in the book of the Dean of Lismore. Mr. Cameron could do no greater service to Gaelic literature and

philology than publish a complete version of that book, for we believe he has transcribed most of the poems, and Dr. Maclachlan's version is not at all accurate either in the reproduction of the MS. or in the translations which he made of it.

LOVERS of Highland Folk-lore will be interested to know that the new edition of the "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer" promises to have a rapid sale. The work, as every one knows, is by Mr. Mackenzie of the *Scottish Highlander*, and lately editor of this *Magazine;* and there is an additional and very valuable chapter in the work upon Highland Superstition by the late Rev. Alexander Macgregor. The new issue is to be at a shilling, and already close on a thousand orders are booked. This edition is the fifth, and the work justly deserves its popularity.

THE same enterprising editor claims in the *Scottish Highlander* of the 29th March to have unearthed another "unknown" but good Gaelic poet. This poet was the late Mr. D. B. Macleod, a clerk in Glasgow and afterwards in Liverpool, but a native of Sutherlandshire. He left a MS. containing twenty pieces, six of which are Gaelic. The first Gaelic piece appears in the issue of the *Highlander* already referred to, and it must be said that the poem possesses great merit: it is elegantly executed in regard to expression and versification; the subject, however, is not one of general interest—a Liverpool gathering of Highlanders; but we may expect greater things to come.

MUCH activity is displayed in the issuing of works from the press. The announcements came some time ago and now the volumes are upon us. Amid the shower or rather the cataract of books now or lately issued, there are but few of interest to students of purely Gaelic matters. Yet one or two very important works have come to hand. We have received for review, and intend as soon as possible to notice, the following:—Professor Skeats' "Principles of English Philology—the Native Element" (Clarendon Press), which contains a most valuable chapter on the Celtic element in the English language—a chapter which shows a great advance in knowledge and in accuracy upon the author's Dictionary of a few years ago; Miss Stokes' "Early Christian Art in Ireland" (Chapman and Hall), an Art hand-book, which contains a concise account of its subject with many other interesting matters and very many valuable illustrations; and Mr. John Mackintosh's "History of Civilization in Scotland" (Brown, Aberdeen) of which may truly be said *finis coronat opus.*

IN the same connection we have to mention an exhaustive edition of St. Patrick's life and works by Dr. Whitley Stokes. It is published by the Records Commission and forms two portly volumes. The general title of the book is "The Tripartite Life of St Patrick with other Documents Relating to the Saint." It is a most complete work: it contains the Tripartite Life and translation, the Book of Armagh references, the Confession of St. Patrick, his letter to Coroticus, the *Fled Flada* and its preface, and innumerable extracts and references besides. In addition to this there is an introduction of 200 pages by Dr. Stokes, wherein he discusses the MSS. the date of the Tripartite life (*circa* tenth century) and its language, the personal history of Patrick as Dr. Stokes conceives it to have been, and lastly, but even more important than any other, the social condition of the early Irish. This last chapter is the most important contribution on this subject since O'Curry's great work on the "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish." Full indexes follow, and among them we notice a vocabulary of Irish words extending to 28 pages in double columns. It forms another of Dr. Stokes' many excellent vocabularies, whereby he makes the work of the coming lexicographer comparatively easy, though nevertheless much needed.

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A HIGHLAND ESTATE, 1792-1800.

[By Thos. Sinclair, M.A.]

The property of the estate of Sandside, Caithness, was in the hands of an Innes family of Morayshire from about 1610 to 1842, when Major William Innes was succeeded by his sister's son, Captain Donald Macdonald, R.E., who married in 1826 Lady Ramsay, fifth daughter of William, the first Lord Panmure. Captain Macdonald sold the estate to the late Duke of Portland, and the present Duke has sold it to Thomas Pilkington of Lancashire. These sales were both mentioned as at £60,000. When Scottish feudalism was in action there were rights of superiority over the estate. In 1610 *et seq.* Lord Forbes was the superior and proprietor, William Innes, the first of the name there, being his chamberlain. In 1628 Lord Reay was the superior and proprietor, in that year taking the title of his then created peerage from the chief village of the estate; a village which has strangely enough given name to two parishes in the different counties of Caithness and Sutherland, the "Reay country" besides covering the whole northern portion of the latter county. The Inneses, from the money misfortunes of Lord Reay, secured both superiority and property. In 1640 "Master" James Innes, afterwards M.P. for Caithness, and married to a sister of the famous Covenanter, Archibald Johnston, Lord Warriston, was served heir to Sandside. James was also commissary for Caithness and Suther-

land. His successors, to Major William Innes, who was served heir to his father, William, on 23rd August, 1787, and who died in 1842, held steady possession of the place; and the condition of it under the Major, as shown by the estate book, from 1794 to 1800, ought to be typical of the state of land-holding then in the Highlands. He was married to his cousin, Miss Cradock, of a remarkable Yorkshire family; and as was usual then and not incorrect, she had from the tenants the denomination of Lady Sandside. A laird meant a lord, and his wife might well be lady. As to this particular one, she had every claim by her great practical energy to the title, keeping her subordinates in the strictest lines of their duty. The estate being mainly then and still a crofter property, the condition of the people at the end of last century must have special interest for these days.

The estate book, which is the source of what has to be said, is a folio volume of about 16 inches by 12, and more than an inch thick. Its description is, "Account-Book commencing Martinmas, 1794;" and it was written by John Macdonald, afterwards the famous doctor of divinity, called "The Apostle of the North." He is best known as Dr. Macdonald of Ferrintosh, his doctorship coming from New York, America. The late Rev. John Kennedy, D.D., Dingwall, has written his life; and in the "Biographies of Scotsmen" there is additional knowledge of him. His doings when a factor or clerk of a crofter estate as a youth, have hitherto been untold. He was born near Sandside property in 1779, and brought up on it at Sortigil, Borlum. It was Lady Sandside who discovered his capacity, and gave him, when fifteen, the management of the estate's accounts. His father, James Macadie or Macdonald, was the parish catechist; and though capable enough for secular things, as this book amply proves, the desire to treat religious things seems to have been hereditary with the son. His patroness supported him in his desire to have a college education in order to become a clergyman, and through her influence he got a bursary at Aberdeen University. He had been taught Latin by the Rev. William Munro, M.A., parochial schoolmaster of Reay and afterwards of Thurso. In the estate-book Macdonald shows great arithmetical accuracy and a careful, good style of hand-writing. As he got his bursary in 1797, he must have kept

up his appointment of factor or clerk while attending his classes at Aberdeen. No doubt Lady Sandside made notes of the transactions done during the winter, her hand being very facile in this way, and the student-clerk engrossed them in the large book on his returns in the early summer. His father's condition was of the simplest, unless his catechist duties prevented him dealing with a larger croft, or that he had special privilege from the laird and his lady, of which there is no particular sign. His accounts run thus, "To spinning due for 1792, 10d; to a two-year-old, 6s; fox money, 10d, due Martinmas, 1793 and 1794; to 2 hens, 1s; to two dozen eggs for 1793 and 1794, and converted services, £1 4s; total, £1 13s 4d." Against this rent comes, "Cash, 15s; hens and eggs, 1s 6d; cash, 15s; and Martinmas, 1794, cash, 1s 10d; total, £1 13s 4d." The catechist leaves no arrears. Next year the debt is 16s 3d, and the cash payment the same. With interest 6¼d on deferred payment, the following year's rent and payment are 16s 9¼d. Road money, 1s 6d; spinning, 10d; and interest of 3½d, raise the sum to 18s 10½d. Next year a swine fine of 5s, which is, however, cancelled, makes the rent nominally £1 2s 5d, three hesps of spun flax to the estate buyer, value 9d, paying part. The last year in the estate-book has £1 1s 3d, with 2s for building Thurso bridge, and 1s 6d for road money—all paid in cash. The clerk's father was above average, perhaps, in prompt paying of what was a very small rent. But this may be enough of introductory biographical matter. Some analysis of the accounts of the estate as a whole follows.

It may be useful to give an idea of the present condition of things. From the valuation roll of the county and other calculations the income of the estate can be reckoned at about £3000 to £4000 a year; and what is remarkable is that the property has not changed in size for two centuries, which makes comparison the more effectual. In 1702 Sandside estate drew £900 Scots, which, in sterling money is £75 a year. The mansion, as it is now, has four public rooms, nineteen bedrooms, servants' apartments, bathroom, housekeeper's room, kitchen, servants' hall, large garden, pleasure grounds, entrance lodge, and all the other accompaniments of a proprietor's home. Probably the number of tenants and householders of every kind is still about the same as

in 1792-1800. At that time there were 122 families on the estate. The reckoning of currency was according to the present method, Scots money having gone out of fashion before then. The home farm was in the laird's own hands; and, with shealings for the cows, was directly managed by Lady Sandside in English thoroughness of temper. There are some stray notes in her handwriting, of which the following shows the time when the cattle left for summering in the hills:—"The cows went from Sandside to Knockfin on the 5th of April, 1800." Some of her holograph receipts have also survived, such as "Sandside, Feby. 25th, 1801.—Received from William Mean, two hens, one dozen eggs, E. CRADOCK;" "By one guinea due to Mrs. Innes in the exchange between A. Sinclair's cow and her stot, £1 1s;" and "David M'Kinlay and George M'Kinlay for the after-eating of Coltok, £1 5s, winter 1800." Coltok is a green pasture hill near the sea, devoted to the use of the tenants for grass in common during most of the present century, payment being by the head, chiefly one cow for each tenant.

Lady Sandside had "Kioltag," as Dr. Macdonald spells it, set to David Macdonald; and his credit and contra accounts throw great light on one department of estate management at that time. He is debtor for "rent of ½ acre in Kioltag, due Martinmas, 1794, 7s.; to balance due 16th April, £2; to half the price of a cow sold to him and Donald Gow in partnership, omitted since 1791, £1 1s; to produce of 16 set cows, summer 1794, at 1½ stone butter and 1½ stone cheese to each set cow, being 24 stones butter at 12s, £14 8s, and 24 stones cheese at 4s 6d, £5 8s; to a fed veal for summer 1794, 15s; total, £23 19s." Against this he is creditor by "23 stones, 6 pounds butter, £13 19s; 22 stones, 23½ pounds cheese at 4s 6d, £5 7s 11d; a fed veal, 15s; 'dey' or dairyman's wages at a merk for each of 16 set cows; 17s 9½d; herd's wages, 16s; wages to the bowman as servant from Martinmas, 1794, to Whitsunday, 1795, 15s 8d; two unfed veals, 2s: balance due at Martinmas, 1794; £1 5s 7½d; total, £23 19s." Macdonald is himself the bowman, and the accounts go on thus to 1799, with interesting variations. A set cow for three months is reckoned at 18 lbs. butter and 18 lbs. cheese, 12s 4½d; wintering of 4 cattle in 1795 costs, at 4s each, 16s; three queys were

equal to 2 set cows, the dey getting 2 merks for three queys; the herd's wages for winter and summer was 16s; with allowance for shoes ("for this and the preceding year, to the bowman and herd 8s"), the payment being usually entered each year for example. "Cash for shoes to self" (the bowman) "and herd, 22nd March, 1797, 4s;" and an allowance for half a calf delivered more than the set number, 7s 6d; which shows an accuracy represented further in such yearly totals as that of 1798, namely, £31 11s 2¾d. There are entries showing the want of ready money as, "Cash to Angus Macleod going to Inverness for you, 16s; and cash to yourself, £1 1s, in the year 1799," the "you" and "yourself" being the bowman's widow, Macdonald having died the previous year. The widow has an overcharge of hers for the price of a stirk valued at 5s, and the same excess for one third part of a stirk, 1s 8d. Accuracy was well known in those times. Two farrow cows were valued at one set cow to the bowman, and allowances were carefully made for set cows late in calving. Widow Macdonald managed the business well, for on 19th April, 1800, having a balance to pay of 12s 3⅜d of her rent of £39 17s. 3⅜d, it is entered that it was "paid instantly." Women were well versed in this section of agricultural industry.

The accounts of Isobel Mackay, the house-dey, are equally correct. Lady Sandside had the home farm cows set as well as those on Kioltag, at a mile or two's distance. In 1797 Isobel's debtor account was 7 set cows for 2¼ stones butter at 12s and 2¼ stones cheese at 5s, that is, 15 stones, 18 lbs of each, making £9 9s and £3 18 9d, which, with 12s cash from Mrs. Macdonald (an active sub of Lady Sandside's) and a balance against Isobel of 17s 3½d totalled £14 17s 0⅜d. Against this she put 16¼ stones butter and 17¼ stones cheese, £9 15s and £4 6s 3d, which with her wages at a merk per cow, making 7s 9⅜d, herd's wages, 5s, and his and her allowance for shoes 3s, balances the account, £14 17s 0⅜d. In the summer of 1798 she has 6 set cows for 13½ stones of butter at 15s, and 13½ stones of cheese at 5s, £10 2s 6d and £3 7s 6d. The proportion of fed veals or calves, being one for every 20 set cows, for 6 cows she was credited with 4s 6d on this score, and there were also other items. She made 13 stones 11 lbs. of butter, £10 1s 10½d, and 15 stones 4½ lbs. cheese, £3 15s 11½d,

which with allowance by Mrs Innes, Lady Sandside, "for fostering a stirk a few weeks after its mother died," 4s; an odd stirk, 15s; dey's wages, 6s 8d; herd's, 5s; shoes for both, 3s, and "103 pints of sweet milk delivered from some time about in May to Marymas in 1798 at 2d, 17s 2d; made up her balance with 16s 2 1-12th in her favour for that year. Next she had 7 set cows, butter rising to 16s a stone, and cheese to 6s, £13 16s and £5 3s 6d, which with fed veal, 5s 9d, cash from Mrs Innes, and balance of £4 1s 3½ paid instantly on 10th September, 1800, made £23 14s 6½d. With the previous balance, 16s 2½d, 16 stones 15 lbs. butter, £13 8s, cheese, 25 stones 4 lbs., £7 11s; odd stirk, 15s; dey's wages, 8s 6d; herd's, 5s; shoes, 3s; and 111 chopins sweet milk at 1½d per pint, 7s; and 10 pints cold milk, 10d, the milk no doubt for the use of the mansion, she squared accounts to the above £23 14s 6½d. So much for the dairy farming of the end of last century. It is easy to draw comparisons with the prices of present produce on these rather numerous facts.

The home-grieve, George Hay, would appear to have been from the South, and not a local man. His payment for a year was high—Cash from Mrs Innes, £10; cash from Mrs Macdonald, the maid and clever factotum of Lady Sandside (Mrs Innes), £6 6s; cash from Mrs Innes, £1; cash from Mrs Innes, £2 12s; a hide, 12s; neck and head of beef, 2nd February, 1799, 1s 6d; cash, March 2nd, £2. The estate joiner has, in 1798, cash, 5s 6d and £5 1s, his wages being, from 9th July, 1797, to 9th July, 1798, £8, which, with "expenses coming from Inverness to Sandside, 7s 6d," leaves him a balance of £3 1s to draw. His name was John Mackintosh, and evidently from the Capital of the Highlands. A house, usually without rent, was provided for each of the estate mechanics. John Mackenzie, Isauld, was from another estate, and seems to have been either mason or carpenter from this entry, "by repairs of the manse, as part thereof, £1," paid by Major Innes. The barnman, William Campbell, was married to an illegitimate sister of the proprietor, and his accounts ran thus:—1 boll of bere, 18s; firlot of oatmeal, 5s; firlot of beremeal, 4s 3d, in 1795 (see cost-book); grass in Fresgoe, 4s; 2 firlots oatmeal, 10s; 2 firlots beremeal, 8s 6d; 2 pecks potatoes, 1s; 1 boll bere; 14s 6d in cash, making balance

in his favour of £2 5s 7d—total, £10 13s 10d. Against this he credits, by wages from Martinmas, 1794, to Martinmas, 1795, £4; from Martinmas, 1795, to Whitsunday, 1796, £2; wages for harvest, £1; shoes, 2s 6d; wages from Martinmas, 1796, to Whitsunday, 1797, £2; 43 yards drain, horse-pool, stable-close, 3s 7d; 26 yards of dyke fealed at ½d, and 40 days in the garden, &c., £1 6s 8d—total, £10 13s 10d. His son John was many years manager of the home-farm. The blacksmith was John Crow, evidently a stranger imported for his skill. On his arrival he had "cash given him for iron and other articles, £10 10s," against which he credits—by 7 stones 7 lbs. iron, £9 7s 10d; shoeing 4 horses, and removing a shoe also, 4s 8d; 6 pounds steel, 2s; 2 horse combs, 2s 4d; stabling and hay for mare a night at Thurso, 10d; supper and bottle of porter, 1s; victuals and drams to John Iverach and Peter Morgan, 1s 6d; cash given, 9s 10d—total, £11. Next year's accounts are, debtor to cash from Mrs Innes, when he was going to Dunnet market in 1796, £8 8s; cash, the price of a mare sold there, £1 19s; cash, 2d—total, £10 7s 2d. He credits 2 oxen bought at Dunnet market, £6 5s 6d; expenses, 1s 6d; shoe to "Jack" horse, 4d; expenses at Dunnet market, 3s; cash paid to William Piper in 1795, 5s 10d, and to William Lumsden in 1795, 4s; Isobel M'Kulan, shoes, 2s; Christina Mackay, shoes, 2s; cash given to Mrs Innes, £3 3s—total, £10 7s 2d. Again, from Mrs Innes in 1795, £1 1s; to 1 boll 2 firlots from the girnal (meal-chest of the estate), £1 1s; to a washing tub, 5s; cash from Mrs Innes, £3 3s; balance, 3s—total, £5 13s. *Contra*—To boatmen who carried John Crow's goods to Sandside, 8s; one half year's wages, £5 5s —total, £5 13s. Again, cash in 1796, £1 1s; stone of wool, 12s 6d; cash, £1 and £1 5s; 3 bolls 3 firlots oatmeal, £3 7s 6d; 2 firlots bere, 9s; 2 bolls 3 firlots oatmeal, £2 9s 6d; 1 firlot 3 lippies bere, 4s 1½d; 2 firlots beremeal, 6s; 1 boll 3 firlots oatmeal, £1 4s 6d; cash, £3 15s 10½d—total, £15 15s. Against this, on 30th June, 1797, is placed wages of three half years, from Martinmas, 1795, to Whitsunday, 1797, £15 15s. But this is perhaps too much of Mr Crow's affairs. He had a rise of wages to £11 10s a year, and with some farm produce had cash payments from Mrs Macdonald's hands, on 27th September, 1797,

of £1 16s, and at another time of £3 3s, getting at Whitsunday, 1798, full payment, by £4 18s 6d cash.

John Iverach, that is, Maciver or Campbell, is an ordinary out-servant, native to the locality, no doubt a descendant of the Campbells taken from Glenorchy about 1580, "broken men," by the Oliphants of Ackergill to defend themselves from the Gunns and Mackays. His wages were £3 a year, with 2s 6d of shoe money. His son, Cameron, was herd at 9s, and 1s 6d shoe money. James Paterson is another servant, apparently a shepherd and probably a Borderer. He had £12 a year of wages, and his son £3. They were paid thus for 1797 to 1798:—Cash in 1797, 10s 6d; in 1798, £2 2s 6d; cash paid to George Hay on his account, £4 10s; grazing 40 sheep from Whitsunday, 1797, to Whitsunday, 1798, £4; 20 lambs, £1 10s; to a dead sheep bought from John Brown, 12s; to smearing his sheep, 7s 6d; cash, 19th May, 1798, 8s; cash in full, £1; total, £15. The shepherd's sheep would feed with the flock of Major Innes. There was a servant Benjamin Henderson, Achnagrey, who had in 1796 to 1800 wages of £6 a year, grazing of Toran Dhu by paying 4s 6d, and other such privileges. For outcome of timber on entering his house he was charged 18s 6d, Mrs. Innes giving her 'line' as security. Hugh Macleod, servant, had £1 12s of wages a year, but there is a note to 1800 that he is "to have 5s additional wages by an allowance of the lady's after counting." A John Brown seems to have been sheep manager, because his accounts against the tenants for grass stealing are very formidable, poinding being often a large proportion of their yearly rents. That his wages are not given implies superiority of such kind, and his name indicates that he was a Southern, probably a Borderer. He shewed no mercy to tenants, or they were incorrigible trespassers, but perhaps the limited enclosures explain the matter. That he was not a saint is proved by this entry from the parish registers now in Edinburgh:—"Baptized on 26th June, 1794, Mary, daughter ante-nuptial to John Brown and Margaret Swanson, in Sandside." But it at least means marriage and conscience.

(To be continued.)

THE ORIGIN OF THE CLAN MACLEAN.

II.—THE MACLEANS OF DUART.

[By REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.]

1. GILLEAIN NA TUAIGHE, the founder of the Clan Maclean, flourished about the year 1250. He lived in Argyleshire. He may have had lands in the Isle of Mull, which at that time belonged to Macdougall of Lorn. He had three sons—Maol-Iosa, Bristi, and Gille-Bride.

2. Maol-Iosa or Gille Iosa is said to have fought under Alexander III. at the battle of Largs in 1263. The two names Maol-Iosa and Gille-Iosa mean the same thing, servant of Jesus. Maol-Iosa had a son named Gille-Calum.

3. Gille-Calum or Maol-Calum, servant of Columba, was, according to the genealogists, married to Rioghnach, daughter of Gamail, lord of Carrick. He fought under Robert Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn, in 1314. He had three sons, John, Dougall, and Neil. The names of his sons appear in the Exchequer Rolls in 1326. John succeeded him as chief of the clan. Dougall had two sons and two daughters, Maol-Iosa or Malise, John, Beatag or Beatrice, and Aithbric. Neil had two sons, Diarmad and Maol-Calum or Malcolm.

Gille-Moire Mac-Gilleain was one of the signers of the Ragman Roll in 1296. This Gille-Moire seems to be the Gille-Calum of the genealogists. This is a point, however, that we have no means of clearing up, as we have no access to the works that one would require to consult for that purpose.

4. John, known as Iain Dubh, was married to a daughter of Cumming, Lord of the Braes of Lochaber. He had two sons, Lachainn Lùbanach or Lachlan the Wily, and Eachann Reaganach or Hector the Stern. About the year 1365 these two brothers captured John Macdonald, first Lord of the Isles, and took him as their prisoner to Icolmkill. There they compelled him, over certain black stories which the superstition of the times regarded as sacred, to take a solemn oath that he would grant them certain lands that they wanted in the Isle of Mull.

They also compelled him to promise Lachlan, the elder of the two, the hand of his daughter Margaret in marriage, and also the position of lieutenant-general of his army in time of war.

5. Lachainn Lùbanach is generally regarded as the first Maclean of Duart. It does not follow, however, that he was the first Maclean who held lands in Mull. He married Margaret, daughter of John, first Lord of the Isles. As he was related to her it was necessary for him to procure a dispensation from the Pope. This dispensation he obtained in the year 1366.—*Col. Robertson's Historical Proofs of the Gael*, page 423. He had five sons, Hector, his successor in Duart, John, Lachlan, Neil, and Somerled.

6. Hector, Eachann Ruadh nan Cath or Red Hector of the Battles, was a distinguished warrior in his day. He was married to a daughter of the Earl of Douglas. He had two sons, Lachainn Bronnach and John Dubh of Lethir. He was killed in the battle of Harlaw, in 1411. His body was carried from the field of battle by the Macinneses and Macmillans of Morvern. He was buried in Icolmkill.

7. Lachainn Bronnach had a son named Donald, by a daughter of Maclean of Kingerloch, Mac-Mhic-Eachainn Chinnghearloch. By his first wife, Margaret, daughter of Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar, he had Lachainn Og, his heir and successor. By his second wife, Fionnaghal, daughter of William Macleod of Harris, he had two sons, Neil of Ros and John Garbh of Coll. The Macleans fought with Donald Balloch against the forces of King James I. at the battle of Inverlochy, in 1431. According to Iain Mac Ailein, the poet, they were commanded by Lachainn Bronnach; but according to others, by John Dubh, his brother.

8. Lachainn Og was married to Catherine, daughter of Colin Campbell, first Earl of Argyll. He had one son and two daughters, Hector, his heir and successor, Fionnaghal, who was married to Celestine Macdonald, Lord of Lochalsh and Lochcarron, and Anne who was married to Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis.

9. Hector, Eachann Odhar nan Garbh Chath, fought in behalf of John, fourth Lord of the Isles, at the battle of Bloody

Bay, in 1482. He fell gallantly fighting at the head of his clan in the disastrous battle of Flodden, in 1513. He was married to a daughter or grand-daughter of Mackintosh, Chief of the Clan Chattan.

10. Lachainn Catanach was brought up among his mother's people. He was a very worthless man. He was married twice; first, to Elizabeth, daughter of Archibald Campbell, second Earl of Argyll; and secondly, to Marion, daughter of John, first Maclean of Treisinnis. He attempted to drown his first wife by placing her upon a low rock which lies in the sea between the isle of Lismore and the coast of Mull. She was rescued from her perilous situation by some of his own followers. He had no children by her. He had two sons by his second wife, Eachann Mor, his successor, and the notorious Ailean nan Sop. He had also by Catherine Hay a son named Patrick, who became Bishop of the Isles. He was murdered in his bed in Edinburgh about the year 1523, by Sir James Campbell of Calder, a brother of his first wife. He was, at the time of his death, quite an old man.

11. Eachann Mor lived in princely style. He married Mary, daughter of Alexander Macdonald of Islay and the Glens, Alastair Mac Iain Chathanaich. He had two sons, Eachann Og and John Dubh of Morvern. He had several daughters. Marion was married to Norman Macleod of Harris; Mary, to Donald Macdonald, sixth of Sleat; and Catherine, first, to the Earl of Argyll; secondly, to Calvagh O'Donnell of Tirconnell, and thirdly, to Stewart of Appin. Catherine was a high-spirited woman, and was distinguished for her beauty and culture.—*Hill's Macdonnells of Antrim*, page 142.

12. Eachann Og lived a life of ease and pleasure. His father left him a good deal of money, but he spent it all in three years. He was married to Jennet, daughter of Archibald Campbell, fourth Earl of Argyll. He had one son and three daughters; Lachainn, Mor Dhubhairt, Mary, Jennet, and Marion. Mary was married to Angus Macdonald of Islay; Jennet, to Roderick Macleod of Lewis; and Marion, to Hector Roy, fifth Maclean of Coll.

13. Lachainn Mor was the most accomplished chief that ever held sway in Duart. He possessed military talents of a high

order. He embraced the Protestant religion. He was knighted by King James VI. He married Margaret, daughter of William Cunningham, sixth Earl of Glencairn. He had five sons; Eachann Og, who succeeded him, Lachainn Og of Torloisgte, Gilleain, Allan, and Charles. He fell in a battle with his nephew, Sir James Macdonald of Islay, at Traigh Ghruinneart in Islay, on the 5th of August, 1598. It is said that he was killed by an arrow shot by an insignificant-looking man named Dubh Si. He is buried in the churchyard of Kilchoman, in Islay. From *Pattison's Gaelic Bards*, page 219, it appears that there is no monument over his grave. This is hardly to the credit of his clan.

14. Eachann Cg avenged the death of his father upon the Macdonalds. He defeated them at the battle of Bern Bheag, Blar na Bearna Bige, in Islay, and afterwards ravaged the whole island. He was married twice; first to Jennet, daughter of Cailean Cam, 11th Mackenzie of Kintail; and secondly, to Isabella, daughter of Sir Archibald Acheson of Gosford. By his first wife he had two sons, Hector and Lachlan. By his second wife he had also two sons, Donald of Brolas and John Dubh of Sweden. He died in 1618, in the 40th year of his age.

15. Hector, Eachann Mor, was a good man, but somewhat inactive. He married Margaret, eldest daughter of Sir Roderick Macleod of Macleod, Ruairidh Mor. He died without issue in 1624. He was succeeded by his brother Lachlan.

16. Lachlan was created a baronet by the title of Sir Lachlan Maclean of Morvern, by Charles I., in 1631. He married Mary, second daughter of Sir Roderick Macleod of Macleod. He had two sons and two daughters, Hector Roy, Allan, Isabell, and Mary. Isabell was married to the celebrated Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, and Mary to Lachlan Mackinnon, chief of the Clan Mackinnon. Sir Lachlan was a devoted follower of the gallant Montrose. He fought at the battle of Inverlochy in 1645, but had only thirty of his followers with him. He died in 1648.

17. Sir Hector Roy fell at the battle of Inverkeithing, in the 27th year of his age, July 20th, 1651. This was a disastrous battle to the Macleans. Of the eight hundred of them that followed their

Chief to the field, only forty returned. Hector Roy was succeeded by his brother, Allan.

18. Sir Allan married Julian, daughter of John Macleod of Macleod, by Sibella, daughter of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail. He died in 1674, in the 28th year of his age. He had one son, John.

19. Sir John, the 19th Chief of the Clan Maclean and the 4th Baronet of Morvern, was a brave, honest, and generous man. He spoke Gaelic, English, and French fluently. He was blindly attached to the stubborn and ungrateful King James, and also to his son. He fought at the battle of Killiecrankie in 1689, and at the battle of Sheriffmuir in 1715. He lost his estate, partly through the cupidity of the house of Argyll and partly through his own folly. He was married to Mary, daughter of Sir Æneas Macpherson of Invereshie. He had one son, Hector, and five daughters, Louisa, Isabell, Mary, Ann, and Beatrix. He died in 1716, in the 45th year of his age. He was the last of the powerful lords of Duart. He was succeeded in his titles by his only son, Hector.

20. Sir Hector was born at Calais in 1703. He was a well-bred man, and spoke Gaelic, English, French, and Italian. He went to France in 1721. He returned in 1745, but was seized and thrown into prison. He had thus no opportunity of being at Culloden. He was set at liberty in 1747. He died in Rome in 1750. He was never married. He was succeeded by Allan, son of Donald, son of Lachlan, eldest son of Donald of Brolas, who was the third son of Eachann Og, 14th chief.

21. Sir Allan was a colonel in the army. He was a very popular chief, as is evident from the number of songs composed about him. He married Una, daughter of Hector, 11th Maclean of Coll. He had three daughters—Maria, Sibella, and Ann. He died at Inch-Kenneth in 1783. He was succeeded by Hector, son of Donald, son of John, son of Hector Og, second son of Donald of Brolas.

22. Sir Hector died unmarried in 1818. He was succeeded by his brother, Fitzroy Jeffries Grafton, a strange name for a chief of the Macleans.

23. Sir Fitzroy married a daughter of Charles Kidd, Esq. He

died in 1847. He was at the time of his death a lieutenant-general. He had two sons—Charles Fitzroy and Donald. He was succeeded by the former. Donald was a barrister at law.

24. Sir Charles was a colonel in the army. He married a daughter of the Honourable Rev. Jacob Marsham. He died a few years ago, and was succeeded by his only son, Fitzroy Donald.

25. Sir Fitzroy Donald is the present chief. He is the 10th baronet of Morvern, the 20th in descent from Gilleain na Tuaighe, and the 25th chief of the Clan Maclean. His place of residence is West Cliff House, Folkestone, England.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD, THE POET.

[By Rev. JOHN KENNEDY.]

II.

ONE of the most touching and purely poetical songs in the book is "The parting of Charles and the Highlanders." It is manifestly the spontaneous outburst of a full and oppressed heart. It reveals a depth of pathos and tenderness not often to be met with, and indicates the existence of a relationship which nothing but death could sever. The song is in the form of an alternate dialogue between the Prince and the Highlanders. The Prince confesses that the world is often changeable and deceptive, that fortune's wheel has taken an unkindly turn, that they are now dispersed hither and thither in glens and on the mountains, but he promises to rally them whenever the opportunity offers. He admonishes them to be faithful to one another, and to put their trust in the Highest. He must now part with them, but not without unbounded confidence in their valour and steadfastness in the hour of need. It is necessary to say farewell, but only for a short time. They had been undaunted and unconquerable save by dire misfortunes. They had proved themselves

heroes—without deceit or fear—on the well-fought field of battle.

The Highlanders respond, assuring him of their unwavering trust and determination to place him, at no distant date, upon the throne. With a thousand good wishes they bid him God-speed, and with no less warmth desire his speedy and triumphant return. He, in response, singles out the Macdonalds for special commendation. They saved him when in his direst straits. On sea and land and islands, on the hills and in the mossy glens they never for a moment deserted him. This recalls very vividly the story of Flora Macdonald who at the risk of her own life piloted her beloved Prince through all the dangers and difficulties here referred to. With great and womanly ingenuity she dressed and disguised him as her servant-maid, and the ruse succeeded perfectly. There follows an allusion to his having been hard bestead by the enemy, but by their unwearying efforts he made good his escape. This may well refer to the reward of £30,000 offered by the Government for his capture—it was at all events a net cast for inveigling him, and there were blood hounds at his heels. With such a temptation it says a great deal for the loyalty and honour of Highlanders that none offered to betray him. The pathetic song closes with a sigh of hope, which was destined never to be realised.

In a song called "The Plaid of Pride" the superiority of the Highland dress—the kilt—is discussed at length. It is best to travel with, and to surround the deer, it best befits a soldier in the hour of hottest fighting, and also, if that should be found necessary, when retreat is made. It best suits to circumvent the moor-cock. In church, at marriage, ball, or court, it becomes the wearer well. In winter or in summer, at early morn or dead of night, it is the easiest garb to don or doff. Then follows an indignant protest against the man who banned it. Instead of conciliating, such procedure exasperated the Gaels so keenly that nothing less than the best blood of England would satiate their revengeful thirst. Sooner would their hearts be torn from their bosoms than their affection for Charles cease.

Closely connected with the martial spirit of the Gaels is their chief musical instrument—the bag-pipes—the praises of which in a

long poem the bard sings. The inspiring power of this instrument is well-known, and has been all along admitted down to the present day—specially at Tel-el-kebir where its unwonted sound struck terror into the foe. It is questionable whether anyone has described its structure and effect with greater vividness than Macdonald has done ; though Duncan Bàn is certainly not far behind. It is quite impossible to render into English the numerous epithets which so happily hit the poet's meaning—a meaning set forth with great clearness and fulness. He shows the superiority of the national instrument over all others, from a warlike point of view. At the first outburst of its martial music hundreds of men startle into strength, all their dismay and misgiving depart, and their courage fails them no more. Their feats of arms are performed amid the play of sharp lances, while the chanter trills, and thrills the soul with its awakening and sweetly-sounding tones. He personifies the favourite pipe as with warlike aspect, and bent neck, and looking out at its windows, whence issue the heart-stirring notes that produce such admirable effect. "When thy hard voice is heard on high, Mars is aroused and soon gallops sky-ward on his red fleet-footed horse, brandishing his sword in his hand, and war-intoxicated in his movement. Then also the whole army feel the pulse of fight, and every man becomes lion-hearted, bent on blood and irresistible." The concluding comparison is that of a fair and faultless spouse void of jealousy, but full of joy, and giving joy to others. Such is this instrument of song when taken up and skillfully touched.

And as illustrative of the hospitality and social customs of the Highlanders, perhaps no more typical song can be selected than "Oran Rioghail a' Bhotail"—The Royal Ode to Whisky—in which are found many touches that resemble, and remind one of, Burns' John Barleycorn." It is set to the well-known tune, "Let us be jovial, fill our glasses," and begins characteristically enough—"Let us be jovial and drink a glass ; we are strangers to sorrow. Let us not think of misfortune as long as our cup is full. It is a prime article in the creed of Bacchus to believe thoroughly in whisky, and to continue drinking heartily till the head is somewhat disturbed."

Nor is the bard's loyalty long forgotten—"Let us fill our

glasses to the health of the absent James, and double health drink to Charlie. If there is a man who cannot let him depart hence." The virtues of whisky are then dilated upon. It makes the sad joyful, the miser liberal, and the coward brave till the foe is dispersed. It makes the silent full of speech, the dull man gay, the strong man gallant, and the timid daring. It makes a lover of the lorn and puts the itch of dancing in the heels that never danced before. It makes the inhospitable frank, the stern man to relax, a gentleman of the ignoble, and of the weak a mighty man. Sweeter than the tuneful mavis sweetly carolling upon the branch is the quick music of its liquid flow. Pleasanter than the blackbirds song, as it utters its artless lays is the sound that glass and bottle make. Dull care is driven away and sadness is buried in the grave.

In all this the poet does not advocate intoxication, but expressly condemns it towards the close of the song; and it may be added by way of explanation, that in those times drunkenness was comparatively rare. This may have been due partly to the fact that the staple drink was not then adulterated.

To sum up and conclude the Jacobite productions no better poem could be selected than the one styled "The Ark," which had its origin in this way. A gentleman in Argyleshire dreamt that a deluge should soon overwhelm the country on account of the principal heads of houses having sided with King George. This suggests to the poet the idea of an ark, in which all those who remained loyal to Prince Charles should be placed, and in addition all who should be found willing to confess their disloyalty in the past and swear allegiance in the future. It is a very long and extremely interesting poem—reminding one by its scathing sarcasm and quaint humour of Lord Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It contains a picture in miniature of all the prominent families of the period, and has thus a biographical as well as a poetical interest.

After stating that Brigadier Campbell, who fell in the Prince's cause, had appeared to forewarn as to the coming deluge, the supernatural voice is said to enjoin Campbell—a relative of the late Brigadier—to build an ark not too large and not too small, but as strong as a rock. None is to

be admitted who had accepted the least favour from King George. Then all those who stood faithful are described, their peculiar prowess and fidelity recorded, and the right of admission claimed for them. Such are Loudon, Campbell of Lochnell, Campbell of Inveran, Captain Duncan Campbell—upon whom the bard's finest eulogy is bestowed. "He is the soldier and Christian in one. In thought, highborn, as gentle as a maiden, kindly, without defect. Steady, self-controlled—without boasting; fearless in the hour of danger. Erect, stately, full of purpose. Without pride, deserving respect. Moderate and wise in all his conduct, heroic, noble, humble. Daring and fierce in the hour of combat, but full of pity when the field is won." To those who showed special kindness to the Prince the best place is to be given; but to those who were lukewarm, or wavered, a process of penance is prescribed. Some of them are to be thrown overboard until they come to their senses, and then they may be admitted. Some are to be consigned to the tender mercies of Neptune—let them sink or swim. Some are likened to backsliders from the true faith, and are to be handed over to church-discipline, which at that time, and indeed till recently, was a source of great terror to all delinquents. There is one poetess who seems to have espoused the wrong cause, and who finds no favour at the hands, or rather the tongue, of the bard. She must be summarily hurled overboard, and may get a bottle of brandy with which to treat the seals. If her fate should resemble that of Jonah, the poet wishes her all joy of it, and finally to be landed on the Isle of Canna. There were others of whom better things might have been expected—these, on undergoing a process of purification, might be afterwards admitted, though somewhat reluctantly. But there were still others on the other hand, to whom no mercy was to be shown, such as Duncan, the Provost's son [Culloden]—a coward wight; the wicked Melvin; and black Lachlan of Balligrogan, who, because he had betrayed the Camerons and Mackinnons, must be sacrificed to the god of the sea, with a millstone round his neck; and who for companions is to have a dog, a cat, a serpent, and a fox. At the close he desires that justice should be tempered with mercy in the case of every Georgian rebel that should retract; and that the assigned task—the ark to be built of good Loch Sheil oak—should be speedily

accomplished. It has been well remarked that almost every line of these poems breathes rebellion; yet they were published five years after the battle of Culloden, and the author escaped with impunity.

III. We come now to the descriptive poems in which Macdonald is seen at his best. Nature was to him instinct with meaning and delight. In this respect he may well be compared to Wordsworth—

> "O, many are the poets that are sown
> By Nature! men endow'd with highest gifts—
> The vision and the faculty divine.

He is minute and exact in his representations. He holds converse with nature as with a loving friend. We may begin with his "Failte na Morthir," in which he depicts the beauty and fascination of his native country in the month of May. "That green, lovely, and sun-touched land, fertile and full of all good things. Men, women, and children enjoy life in the happiness that surrounds them. Beautiful are the hills and glens, and pleasing to the eye the silver-shining salmon in the streams. Herds of deer dwell on the heights. Cattle brouse on the abundant grass. Birds sing merrily in every branch. Primroses and daisies flourish, and honey-laden bees buzz all round." The whole is a complete picture of country life and happiness.

Next we have a very fine pastoral piece—"The Ode to Summer," in which the poet, rising betimes, describes a summer morning, while the dew still lies on the trees and grass in a cosy glen. Soon the birds awaken the woods with their notes, and echo responds. Sweet is the smell of the birch under the influence of the kindly-shining sun, as its buds shoot forth in the genial month of May. Every copse and thicket become gradually green while the sap is silently ascending. In the afternoon the mavis sings its carol on the green twigs. This month drives snow and cold and gloom even from the high hills, and clothes with beauty the dreary and dark fields. As an illustration of the wealth of description used, one verse may be quoted:—

> "Am mios lusanach meallach
> Feurach, failleanach, blàth;
> 'S e gu geugach, duilleach,
> Luaçhrach, ditheineach, lurach,

Beachach, seilleanach, dearcach,
Ciùrach, dealtach trom, tlàth ;
'S i mar chùirneanan daoimein,
Bhratach bhoillsgeilair làr."

In this verse we have the different kinds of flowers, of grasses, and of leaves, changed into adjectives, and applied to the month. Then follows a minute account of the haunts and habits of birds, their varying notes, the concert they make together, and the felicity it indicates. After this we have an extremely graphic picture of the characteristics and movements of the salmon, which has a striking resemblance—even in the use of the same words—to the similar one by Duncan Ban. But there is no probability, almost no possibility, that either could have been indebted to the other. Such remarkable coincidences are frequent, and arise from similar minds seeing similar things in the same way. In other than skillful hands, the profusion of epithet would become tedious, and hence the difficulty of giving a literal translation. As the "loves of the Plants" have been made famous by a masterhand, so may it be said that the loves of the birds and of the wild deer have been made familiar by Macdonald.

By way of contrast to the last ode, may be taken the "*Ode to Winter.*" All the glory and beauty alluded to above begin to disappear when the sun, king of planets, enters the sign of Cancer. His chariot seems to slacken speed, and winter weather is at hand. The fragrance of flowers is felt no longer, the trees erewhile laden with fruit become bare, the chrystal streams of the glens are in gloom, and the fountains cease to flow for deer and for roe. The earth mourns—the knolls become bare. The gay birds with varied colours are silenced now, and go in quest of sheltered spots, or seek a more genial clime, lilies and daisies are gone, and with them the busy bee. Salmon and herring find their winter quarters in the depth of the sea, etc. So will it be till the sun returns to Taurus. While he is in gloomy Capricorn, there will be hail, lightning, thunder, and storms—darkness, wild winds, snow-drift, frost, ice, in short, all winter's ungenial brood. The various methods and devices for resisting the inroads of cold and climate are next described, and some of the popular customs are noted. The various additional habiliments, as plaids, gloves, etc., strong boots

also, and thick stockings; the numerous drinks too, from *sowans* to whisky; and the kinds of meal, are all passed in review. At last, when the sun enters Gemini, and his kindly beams greet the earth, there will be a general resuscitation, or resurrection, of nature's manifold life. There will be a universal song or shout of praise uttered to the great Creator, and every living thing will exclaim in its own way—winter is gone and summer has come.

"The Dispraise of Caber-Feidh," though a descriptive poem, reveals also Macdonald's satiric power, but the pieces that were unmixed satire seem to have been so scurrilous as to be unfit for publication. "Cabar-Feidh," which means the antler of a deer, was the coat-of-arms of one of the ruling clans—the Seaforths—who seem to have fallen into disfavour at this time. Hence this heavy invective. The very name jars upon the ear; and the men of Moidart, in Argyleshire, would refuse to rise or join with the Seaforths. This recalls the unreasonable and unseasonable pride that sometimes marked the Highland clans, and their determination to die rather than yield. No better instance can be adduced than the refusal by the Macdonalds to fight at the battle of Culloden, because they were not placed on the right wing of the army—the position which belonged to them by immemorial right. Honour in such a case was dearer than life—a fact which finds admirable expression in this song. The men of Sleat would take no part with men who were pronounced feeble in fight, and who should therefore feel ashamed to stand side by side with the brave followers of Mac-Cailen—men who are bold, brave, hardy, and dauntless. The sound of their guns is compared to the headlong rush of a mountain torrent—a figure frequently used in the poems of Ossian. The Seaforths seem to have committed some blunder at the battle of Alt-Eire [Auldearn]—to have, in fact, deserted their post—in reference to which the poet says—The heavens wept, the stars fell to bid you stand, but you would have fled as far as Egypt, had there been no barrier in the way.

From this unpleasant picture the bard turns, and lavishes praise on the lion, king of beasts, by way of lauding Prince Charlie. Its fame and power, strength and hardihood, pride and honour, valour and fierceness are descanted upon at length, and in choice language. After a fine compliment to the Macdonalds, as with

strong arms and sharp swords cutting off heads and dividing asunder bones and sinews, there is a graphic account of the flight of the Seaforths to Perth, in such hot haste that there was not a single Lot's wife among them who even looked back. At Sheriff-muir, if the story of the song be accurate fact, it fared no better with this clan, who are said to have been the first to make for Stirling.

In contrast to the above there follows a song, wholly in praise of the lion, and partly already anticipated. The description in this instance is more minute, and details all the well-known qualities—fighting and friendly—of the lion. It may be noted that the clan Macdonald claim the lion as their own coat-of-arms—a fact which appears to have lent inspiration to the poet on this occasion. He begins by welcoming the brave lion of incomparable mettle, not to be overcome by unarmed, unworthy, or undisciplined opponents. "Awake! thou lion of bold deeds, arise in all thy might, with thy spotted, red-and-white banner, topped with mountain heather." "Thy forefathers had no defect, fortunate and full of pride they were, full of fight and constant." There is an inconsistency in the carrying out of the figure here, for the transition is suddenly made, without hint, to the men who effectively use gun and sword and spear. In the enumeration of the good qualities of the Macdonalds the poet is particularly felicitous. They are men who need no urging on to war—they are, so to speak, to the manner born, and the merest occasion is enough. Like lightning flash their swords are seen amid the wild havoc of falling and fallen. Theirs is the hardness of the rock, the swiftness of the roe, and afar their strokes are heard. Headlong they rush like the mountain flood, or sweep along like fire that wastes the heather. They are again finely compared to an oak that defies the ravages of time, and then to a goodly wood with branches and with twigs, which, in its united might, can resist all onsets. This comparison reminds one of Shakespeare's Macbeth, in which the wood of Dunsinnan is seen advancing to certain victory. The poem concludes by an admonition to be brave, and by stating that there is no record of the clan ever having turned their back to the foe, but rather of having always been found in the thickest of the fight.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TRAGEDY OF CLACH-NAN-CEANN.

A SGEULACHD OF THE RANNOCH CAMERONS.

(Continued.)

MACKINTOSH shuddered in the presence of the terrible phantom, and, with hair standing on end, said—

" Fhir ghoid mo bhogh' air an t-Slios Gharbh,
Cha mhis' is aobhar thu bhi marbh ;
'S an ainn Ni-Math rach nis air falbh !"

That is, freely rendered—

" Sliosgarbh abductor of my bow,
'Twas not by me thou wast laid low,
Therefore, in name of Heaven, avaunt !
Or tell me now what dost thou want ?"

The ghost replied—

" A chionn's nach tusa, Mhicantoisich,
Ach Ardlarich, rinn m' fhuilsa dhortadh,
Cha'n iarrair d' anam 'nochd 'sa chomhrag ;
Ach chionn's gur tusa mhort mo chlann,
Tha'n toireachd mach bho *Chlach-nan-ceann*
Gu d' dhuthaich a sgrios le teine is lann !"

That is, freely rendered—

" Since, Mackintosh, 'twas not thy knife,
But Ardlarich's, that took my life,
Thou shalt be spared in coming strife ;
But, since my bairns fell by thy hand,
From *Clach-nan-ceann* proceeds a band
With fire and sword to waste thy land !"

The ghost thereafter giving a loud "*sgreuch*" vanished out of sight ; and this, as well as the ominous words spoken in his ears, had the effect of immediately sobering the poor chief, who now felt new terrors added to the stings of conscience that daily and hourly were pricking his troubled heart. He went out to the door ; but what was his horror to see by the light of the moon shining overhead that all his men on guard had been killed, and that his castle was now in the hands of *Taillear Dubh-na-Tuaighe*

and his victorious Cameron band! The Tailor, on seeing the chief, called out with stentorian voice:—

"Thig a mach so, Mhicantoisich,
Neo ni mar sgadan mis' do rostadh!"

That is, freely rendered—

"Come out here, Mackintosh the daring
Else I will roast thee like a herring?"

The Chief replied—

"Ma's tusa Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe
Chuir an ruaige air Macantoisich,
Dean mo rost' is à sin suas
Cha'n abrar Taillear ruit ach Cocaire!"

That is, freely rendered—

"If thou'rt Black Tailor of the axe
That put The Mackintosh to flight,
Roast me and then thy fame shall wax
To be a mighty Cook in fight!"

The Tailor's stern features relaxed into a smile on hearing this grim joke, and he retorted in kind—

"Bheir mis' do bheath' dhuit Mhicantoisich;
Ma thig thu mach nis air a chomhnard,
'S ma theicheas tu mar eun bho'n Chocaire!"

That is—

"I'll grant thy life now, Mackintosh,
If thou come forth upon the plain,
And, like a bird, 'scape from the cook!"

The Mackintosh, finding that there was no other alternative chance for saving his life save this one offered him by the Tailor, accepted it; and, having adjusted his brogues, walked out. He now saw more clearly the force of men by which his castle was surrounded and the number of his own followers that had been slain. As they walked past the ramparts they met William Cameron, who said—

"Am feadh 's tha thus air falbh, a Thaillear,
Cuiridh sinn teine ris an aitreabh"

That is, freely rendered—

"Whilst thou'rt away we will set fire
To castle and make it a pyre."

The Tailor gave to this the oracular response—

"Fosglaibh dorsainn Mhicantoisich
Los nach bi iad air an rostadh."

That is—

"Open the Mackintosh's doors
So that they be not roast' alive!"

The Tailor then, armed as he was with his Lochaber axe, proceeded along with the Chief until they reached a stretch of level ground that lay at some distance from the castle. The Tailor gave him twenty yards of a start for his life; and the race soon began in real earnest. The Mackintosh ran well, considering the circumstance of his previous long debauch; but his opponent in the end proved too nimble for him. As the Chief was crossing a high stone dyke, the Tailor got hold of his kilt with his left hand, and, flourishing his Lochaber axe over his head, said—

"Dh' fhaodainn, is cha dean mi e,
Ach cuiridh mi masladh siorruidh ort."

That is, freely rendered—

"Although I could I will not deign to slay,
But place on thee a lasting stain this day,"

and with that he docked off the tail of his kilt all round with his axe, and shaking this in triumph, said—

"Seall! earball cat mòr Bhaideanach
Chaidh ghearradh dheth le tuagh an Tailleir
Mar dhioladh air son fuil nam paisdean!"

That is—

"Behold! the tail of the great Badenoch cat
Cut off from him by the grim Tailor's axe
To avenge the bloodshed of the children small!"

The poor Chief went on his way, trudging as best he could

through the snow. He felt keenly the degradation of his position. Not only was his person now bare and exposed to the bitter frosty blasts of heaven, but his honour as a chief was for ever compromised by the cruel words of scornful mockery which his enemy had uttered in granting him his life. His first impulse was to commit suicide; because, thought he, life received on such terms was a thousand times more miserable than death itself, which is the final termination of all earthly troubles. But as he walked along, thinking over this matter, he met in with his piper, who, in the general confusion, had contrived to make good his escape from the avenging axes of the Camerons. Society is the best antidote to thoughts of self-destruction. The Chief and his piper retired to a hill; and the latter, having made a cushion of his ample plaid, placed it on the snow, and they both sat thereon and watched the Castle, which was now in flames, until it was burnt down to the ground. They had also the mortification to behold all the other Mackintosh habitations in the vicinity, one by one, consigned to the flames, and the inhabitants either slain or rendered homeless.

The destruction of his country and clansfolk by the axes and faggots of the Camerons, and his own utter inability to render them any help, filled the Chief with shame and sorrow; and each time he fidgetted round on his seat his bare body came in contact with the surrounding snow—which vividly reminded him of the terrible mark of disgrace the Tailor had inflicted on him as the boasted head of the Clan Chattan in Badenoch. Hence the lines—

"Shuidh' Macantoisich shuas air cnòc,
Mar chat gun earball air plòc;
Is chunnaic e a thigh 's a dhuthaich
Air an losg' air-son a lochd;
Is dh'iadh à smuaintean sios gu mhàsan
Lom is saraicht' air an t-sneachd!"

That is—

"Mackintosh sat on a hill,
Like tailless cat upon a block,
And saw his house and country round
Consumed with fire for his own crime;
And then his thoughts crept to his exposed person
All bare and harassed on the snow."

When the Cameron men had departed, the Mackintosh and his piper came down the hill—both shivering with cold—to view the ruin and desolation of the land. At every burned-down habitation Mackintosh blood shone red 'neath the pale beams of the moon on the snow; and here and there, amongst the ruins, houseless wretches were seen to cower for protection from the bitter cold and other more dreadful terrors of that Christmas night. When they reached the Castle they found that it was not only a heap of smouldering ruins, but also a holocaust of the slain. Several of the Castle servants, no doubt, had escaped, but many of them perished, and the companions of his debauch were all burnt to cinders. How often does it happen in this world that when vengeance comes it is not the man that committed the crime that suffers death but others in his stead as a vicarious sacrifice! When kings wantonly go to war, or commit any other folly, it is the people that have, in the first instance at least, to suffer the evil consequences thereof. In this connection most true is the adage of the Roman bard :—"Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi," that is—"The Greeks suffer for whatever folly their princes commit."

But although the Mackintosh saw his guests reduced to charcoal, and so many of his servants and clansmen slain, and so much property destroyed, all for the murder of the innocents at *Clach-nan-Ceann*, and himself, the murderer, still spared alive, this had the effect of only rendering his remorse and misery the more intense and heart-crushing. His first impulse was to burst into a passion of railing against his own evil destiny—against Marsali and her brats, against Macgregor of Ardlarich, and against *Taillear dubh na Tuaighe*, and the whole Cameron Clan—but cool reflection on his situation brought on calmer thoughts. The question occurred to him, How and why was he spared in the midst of so much carnage and destruction? Why were his companions and clansmen, who were innocently put to death, and he who was the perpetrator of the tragedy that had called forth the vengeance, allowed to live? Was it because they were prepared to depart to another state of existence and he unprepared? or was it because he was to have one more opportunity on earth of repentance and

reconciliation with heaven? Happily for the chief and his house he fixed on the latter as the true reason; and having taken up his position on a stone amid the ruins of his castle he made his piper go round and round playing the "Mackintosh Lament," while he himself resumed in right good earnest the singing of those mournful and penitential stanzas from which about a month before he had been dissuaded by the evil counsel of his now burnt-up companions. Very different from Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage was now the poor Mackintosh chief sitting amid the dust and ashes of his own ancient keep; for his thoughts were not on revenge but on how he might obtain the forgiveness of heaven, and make some reparation to his fellow creatures for all the evil he had brought on them by his own folly and wickedness.

And now, while the piper was playing his mournful lament and the chief singing his early "matins" in the sorrowful and heartfelt confession of his sins, who should appear upon the scene but the priest who had advised him to enter on this course of penitence with the hope of ultimate pardon. He was a smart little dapper man with grave aspect, and dressed in a clerical every-day suit of dark serge, with a fur overcoat to guard him against the severity of the weather. Raising his hand and beckoning to the piper, who immediately discontinued his playing, he thus addressed the Mackintosh in solemn tone of authority which well became a messenger of heaven :—

I.

"Mhicantoisich 's e do ghoraich
Is aobhar air a chasgraidh mhòr so
A rinn do thigh 's do dhuthaich a rostadh.

II.

"'Nuair a chasgair thu na paisdean
Ghlaodh thu air an Ti a's Airde'
Air son mathanas trid an t-Shlanuighear.

III.

"Is 'nuair a dh'aom E ruit a chluas
Chaidh thus' air ais gu slighe na truaighe
Is fhuair an dia'ul ort rithist a bhuaidh.

IV.

"'N sin chuir an Ti as airde ort plaigh,
Gu d' tharruing stigh an Cumhnant graidh,
Is as an teine rinn e do thearnadh.

V.

" Is E-san chruaidhich cridhe an Tailleir
Mar rinn E roimh so air righ Pharaoh ;
Is ghearr e d' fheileadh bharr do mhasan !

VI.

" Gabh ri do Shlanuighear, Mhicantoisich,
Is dean an Ti a's Airde a ghloireach',
Is gheibh do shliochd 'san tir so comhnuidh."

That is, literally rendered—

I.

" O Mackintosh, it was thy folly
That was the cause of this great ruin
Which roasted up thy house and country.

II.

" When thou hadst killed the little children
Thou didst cry unto the Most High
To grant the pardon through the Saviour.

III.

" And when to thee He turned His ear
Thou didst backslide to evil ways
And the devil o'er thee his power regained.

IV.

" Then the Most High did plague thee sore
To draw thee in Covenant of love
And from the fire He snatched thee out.

V.

" 'Twas He that hardened the Tailor's heart,
As erst He'd done unto King Pharaoh ;
And he cut thy kilt from off thy haunches.

VI.

" Take to thy Saviour, Mackintosh,
And glorify thou the Most High,
And thy seed shall possess this land."

The Priest thereupon evanished from sight and was no more seen ; but the solemn words which he had spoken fell like good seed into the now deeply-ploughed soil of the Mackintosh's heart, and produced abundant and happy fruits for the benefit of himself and his clan and posterity. Over the ruins of his Castle good and wise resolutions were formed, and were so well persevered in that, under him, the House of Mackintosh once more arose like another Phœnix from its ashes ! It is quite true

that the curses entailed by the murder of *Clach-nan-cean* has ever since continued to dog the family, producing "many breaches" in the succession in Moy Hall; often, like the destroying angel of old, taking away the first-born son—the "roof-tree of the house," in the prime of manly strength and beauty and hopefulness; but the house has, nevertheless, continued to flourish in the midst of all its family mishaps and trials, and it is now reckoned one of the oldest and most respectable amongst the native aristocracy of the Highlands. Long may the chiefs of the clan continue to base the stability and greatness of their house on a true "Mackintosh Lament" for the follies of youth and the errors and shortcomings of maturer years!

Meanwhile *Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe* and his men, after they had burnt the castle and country of the Mackintosh in Badenoch, and put a great number of people to death by their avenging axes and faggots, collected as many cattle as they could find and were driving a huge "*creach*" before them in a south-westerly direction. This was the general termination in those times of every successful fray into hostile territory; and the Camerons of Lochiel were reckoned more than ordinary experts in the pursuit of this most gentlemanly calling. Cattle were then looked on in the same light as deer are nowadays. They were only imaginary property—that is, property so long as they remained on one's land, but no longer; and it was only by a process of hanging everybody that "lifted" cattle or sheep that Highlanders could be brought to see that there was any moral delinquency in using those animals for food which the green grass of their native hills supported.

(*To be continued.*)

HERO TALES OF THE GAEL.

VI.—CUCHULINN.

WE now come to Cuchulinn, son of Sualtam, "fortissimus heros Scotorum"—the bravest hero of the Scotic race, as Tigernach of old says. Cuchulinn was the favourite demigod hero of the ancient Gael, a position which Fionn holds among the modern Gaelic-speaking races. Feats which are in the oldest literature recorded of Cuchulinn, are in modern times attributed to Fionn, and the two cycles which centre round these heroes have got mixed in incident and story, though not in names. The heroes of the Cuchulinn cycle are hardly ever, in the genuine tales and ballads, mingled with the warriors of Fionn. It is practically in Macpherson's work alone that Cuchulinn and Fionn are brought together, and there Cuchulinn is made to hide his diminished head before the sun of Morven's king. Chronology sets the two cycles close on three centuries apart, but they are as near three times ten centuries apart in the matter of literary, social, and historical development. The Cuchulinn cycle is Homeric; the Fionn cycle is the essence of Folklore.

Cuchulinn is not much known in Scotland; his name belongs to the literary rather than the popular epos or epic sagas. Yet he is known and his greatness recognised, but his sun is setting, for Fionn holds the zenith of glory. The Dean of Lismore has three ballads about Cuchulinn—the first is the opening part of the "Sickbed of Cuchulinn," the second is the death of Conlaoch, Cuchulinn's son, and the third is the ballad of the "Heads," the heads which were taken in revenge for Cuchulinn's death by Conall Cernach. The ballads of Conlaoch and of the Heads are well known in modern times and have been collected in various places and published. The "Sickbed" is unknown outside the Dean's book. The other ballads about Cuchulinn are descriptions of his Car and his Sword, poems or rather rhythmic descriptions of 64 and 13 lines respectively, which are evidently introductory portions of some longer piece, possibly of the "Wooing of Emer." There are one or two ballads connecting Cuchulinn with Garbh

Mac Stairn, the Danish King, but they are late; the whole story degenerates in the popular tales into Jack the Giant Killer tricks, in which Cuchulinn defeats and cheats his father-in-law Garbh the son of Starn.

Cuchulinn's greatest life-work is contained in the epic saga of the Tain Bo Chualgne. A raid is made by Ailill and Meave into Ulster to get the famous bull Donn Chualgne (Brown of Cualgne) and the Ulster people all save Cuchulinn are placed under a spell whereby they cannot go out to fight. Cuchulinn alone withstands the hosts of Meave, dealing death with his sling and fighting successive champions "at the ford," which gives passage into Ulster. But he fails, apparently through demon influences, and Meave ravages Ulster and gets the Donn of Cualgne. But, as she is returning, the Ulster men shake off their lethargic spell and pursue. A battle is fought. Cuchulinn again appears and carries all before him. The Donn, however, is not recovered; he is taken to Connaught, where, finding himself in pastures new, he fetches a series of mighty bellow which brings on the scene the next best bull in the world—the Finnbeannach or White-horned —a bull possessed by Ailill. They fought, the Donn overcame his rival, and raising him on his horns rushed off with him northwards leaving detached portions of him here and there on his way. His rage ceased not when he reached Cualgne, but he went charging against a rock thinking it was the Finnbeannach and thus dashed out his brains.

The Tain Bo Chualgne has degenerated much in the Highland form of it. It begins with Cuchulinn's birth and youthful exploits; then there is the quarrel about the Donn; thereafter comes the fighting, especially the fight with Ferdia "at the ford;" then Garbh, the Giant, son of Starn, brings the comic element upon the scene; after him Cuchulinn encounters the witch daughters of Cailetin, a magician whom Cuchulinn had slain in the earlier part of his ford-fighting, and the hero is slain through their craft; and, lastly, Conall Cernach enacts bloody vengeance for his beloved friend, and, as he returns from the fight with a withy full of heads of foes, he meets Emer, Cuchulinn's wife, and tells her to whom each head belongs. The following excellent version of the tale was got in its Gaelic original by Mr. A. A. Carmichael, in Benbe-

cula, and his Gaelic appears in the Transactions of the Inverness Gaelic Society, Vol. II. We are alone responsible for the translation and other material.

THE COWSPOIL OF CUALGNE.

THE framing of the story.

There was a gentleman in Erin whom they called Du'allach. He was not a landlord at all; but he had a good share of the world's goods and good education, and was descended of a respectable family, and, accordingly, he had a seat in the company of gentlemen. He had but one son, named Cuchullain. He himself and the Earl of Glen Cuilisg were at college together and they were friends and companions to one another. The daughter of the Earl was marrying, and the Earl sent an invitation to the wedding to Du'allach a week before the time. The Du'allach and his wife went away to the wedding with their men-servants and their saddled horses. Cuchullain was seeking to go, but he would not be allowed. When they went away he went away after them. He had a ball and a club. At nightfall, at sunset, they reached the big bridge that was going over to the Earl's palace. There was a dog on the bridge watching it, and he would not let any man pass without paying. The boy had no money. He thought within himself that it would be very disgraceful for him to turn home, and he placed the ball on a hillock and he struck it right through the dog lengthways and he threw the dog in a heap over the bridge. That is the first heroic act Cuchullain performed.

He went into the town and he saw some lads clubbing (playing shinty) and he began to club along with them. When night came he said to one of the lads who were clubbing with him, "Is it not here," said he, "that the house of the Earl is?" "It is," said the other; "what is your business with him?" "Is there not a great wedding in it?" "There is." "I would like that you would show it to me." "They will not let you in." "My father and mother are at the wedding, and I will see if they will allow me."

The castle was lighted with a large bright fire of wood. He went in and went among the company and he took a run over and went between the two knees of his father. "Is this you, Cuchullain?" said his father. "It is," said Cuchullain." "How

did you get in and the dog on the bridge?" "I killed the dog." What was it but that one of the Earl's stewards was in the room, and he went and told his master the words of Cuchullain. The Earl jumped down the floor. "Who is here," said he, "who killed my dog on the bridge?" No one uttered a syllable. They were afraid.

The Du'altach said, "Here is the man who says to me that he killed your dog." "I will not believe that—that a little boy like that would kill my dog." "Oh! it is I indeed who killed him, and you will not attribute it to anybody else but to me," said Cuchullain." "Well," said the Earl, "you must wait seven years watching the bridge, taking care of it till I rear a dog fit for your place, or you will pay me £700 sterling." "Indeed I will pay that for my son," said the Du'altach; "but if I will I shall not be much worth after it. But if I would get time I would pay that and myself be as I was before."

Cuchullain stood up and said, "You will not pay one penny, father, but I will go to the bridge to guard it for him, and I will stay a year and he must give a dog's justice to me."

Cuchullain was then a year on the bridge. He was awful for learning, and every one that would come to the bridge he would say to him, "I will not let you over if you will not give me a lesson," and when a gentleman came he would give him pay and a lesson along with it. With how diligent he was picking it up, he learned in this way much knowledge. He then came home. There was at that time of the world a college in Dun-sgathaich, in the Island of Skye, and there was not a man worthy of being called a man in the kingdom of Scotland, or of England, or of Ireland, that would not send his son to learn in it. One was not esteemed but he who would get his education at Dun-sgathaich. There was no learning or good education or good feat but was to be got there, and the feat was not prized but the feat that was taught there. Cuchullain would not live if he was not allowed to the college of Dun-sgathaich, and he was allowed away. He was nine years there. There was a Scottish gentleman named Feardiag, son of Daimbain, in the school in Cuchullain's time and he was the first champion of the world in his own day. Feardiag and Cuchullain were lying and rising together during the whole nine years, and they were companions to one

another. When they were parting they swore to one another that the one would not trouble the other forever. The one learnt nothing but what the other learnt, but one feat that Cuchullain had, called the gath balg.

They had men servants, and the two servants were brothers. Feardiag's lad was called the lad of the Iurach, and Laochaire Mac Nearst was the name of Cuchullain's lad. The lads were their pages in the school and they were themselves not far back. Laochaire Mac Nearst followed Cuchullain and Gille na Iuraich followed the Feardiag.

They left Dun-sgathaich and Cuchullain turned home to Erin. Cuchullain and Laochaire Mac Nearst came home to the house of Du'altach, the Good Grianan of Erin. The Du'altach had fifty cows in an island of the sea, and what but one of them had a calf, and it was not known on the face of Christendom where she got the bull. There was not a colour in the rainbow or in the heavens but was on the calf. Cuchullain would not be alive and he a brave fellow after coming from the bridge, if the calf would not be named after himself. His father was not willing to give him the calf since it was not a she-calf. "I must get it. I prefer this he-one to ten she-ones," and he got the calf. The calf was only a calf at the time when Cuchullain went to the school of Dun-sgathaich, but he was a bull when he came back from it. The like of it was not in Erin but itself. It is related that he would make a cow with calf with a low throughout the five parts of Erin. His name was Donn-Guaillionn.

Cuchullain turned home to Grian-math in Erin and himself and his servant Laochaire Mac Nearst would be going to hunt to the other side of Erin. He would be visiting the daughter of Garbh Mac Stairn and he would say to her, "I will come to-day and I will come to-morrow," and he would meet her and the result was that he ran away with her. He took her home to the house of his father and he set up house for himself, and he and she were pleasing one another very well. The queen of the one half of Erin was a woman who was called Maoim a Chruachain, and the king of the other half was Oiriol Fhaolamach. She was a widow and he was a widower. Their relations and advisers began to say to them that they should marry and put their possessions together. She had a courtier, a son of her sister named Feargus Philisteach, and the queen asked his advice if she

should marry Oiriol. "Will you be willing that I should marry Oiriol?" said she. "I will," said Feargus, "be very willing that you should marry him, indeed. There is a heavy charge on myself, and I am for lightening it."

They were put to marry, and Maoim a Chruachain and Oiriol Fhaolumach married. At the end of a month or so they went to loggerheads and they quarrelled. The one began to blame the other for having too big a share of the world. Upon this they began to count the stock, and when the stock was counted and put together he had a bull more than her. The name of the bull was the Binne-bheoch. The queen began upon this to ask Feargus where a bull could be got that would fight Binne-bheoch, the "Horned Beast," and that would master him, and she would not have worldly life if she would not get one. "I do not know that," said Feargus, "where a bull can be got that will fight him, and obtain the mastery over him, except Du'allach's Donn-guaillionn, and that is not the sport going to meet himself and getting him from him. He himself is strong, and he has a very strong, conceited, high-minded son, and if he is not won by peace, he will not be won at all by wrath." "There is not a man that I have better suited for the purpose than yourself. You will go to ask the bull, and you will bring with you thirteen of the big lads," said the Queen. Feargus Philisteach and thirteen of the big lads of Maoim a Chruachain went to seek the Donn-guaillion. They reached Du'altach's house about midday, and Feargus went in to Du'altach's hall. He asked the bull standing. "You are in a hurry," said Du'altach, "is it in search of fire you came? Sit down and tell your news." "No, until I shall know about my business." "Well, it is not I that have that to give to you, but my son, Cuchullain. He is on the hunting mountain, but he will be home in the beginning of the evening. You are welcome along with myself to-night, and wait till Cuchullain comes from the hunting." "I have big lads that I brought with me to help me with the bull, and it is not proper that they should be in our company." "I have plenty of barns in which we may put them in order." Plenty of meat and drink and bedclothes were sent to the big lads. They got blind drunk. Feargus and the Du'altach were drinking in the big house till Cuchullain came home at the beginning of the night.

Cuchullain heard a sound of revelry in the barn of his father and he went over. He then came to the big house, and he went in where his father and Feargus were passing the evening joyfully. "That is your business man," said Du'allach to Feargus. Then Feargus began to ask the bull from Cuchullain as sweet and as cunning and as wordy as he could. "You will get," said he, "gold and silver and the friendship of Maoim Chruachain, and the right hand of Oiriol." Cuchullain said nothing, but listened to him. He turned his back. "Shall I get the bull?" "I do not know but you will." Feargus rose up quickly and went out to the barn where the big lads were. Cuchullain followed him. The lads were blinded with drink. "Did you get the bull?" every one said to Feargus. "I did, but my servants would not get him." This one and the next one said, "Why would your men not get him?" "If they would not get him willingly they would take him in spite," every one said. Cuchullain heard the words and turned back. Feargus turned back to the house, and himself and the Du'allach slept in the same room. Cuchullain went and put a bar on the barn door so that none should get out, and he set the house on fire and burnt it about their heads. Feargus and Du'allach were long of sleeping, but telling stories—the one here and the other there. When Cuchullain came in, in the morning, Feargus lifted his head and he saw Cuchullain over between him and the window. "Well! are you to be as good as your word to-day?" said Feargus. "Yes, indeed. What did I promise?" "Did you not promise me the bull—the Donn-guaillionn?" "What promise did I make? Did I say to you but that I did not know but that you would get him, and to-day I know that you won't. If you had brought a mannerly company with you it is likely that you would have got the bull with you." Feargus dressed and went out, and the first sight that struck his eye was the barn lying flat and the bones of the men burnt to cinders. He went home.

"Did you get the bull—the bull, Feargus. Where is the bull?" said Maoim Chruachain. "No; and although you would send a greater company they would not get the bull," and he told the Queen what had happened to the lads.

The Queen and Oiriol were made to promise to live together and they did live together. But before the end of the month

came they quarrelled again and again about the Binne-bheoch. Then the Maoim Cruachain sent letters far and wide throughout Alba (Scotland), England and Erin, that whosoever would come to take out the Donn-guaillionn would have plenty of gold and silver, and Maoim Cruaichain's healing friendship and Oiriol's right hand of friendship. Maoim Cruachain was an old grey wife. A woman then, who was about herself, put in her head to send a letter to Feardiag.

She did that, but it was not to marriage or anything but to a big feast that she was going to give. Feradiag's brothers were out at the harvesting and Feardiag walking back and fore about them doing nothing when the letter came. He sat on a cairn near the harvesters and read Maoim Cruachain's letter.

"There is a letter here," said he, "that came to me from the Maoim Cruachain, placing before me to go and keep a feast and company with her." "We heard about the matter before. For to marry you!" said his brothers, drawing out of him. "What do you say? Is it I that would marry the old hag of a woman? Indeed, I would not, although there would not be on the earth but herself of women. But without doubt I must obey the Queen since she sent for me." Feardiag went away himself and his man —the son of Iurach—and they reached the palace of the Queen of Ireland. The feast was spread before them. Drink and music and dancing and rejoicing and great mirth began, when the first champion of the world came to the country.

(To be continued.)

CELTIC WORDS BORROWED BY THE ENGLISH.

SLOWLY but surely are we coming to know the exact extent to which the English vocabulary is indebted to the Celtic languages. Two generations ago Celtic enthusiasts, if they did not claim the English as derived from the Celtic, at any rate put forward formidable lists of borrowed or derived words; it is little more than ten years ago since Dr. Charles Mackay published his sumptuous work "The Gaelic Etymology of the English Language," the subject of which is sufficiently indicated by its title. The Philological Society (began circ. 1842) adopted sane views on the subject, and Mr. Garnett drew up a list of Celtic loan-words in their first volume. A shorter and more accurate list was published in 1862 in Marsh's Students Manual of the English Language. In 1882 Dr. Skeat's monumental work—an Etymological Dictionary of the English Language—appeared, and the subject of borrowed Celtic words was gone into thoroughly so far as Dr. Skeat's knowledge then went. He called it a "particularly slippery subject," and so he found it, for his slips have been very considerable. Plain elementary laws, like the non-preservation in Celtic of original *p*, were not attended to, and the results were naturally unsatisfactory to a very high degree. In his latest book, the "Principles of English Etymology: 1st Series, Native Element,"* he has adopted a position of greater reserve, and he displays more knowledge of the laws of Celtic interchange of sound. But why should not English philologists take the trouble, as the German philologists do, of learning the Celtic languages thoroughly? It is much more their interest than that of the Germans and it is a far more patriotic course, for the Celts form a part of the United Kingdom.

The Celtic words in English have come into that language from two sources; 1st, Celtic words have been borrowed by the English people directly from the Celts; 2nd, Celtic words have entered English with the Romance tongues, especially with French. There are many Celtic words in French, and some even in Spanish and Italian. They are, some of them, words adopted

* Oxford, at the Clarendon Press, 1887.

into Latin on the conquest and colonisation of Gaul, and some have been borrowed from the Breton tongue. Dr. Skeat's Principles of English Etymology deals only with the words borrowed by the English themselves from the Celts, and in this article we deal only with Dr. Skeat's portion of the subject—the Celtic words borrowed by the English. Nevertheless it must be pointed out that the Celtic words in the Continental languages have been often discussed by competent German and French philologists; we may almost say that the words of Celtic origin in French and the other Romance tongues are nearly all known. They are very concisely, yet completely, discussed in Thurneysen's *Keltoromanisches*, a work wherein he revises and reconsiders all the Celtic derivations given in Diez' Etymological Dictionary of the Romance Languages. Professor Windisch has recently passed in rapid review the relations of the Celtic languages to their Romance successors, in Gröber's Grundriss der Romanischen Philologie. With these two works and with Diez' Dictionary, we are well enough to do from the Celtic point of view in regard to the Romance side of the English language.

It is with Prof. Skeat's chapter on the Celtic Element and not with his "Principles" in a general way that we are here essaying to deal, but we may say that a better book, more full and accurate, on its subject, has not yet appeared.* Professor Skeat begins by referring to the difficulty of the subject, which he says he "can but treat superficially." He points out how many words that were considered Celtic are now explained otherwise; *lover* from A.S. *hof* (dwelling-place), whence Welsh *hofio* is borrowed and not the other way; *barrow* is from A.S. *beorg* (hill) and has nothing to do

* Like a great many philologists, Prof. Skeat sometimes lacks faith in his own laws, or how else would he have collated *gloria* of the Lat. with Grk. *kleos*? We emphatically protest against the doctrine two or three times repeated that *r* and *l* interchange in the European languages; it is simply incorrect, if we leave the assimilation and dissimilation of liquids themselves out of account. His statement of Verner's law, that the tenues (and *s*) become mediae (and *r*) in Low German if, being after the first syllable, they precede the position of the accent, will not explain, for instance, the *r* of *better*, from *bát-is-a*. When the tenues follow an unaccented vowel, the change takes place; that is all. Gaelic *-ag*, Ir. *og*, diminutive particle, for *onko* (juvenko?), is certainly not the same as Eng. *-ock* of like meaning (p. 221). We never have seen a clearer explanation of the so-called gerund in *-ing* than Prof. Skeat's.

with Gaelic *burr*; *kiln* is not the W. *cilin*, but both are from the Lat. *culina* (kitchen); *dainty* is from Lat. *dignitatem*, not the W. *dantaeth*; *boast* and *boisterous* the Professor now sees are not from Gaelic *bòsd* and W. *bwystus* respectively—Gaelic *bòsd* being in fact borrowed from the English. We may point out words Professor Skeat has dropped since the writing of his Dictionary: *bad*, which is explained by Old Eng. *geboedel* and has nothing to do with G. *baoth* (Thurneysen, p. 42); *ribbon* and its Gaelic equivalents are of Romance origin (Thu. 110); *pool*, as pointed out by M. Gaidoz long ago, is from L. Lat. *padulis*, a metathesis of *paludis*, but Dr. Skeat now allows its Lat. origin through the original form of W. *pwll*.

The Professor first deals with the words borrowed in modern times, and takes the three leading languages—Irish, Gaelic, and Welsh—one after the other. His words from Irish are as follows: (though borrowed from Irish, nearly all have Gaelic counterparts:)

bard (G. bard)
bog (G. bog 'soft')
brogue (G. brog 'shoe')
dirk?
fun (G. fonn 'tune')
galloglas (G. gall-oglach)
galore (G. gu leòr)
glib (G. glib 'hair')
kern (G. ceatharnach)
lough (G. loch)
orrery (proper name)
pillion? (G. pillean)
rapparee G. rapair)
shillelagh (proper name)
skain, skene (G. sgian)
shamrock (G. seamrag)
spalpeen (G. spailpean)
tanist (G. tanaiste)
Tory (G. tòrachd)
usquebaugh (G. uisge beatha)

These are all quite sound save two: *fun* is allied to *fond* and can have nothing to do with Ir. *fonn* (tune)—it is probably Scandinavian; *pillion* and G. *pillean* are both Romance, and ultimately the Lat. *pellis*.

There are one or two words more which appear in literature or slang. The word *colleen* (girl) is Ir. *cailin*, G. *caileag*; *mavourneen* is for *mo mhuirnin* (my darling)—*muirn* being affection in Ir. and G. *Shebeen* is from *seapa* "shop," which again is but Eng. *shop* borrowed. *Shanty* is probably *sean tigh*, "auld house."

The following are the words borrowed from the Gaelic language:—

airt, *Sc.* (aird 'quarter')
banshee (bean-sith 'fairy')
Beltane (Bealltuinn)
branks (brangas)
brose (bruthaist)
cairn (carn)
capercailzie (capull-coille)
cateran (ceatharnach)
glen (gleann)
gowan (gugan 'bud'?)
inch (innis 'island')
ingle (aingeal 'fire')
kail (càl)
loch (loch)
macintosh (Mackintosh)
philibeg (feileadh bheag)

clachan (clachan)
clan (clann)
claymore (claidheamh mòr)
collie (cuilean 'doggie')
coronach (comh-ranaich)
corrie (coire)
cosy (cuasach 'hollow')
crag (creag
creel (croidhleag)
galloway (Galloway)
gillie (gille)
pibroch (piobaireachd)
plaid (plaide)
ptarmigan? (tarmachan)
quaff (cuach)
reel (ruidhle)
slogan (sluagh 'host')
spate (? Ir. speid)
spleuchan (spliùchan)
sporran (sporan)
strath (strath)
whiskey (uisge beatha)

The word "cupercailzie" appears first in Leslie's History of Scotland, where this "verie rare" foul's name is explained as meaning the "horse of the forest." In regard to *spate*, Prof. Skeat does not find it in Macleod and Dewar's Gaelic Dictionary: we should think not. The word is certainly not Gaelic, nor Celtic, we should say. The initial *sp*, rarely, if ever, a Gaelic combination, renders it suspect. Eng. *quaff* and Scotch *waught* he considers derived from Gaelic *cuach*. The words *ingle*, *kail* and *plaid* he says are not originally Gaelic but Latin. The Gaelic *aingeal*, to which Scotch *ingle* is referred, is a dictionary word, of doubtful use and origin; whether it is from *ignis* of Lat. or if it be from Sc. *ingle* or Sc. *ingle* be from it, is doubtful. The Gaelic *càl*, whence Sc. *kail*, is the Lat. *caulis*, and Gaelic *plaide* (blanket) and *plaid* seem but other forms of *pallet*. The word *brose* is not derived from Gaelic *bruthaist* as Prof. Skeat says; the reverse is the truth, and it is the same with *branks*. *Pibroch* is from the Gaelic, but the Gaelic itself is borrowed from the English; initial *p* and preserved *b* between vowels prove that. The word *clan* is from Gaelic *clann*, which, despite Dr. Stokes' authority, we refuse to believe to be Lat. *planta*. Windisch gives the Celtic ground form as *qvalnata*, root *cu* (swell). The word *glen* and Gaelic *gleann* are not, as stated in Prof. Skeat's Dictionary, allied to Lat. *clinare*, Eng. *lean*! The comparison is as bad as that of Lat. *gloria* with Grk. *kleos*.

The words of Welsh origin are as follows: bragget, cam, clutter (heap), coble (?), coracle, cromlech, crowd (fiddle), flannel, flummery, hawk (clearing throat), kex, kibe, kick, metheglin.

So far we have been considering words borrowed into English from the three leading Celtic languages of Britain during the last half-dozen centuries. Are there words in English which are of Celtic origin but which cannot be precisely traced back to any of the three languages—Irish, Gaelic, and Welsh? And, secondly,

are there words borrowed in Anglo-Saxon or Old English times? It is clear that here we are face to face with the real difficulty of the Celtic derivation of many obscure words in the English tongue. Professor Skeat's list of the first class—words borrowed in later English, but which cannot be always definitely traced to any one Celtic dialect—is as follows:—

bald (W. bal 'spotted')
bat 'stick' (Ir., G. bat)
boggle, see bug
bots (G. botus)
brag (G., W., Ir. brag-)
bran (O. Ir. brén 'foul')
brat (Ir. and G. brat 'cloak')
brill (Corn. brilli 'mackerel')
brisk (W. brysg, G. briosg)
bug-bear W. bwg G. bòcan, allied to puck)
bump (W. bump, G. beum)
cabin (W. caban)
char—a fish (G. and Ir. ceas 'blood')
chert (Celt. car 'rock')
clock (Ir. and G. clog 'bell')
cob (W. cob, G. copan)
cobble, from above.
cock-boat (W. cwch)
coot (W. cwta 'docked')
cub (O. Ir. cuib 'dog')
Culdee (O. Ir. céle-Dé 'God's servant,)
curd (Ir. and G. gruth)
cut (W. cwta, G. cutach)
dad (W. tad., G. daidean)
dandriff (W. ton and drug? 'bad peel')
darn (W. darn 'piece')
drudge (Ir. and G. drugair)
dudgeon (W. dychan 'jeer,' dygen 'malice')
fun (Ir. and G. fonn 'tune')
gag (W. cegio, G. and Ir. gaggach?)
gown (W. gwn; G. gùn)
gyves (W. gefyn, O. Ir. geibend)
jag (Ir. and G. gàg 'cleft')
knag (Ir. and Gr. cnag, W. cnwc)
lad (W. llawd, Ir. láth 'hero')
lag (W. llag, G. and Ir. lag)
lass? see lad
loop (Ir. and Gr. lúb)
lubber (W. llob 'dolt,' lleipr 'flabby')
mug (Ir. mugan)
noggin (Ir. and G. noigean)
nook (Ir. and G. niúc)
pilchard? (Ir. pilseir, G. peilig)
pony (G. ponaidh)
puck (Ir. puca)
pug—from above
rub (Ir. and G. rub)
shog (W. ysgogi)
skip (Ir. and G. sgiob, W. ysgipio)
taper (Ir. tapar, W. tampr)
whin (W. chwyn)

About one half of the above list may be challenged with some certainty. *Bat* is from O. F. *batte*, which is from *battre* (to beat) probably; the Ir. and G. words are from the same source doubtless. *Bots* gives the Gaelic *botus* and not the other way; *brag* is un-Celtic, says Thurneysen, and he refers it to Fr. *braguer*. The same authority holds that Gaelic *bran* is from the Eng., though he is willing to grant that the Welsh *bran* may be allied to the Romance *brenno* (bran). The derivation of *brat* from the Gaelic *brat*, W. *brat* (pinafore) is unsatisfactory. May it not be a derivative of the root *ber* in *bear* and *bairn*? Compare the Gaelic *breith* for the metathesis of *r*. *Brisk* is probably connected with Fr. *brusque*; at any rate the Celtic words in that sense are borrowed from the Eng.; in the sense of "brittle," they are native *Cabin* is from the Fr. *cabane*; the Welsh *caban* is also from the Romance, as Thurneysen points out (p. 54). The word *char* is referred to

Ir. and G. *cear* (blood), W. *gwyar;* the Gaelic word is obsolete, nor does the meaning suit, nor can the W. be allied to it. The word *clog* in Ir. and G., Thurneysen thinks, was borrowed from the British along with Christianity; he also derives, and rightly, Gaelic *copan* from M. Eng. and Anglo-Saxon *copp*, whence Eng. *cob*. The same scholar refers *cock* (a boat) to Romance *cocca*, from which W. *cwch* is also borrowed. *Coot* and *cut* are referred to W. *cwta*, G. *cutach*, but it is as likely that Dr. Stokes is right in referring them all to Fr. *couteau* (knife), from Lat. cultellus. *Curds* is allied to *gruth* of Gaelic and old Irish rather than borrowed. Gaelic *gùn* is from Eng. *gown*, which, however, may be of Welsh origin and whose primitive form has been given as *vōna*, allied to Irish *fuan*. We should say *lubber* is Teutonic, and the Gaelic *niùc*, to which *nook* is referred, is unsatisfactory; it stands probably for *an ùig* (the corner), Norse *vík*. All the words beginning with *p* are to be regarded with suspicion; they may be Welsh, but they scarcely can be Irish or Gaelic. *Rub* of Gaelic is merely the Eng. borrowed; the preserved intervocalic *b* is almost unerring proof. *Shog* is from *shake* or *shook*—possibly re-borrowed from the Celtic. *Skip* is allied to *ship*, and for meaning we may compare the expression "ship-shape;" the Gaelic is here borrowed as Professor Mackinnon has already pointed out in the pages of this *Magazine*.

The words borrowed in Anglo-Saxon times are, according to Professor Skeat, as follows:—bannock, brock, cart, clout, combe, cradle, crock, down (hill), dun, slough. *Bannock* is from the ancestor of the Gaelic word *bonnach; brock* (a badger) is certainly Celtic—Gaelic *broc*, W. *broch; cart* is in Ang. Sax. *cræt*, from O. Irish *cret*, the body of the war-chariot. *Clout*, from A. S. *clút*, is probably from the Celtic root *clu*, but how the modern Celtic words are related to it is hard to say, for W. *clwt* does not phonetically answer Ir. and G. *clúid;* the latter should in W. be *clwnt*. *Combe* (hollow) is W. *cwm* and likely G. *com*. *Cradle* may be Celtic; Gaelic *creathall*, W. *cryd*, which last points to the idea of shaking found in G. *crith*. Lat. *craticula*, however, has been suggested as base, and it is quite possible that Gaelic is borrowed from the English. *Crock* (pitcher) is likely of Celtic origin; we have Gaelic *crog*, *cragan*, W. *crochan*, O. Ir. *crocan*. *Down* and *dune* are borrowed from Celtic *dún* (a hill), allied to Eng. *town*. *Dun* (brown) is now represented in Gaelic by

donn, but the river name Don is not connected with it, as Prof. Skeat supposes. The Aberdeenshire Don is in the 11th century *Dion*, *Deon* and later Aber-*deen*, from an old Celtic form *Devona*, reminding us of Ausonius' Gaulish fountain "Divona, fons addite divis.". *Slough*, A.S. *slóh* (stem *slog-*) is probably Celtic and now represented by G. *sloc*. *Mattock*, A.S. *mattuc*, undoubtedly has been borrowed into Gaelic and Welsh as *madag* and *matog*. "The result is," as Prof. Skeat concludes, "that the Old Celtic element in English is very small, and further research tends rather to diminish than increase it. The greater part of the Celtic words in English consists of comparatively late borrowings; and the whole sum of them is by no means large." In presenting Prof. Skeats results to our readers, we have also entered on some criticisms which may be found to further elucidate some points; but no criticism of detail must obscure the fact that the Professor's whole book, and this chapter on the Celtic Element as well, is a work of scholarly research in which its subject is treated with a masterly hand.

REVIEW.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS: Vol. XIII, 1888; printed for the Society.

THE 13th volume of the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness is quite equal in merit and bulk to the last two or three of the series, and what this means our reviews in the past, which were almost all unmitigated praise, clearly show. The Society is doing excellent work in the publication of these Transactions, a work in which they are alone and without rivals on Gaelic ground. The present volume records exactly one year's transactions; it begins with the Annual Assembly of the 8th July, 1886, and ends with the 11th May, 1887, but its date of publication is "New-Year time, 1888," and apology is made to the members for the delay in its appearance. The book itself is the best apology; it is worth waiting for.

The contents of the volume may be classified under five heads —(1) Philology, (2) Folk-lore—tales, customs, and a general dis-

cussion, (3) History and Archaeology, (4) topography, a subject without which no work produced by a number of Highlanders could be considered characteristic, and (5), lastly, unpublished poetry, Ossianic and other. There are, besides, the reports of the Assembly and of the Dinner, with the speeches delivered at each.

In philology we have papers from Mr. Liddall, advocate, and from Professor Mackinnon. Mr. Liddall deals with the "Forms of the verb in Scotch Gaelic" in a paper of 34 pages. This is practically the first attempt at dealing with the Gaelic verb in a historic and comparative manner, so that Mr. Liddall has had the honour and the difficulty of breaking fresh ground. Of course the Irish verb has been already examined by scholars like Zeuss, Ebel, Stokes, and Windisch. The paper is a most important one to the grammarian and philologist, for Mr. Liddall has brought nearly all the material together which has to be dealt with. He has gone back to Early and Old Irish forms to explain the complications of modern Gaelic moods and tenses, illustrating his point by reference to the Classical languages and to Sanscrit. The fullness of the Old Irish verb is but poorly represented in modern Gaelic, which, like English, has resorted much to analytic forms and dropped the "strong" or synthetic inflections of the old language. We cannot here even succinctly recount the facts and merits of Mr. Liddall's paper, but there are one or two points on which his views require revision, and these we submit to readers of the volume. The passive in *r* of Latin and Celtic he thinks is the remains of the reflexive *se*, but this is untenable, and a reference to the *Celtic Magazine* of Feby. last (pp. 159-166) will prove why it is so. Again Mr. Liddall does not appear to know of the revolution introduced into Gaelic phonetics by Zimmer and Thurmeysen's law of accent discovered over three years ago. By it we know that *deach* and *chaidh* are from the same root, the one negative, the other positive. Further Zimmer deals with the very forms which puzzle Mr. Liddall and makes them clear. We disagree entirely with Mr. Liddall in thinking that the Gaelic future is from the Old Irish future; it is descended from the Old Irish or Gaelic present. The irregular verbs prove this. *Chi* is for *àdchiu* (3rd sing. *adchi*); *bheir* is for *do-buir* (3rd sing. *dobeir*), the Gaelic being the 3rd person singular of these. The *ad* and *do* have been confused into *do*, also to *dho* and *adh*,

and, on the analogy of the past tense positive, the *do* has been omitted. Professor Mackinnon's paper is entitled "Language as an Index to Character." It is most interesting and most important, The Professor is, as usual, to be congratulated on the happy way in which he places the facts of dry philological science and the researches of the scholar before the general public.

In folklore, taking the word in its widest sense, we have a general paper by Mr. Macbain on "Popular Tales." It discusses the origin of popular tales and gives useful tables showing classifications of the stories and incidents that go to make such tales. It has received much commendation from experts in folklore and folktales. Rev. Mr. Campbell of Tiree contributes the knight-errant and fairy tale of Ualabh O' Corn, both Gaelic and English; and, as a specimen of Gaelic descriptive writing, it can scarcely be surpassed among tales. Mr. Carmichael gives in Gaelic the tale of Deirdre, which our readers have already seen in English in the *Magazines* of last December and January. Mrs. Mackellar's "Waulking day" is done in her happiest vein of song, story, and historic incident combined. It is a valuable contribution to the social history of the Highlands.

In history and archaeology we have Mr. C. F. Mackintosh's contribution on the "Macdonells of Barrisdale," marked by the characteristic care and fullness of original documents which belong to the author of *Invernessiana*. The "Unpublished Letters of Lord Lovat," from Mr. W. Mackay, throw further light on the character of Lord Lovat of the '45, nor is it at all to his discredit but much the reverse. Sir Henry Macandrew's article on the Picts is already known to our readers and its merits fully recognised. It maintains with Skene the Gaelic character of the Pictish language, which we combat, and, further, the non-existence of Picts in Galloway and Ireland, against Skene, and, in our opinion, correctly against him. The article on the Caledonian Canal by Mr. Ross is exceedingly important in its bearing on the commercial advance of the Highlands. It is accurate and full of matter, as all Mr Ross's work is. "Church and Social Life in Badenoch in Olden Times" is by a contributor to our own pages, Mr. A. Macpherson, Kingussie. It is a chapter in that slowly evolving ecclesiastical history of the Highlands which is so much

to be desiderated. The Society is doing its best to lay the material ready to the hand of the coming author, but much—very much—requires yet to be collected. Imitators of Mr. Macpherson of like accuracy, if not of like interest, are needed in other districts of the Highlands. The paper on the Clava cairns and circles is a re-hash of old materials done in an interesting journalistic way by Mr. G. Bain, but of no scientific importance. Nobody denies that the cairns and circles have a reference to the mid-day position of the sun and the other astronomical points, any more than he would deny that orientation in modern churches and graves points to the same importance of the sun in survival of old worship and custom. Mr. Bain's views are not new nor do they put us any further "forrarder," as the Yankees would say, in the explanation of these stone circles.

Topography is represented by Mr J. Mackay's paper on "Sutherland Place Names" and "Lochaber Place Names" by Mr C. Livingstone. It is difficult to estimate the value of such work. Where historic material is brought forward and description vouchsafed, work like this is good. We cannot say that enough of either has been given in Mr. Livingstone's paper. Mr. Mackay's paper is very good.

Two collections of Unpublished Poetry appear. First, there is Dr Macdonald's (Ferrintosh) collection of Ossianic ballads made in 1805 containing nine pieces—the ballads of Manus (2 versions), Maiden or Roya (two forms), Cuchullin's horses (12 lines), Feinne's Great Strait, Conn son of Derg, the lay of Diarag, and the Journey of Nine. The other collection is that of "Nether Lochaber," who contributes several unpublished Gaelic poems collected by him. The poems are of considerable merit.

NOTES AND NEWS.

The degree of LL.D., has been conferred by Aberdeen University on Mr. John Mackintosh, author of the "History of Civilization in Scotland," a work the last volume of which was lately issued from the press. This University honour is all the greater, because Mr. Mackintosh never attended any University—we might almost say never attended any school, and because Universities are very jealous of going outside men of University training in conferring their honorary degrees. A full and interesting account of Dr. Mackintosh's life and labours appeared in the 9th Vol. of the *Celtic Magazine*, October 1884, pp 541-7, from the pen of Mr. Mackenzie, and to this we refer our readers for the record of the life of the sturdy Scotchman who allowed himself never to be daunted by disadvantages of education and of social position and who now holds a foremost place among Scotland's historians and writers.

The Celtic Magazine.

EDITED BY

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. Scot.

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ALEXANDER MACDONALD, THE POET.

[By Rev. John Kennedy.]

III.

The next poem to occupy attention is one in many respects unrivalled—"Allt-an-t-Siucair"—the Sugar Brook. It is an animated and accurate reproduction in glowing words of a beautiful scene in the country on a lovely summer morning. The dew is seen glittering on every flower and leaf. Richard and Red Robin sing cheerily, and the cuckoo tells her tale. The solitary mavis, the lively blackbird, the bent birch-bird and the black-cock with his mate all warble pleasantly. The fish are leaping out of the water, and catching the fast-moving flies. The honey-sucking speckled bee flits from flower to flower, and seeks no other food than the sweet fragrance of the rose. The clear and crystal rivulets rejoice, and the cascades of Allt-an-t-Siucair murmur pleasing sounds. Their banks are made beautiful by water-cresses and green herbs, and from gold-decked thistles, red and yellow bees collect their stores. As music to the ear, is the loud lowing of the cows with the responsive calves. The dairymaid fills her sounding pail, and the herd is near at hand. The ground is bespangled with many flowers of richer hues than the most costly gems, and the primroses look like candles set to illumine the whole. Nature has indeed with rare care adorned thy banks with daisies and other flowers that resemble the expanse of bril-

liancy seen in the sky on a frosty and clear night. Many sorts of fruit grow here—nuts and berries in abundance. It is in short a miniature paradise where all desirable native products come to maturity. Here also the sea withholds not her treasure—fish in great variety and number are found. Horses gather together, attracted by the sound of the streamlet, to drink of its cooling waters; while kids and roes disport themselves on its green slopes. It is a pleasing sight to see its rose-strewn banks made golden by the play of sun-beams. Here the lily, king of flowers, excels in beauty the reddest rose; and here, among the bushes, many birds build their nests. From this favoured spot the eye of the poet turns to the Sound of Mull, where many ships with all their white sails bent to the gentle breeze, or driven by the cold breath of the north, are seen slowly or swiftly sailing along. This completes the picture. One stanza may be quoted to indicate the style and smoothness of the verse—

"An coire brocach, taobh ghorm,
Torcach, faoilidh, blàth;
An coire lonach, naosgach,
Cearcach, craobhach, gràidh:
Gu bainneach, bailceach, braonach,
Breacach, laoghach, blàr;
An sultmhor mart a's caora,
'S is torach, laoimsgir bàrr."

We come now to the poet's master-piece—"Birlinn Chlann Raonuil"—a sea-piece, in which he shows his perfect mastery of the Gaelic language, and an accurate acquaintance with the seafaring habits and experiences of his time. It reveals a spirit of daring—ready to brave and enjoy any danger. It has been remarked in regard to this poem, "that for subject matter, language, harmony and strength, it is almost unequalled in any language." There is a kind of epic dignity and flow in the verse—worthy of the governing conception, mastery over all difficulties—that runs through the whole. "The Skiff of Clanranald" is divided into parts according to the subject-matter. It opens with the dedication of the ship—on which the blessing of the Highest is asked to rest. For favouring gales the poet pleads, for the safety of the hardy sailors, for the security of each part of the ship, and for the Spirit's guidance to the desired haven.

Next comes the dedication of Clanranald's armour—swords, lances, heavy mail, hand-arms, plaited shields, shoulder-belts, unfailing birch-arrows, bayonets, daggers and hilts. The men are then exhorted to be brave, so long as a plank of the skiff remains, or an inch of it is above water. The ocean's roar they must not heed—indeed, if they continue undaunted, the proud waves will cease their bellowing and become obedient.

Again we have the Rowing Song, which is full of power and animation. The oars are described, and then their effect. They buffet the sea into sparks of fire, that rise into the sky. The phosphorescent light gleams. The haughty waves must bend their heads, and over the hilly billows speeds the skiff. By strength of sinewy arms, falling and rising as with one motion, the blue ocean glens are traversed—strong shoulders work their way through the mountains of the main—and, as if in sympathy, the creaking boards respond. The skiff is strained in every plank; but, forced onward by the might of unwearied arms and skilful oaring, it ploughs its way, heedless of danger.

This is more in the way of arousing the sailors, after which we come to the oarsmen's Iorram. It is explained that this song is called for by Malcolm, son of Ronald of the seas, after the sixteen men have taken their place at the oars. The substance of what Malcolm sings is somewhat thus. As you have been selected let your forward movement prove not unworthy. Let the barque brave the blast and dare its full force. Let this song stimulate you when your oars are twisted in the breast of the waves. Let your cheeks be ablaze, your hands part with their skin, and your sweat fall in drops on the boards. Bend and pull, and make the grey fir win against the sea-streams. Together, strong and bold, split the dread and roaring waves—a gleesome task. Strike straight and look on one another to awaken courage in your veins. Let her oar-prow disperse the swollen billows, and her sides smash all obstacles. Let the sea overflow her, but let your mighty arms overmatch, and at last raise the sails to catch Uist gales.

Having now come by anticipation into the open sea and having a fair wind the oars are taken in and the sails quickly set up, The Macdonalds, as choice sailors who fear no storm-spirit or danger of any kind, are put in charge.

All the men having received and obeyed orders, the helmsman is called to his post and addressed as follows:—Let there be at the helm a stout and doughty man that billows cannot move—a courageous and powerful fellow—a cautious, patient, and cool sailor, that deviates not by an inch from the due course, that remains unmoved when the sea heaves over his head, and that guides the vessel in the stormiest hour straight to the desired haven.

The position of *Fear-Beairte* is set forth as follows:—He must be constantly on the alert—must tend the spars-tackle or let loose as the case may demand. He must know the directions or *airts* of the wind, and, according to the sailing course, constantly tighten or loosen the ship's gear.

The *Fear-Sgoid* or sheet-man must have a strong, stout, and bony arm and sturdy fingers, to bring in and let out the sails—to pull in against the buffeting wind, and when there is a lull to relax.

The *Fear-cluaise* is next appointed, whose duty it is to watch with careful eye whether progress is made or the reverse. And if he finds that the wind is rising or veering round, he must shift the "lug" accordingly.

The duties of look-out man are next described. He must go in front, where he can see clearly, and be a tower of strength and a source of information. He must look to the four points and tell the steersman how to act. This is done by carefully noting the land-marks.

Another man—*Fear Calpa-na-Tairne*—is put in charge of the haulyards of the ship. He must give or draw back as the vessel goes windward or leeward. He must be accurate, punctual, and fail not for a moment, else the ship may suddenly become a wreck upon the rocks.

Another man's duty under stress of weather is to watch the waters, and to stand beside the steersman, whom he must apprise whether wind and wave strike "fore or aft." If danger is imminent, he must aid to keep the prow to the storm.

Next we have the man who is to pump out, or empty the ship, in the primitive way with a wooden pail, when the water enters. He must never quit his post or faint at the roar of ocean; and, even when the waves constantly drench him, he must never

pause in his task, or for a moment stand erect until the last drop is driven out. This arduous labour is not to be suspended, though the sides of the ship should become as full of holes as a corn riddle—a work not unlike that assigned to the daughters of Danaus.

As the storm increases, two other men are sent to take down some of the sails—men of stature and strength. Six men are kept in reserve in case any of the preceding should fail or fall overboard, and these are to go from end to end and from side to side of the ship to see that all is right. They must be lively as a hare on the hill-top, and climb the masts as nimbly as a squirrel in May goes up and down the trees.

After all had been thus arranged, and every man knew and was expected to do his duty—the start is made on St. Bridget's morn from Loch Ainneart in South Uist. The sun rose in golden hues, but soon the heavens gathered darkness and gloom —the sea became dark-green, billowy, boisterous; and the sky contained every hue that is found in a tartan plaid. From the west the brewing storm came on—clouds were careering along, torn by the wind. The speckled sails were raised aloft, the cords were strained—all was tightly bound and fastened by iron hooks. Each man was in his place. Then opened the windows of the sky—a threatening hour. The dark-grey ocean assumed its rough, dark and awful mantle—and suddenly it swelled into shaggy mountains and deepened into dreary glens. Then the blue deep opened wide its cavernous mouths, and there was a deadly conflict in the yawning whirlpool. Phosphorescent light illumined each mountain-billow, and the white-crested waves wildly roared. When the ship rose on those perilous heights the sailing-gear was quickly taken down; and when it descended into the depths the sails were snatched from the masts. Long before the waves came near their vehement heaving was heard. It seemed as if death lurked everywhere. When under the ridge of the high billows the good ship was all but doomed—in a seething, churning, upheaving ocean caldron. All the contents of the deep—fish, shells, weeds, were huddled together. In this plight, when lightnings gleamed thunders rolled, and the storm grew more terrific—in the blackness of darkness, with the

elements above and below at war with us, still we despaired not; and because we did not yield, the sea pitied our state and made peace with us. But not before every mast had been bent, every sail torn, every plank and spar strained, every oar shattered, every fastening loosened, our helm twisted, every spike cracked, every stick away, our cordage snapped, every nail displaced—in short, all our tackle breaking or broken. In the Sound of Islay the rough and furious winds journeyed to the upper regions of the air, and the sea became smooth as a level plain. Then gave we thanks to the Almighty, who preserved Clanranald from death We reached the safe harbour of Carrick-Fergus, threw out anchor slowly, refreshed ourselves and rested.

As indicating in a large measure the style and spirit of the original, it will be of interest to add a short extract from Professor Blackie's rendering:—

"Come, stretch your limbs, my lusty callants,
Lift the oars and bend them,
From your firm palm, strong and sinewy
Pith and vigour lend them.
Ye brawny boatmen, stout and stalwart,
Stretch your length, and readily
Let your hard and knotty muscles
Rise and sink full steadily,
Making the smooth and polished blades,
Whose lordship reins the ocean,
Cuff the rough crests of the fretful brine,
With a well-tuned motion.

Come now, thou man of the first oar,
Thou king of lusty fellows,
Raise the song that makes men strong
To mount the heaving billows,
Raise the iorram that will drive
With shouts of glee the Birlinn
Through the bristling bellowing rout
Of waters wildly whirling.
Ho! for the waves as they hiss and spit
To the storm-blast ramping and roaring;
Huzza for the boat, in its plunging fit,
Where the foamy streams are pouring!
Ho for the blade, so limber, lithe,
When it twists the writhing billow
Huzza for the hand where blisters burn
To each hard-pulling fellow—

Fellows with shaggy-breasted might,
And stout heart never quailing;
Though oak and iron creak and start,
And boom and spar are failing,
They in the face of the sea will steer
The slender craft nor borrow
Fear from the breath of the cutting blast
Or the gape of the salt sea furrow.
This is the crew, o'er the waters blue,
With a kingly strength presiding,
Untired, unflagging, and unspent,
On the breast of the rough wave riding."*

* *Language and Literature of the Highlands of Scotland*, pp. 129-130.

A HIGHLAND ESTATE, 1792-1800.

[By THOS. SINCLAIR, M.A.]

(*Continued.*)

IT is interesting to find that improvements were always going on, and the labours and accounts of the workmen are very suggestive. Hugh Mackay for three days' work at the garden-house is credited, but the sum is left out, though for three fraughts of 1798 and one of 1799 he gets 8s; while for working with John Gunn at the threshing-machine water-run 117 days at 6d a-day and 11 threshing at 5d he has due credit, as also 10s for his daughter's half-year's wages. Next year he has 69½ days at the water-run at 8d a-day, and in 1800 he works 27½ days at 8d with the same John Gunn.

But the great improvements of the home farm were done by Alexander Gow. For a cut of the water-run he had by agreement with Sandside £1 1s; 73 yards clay ditch in Finlay's park at 1½d came to 9s 1½d; covered piece of mill wait, 12 yards at 1½d; 67 yards ditch in wet corner of Liach Park at 1½d; 80 yards covered drain at 1½d; 38 yards in bog of Knocknashallag at 1½d;

104 yards from drinking-pool to foot of Rinaen at 1d; 67 yards of new drain for the mill water-run in the fold in the high garden at 1d; piece of drain in the bog at Rinaen, 1s 3d; putting earth to the back of Donald Gow's dyke and making a piece of the foundation, 3s; 16 days at different work; 8 days at the turnip ground with John Crow at 8d, in June, 1795; 440 yards ditch done for Mr. Peter Murray at 1d; cut of the water run, 10s; 70 yards of ditch in the upper Finlay's park at 1d; 73 yards outside of Drumfruck at 1d; 180 yards from Drumfruck up to the waterfall at 1½d; 123 yards from the waterfall up to the corner at ½d; 90 yards of the water-run from corner of the barns to inside the dyke of the barn field at ¾d; job in the upper Finlay's park below the turnip land, for which the lady agreed to give him 2s 6d; 52 yards shut by him in the Finlay's park at ¾d; clearing foundation of John Brown's house, 80 yards, 6s 8d; 238 yards of ditch in the Blair at 1½d; 52 yards ditch at ½d; 180 yards at mill wait at 1d; 240 yards ditch on north side of road at 2d; and so on from year to year. Donald Gow did the building. At the top of Rinaen 91 yards double dyke at 3d; 53 yards fealed at top, 15s 5½d; 85 yards sunk fence at side of Knockmore park at 3½d; 15 yards of wall in the byre with clay, 7s 6d; building two pillars for the corn-yard gate, 10s; building a limekiln in Isauld, £2 5s; building 7 bridges and 5 drain-holes on the water-run of the threshing-machine, 10s; fealing dyke at Rinaen, 91 yards, 3s 9½d; building the garden house on the side next the Craggans' park, and a piece of the garden dyke measuring 2 roods, 5 yards, at 24s per rood, "being 3s less than taken by the masons who built the schoolhouse," £2 11s 4d; by laying 20 yards of tabling on ditto at 2d, 3s 4d; by the measurement of the house built on the sheep-farm, summer, 1798 (presumably John Brown's), between him and William McHomas, being in all £10, of which his is £5; 12 days' work and 5 days' work at 1s, 17s; 30 days' jobs at 1s; building the gate on the road to the hill at 21s per rood, 8s 11½d; 2 yards, 1 foot, 2 inches dyke at 3d, 7d; Finlay park gate, 7 yards 1 foot at 21s, 4s 3½d; building three yards, 1 foot, 6 inches dyke at ditto on both sides, at 21s per rood, 2s 0½d; building the ornament to the gable of the garden house, 21 yards, 1 foot at 25s, 14s 10d; and building three yards dyke on both sides at 21s,

1s 9d. This man paid 5s 7d of rent for his house and kail-yard. A curious entry on the debtor side is, "Cart wheels bought for him at Edinburgh, £1 8d."

The William MacHomas (Mackay) mentioned, grandfather of Dr. Mackay, Cromarty, has his account of 1799 for mason work done for Sandside thus balanced :—Cash from Mrs. Macdonald, the factor maid, £3 3s; cash from Mr. Marwood, June, 1798, £3 (Marwood being probably an English visitor of the Lady); cash, £5; from John Brown on Mrs. Innes's account, January, 1799, 10s 6d; ditto, April, £1; credit given Donald Gow on your account, £3 5s 7½d; balance paid him instantly, April 29th, £1 14s 5½d—total, £17 13s 7d. The *contra* is:—House built upon the sheep-farm by him and Donald Gow, £10 in all, of which for him, £5; building the partition, £1 1s 9½d; making 4 couples for byre, 2s 2d; digging foundation of byre, 28 yards at 1d; building the byre in the Blair, 5 roods 2 yards, at 21s, £5 6s 2d; tabling 58 yards at 3d; 11 couples at ½ mark, 6s 1d; byre in Drumfruch, 2 roods 3 yards, at 9s, £0 18s 9d; door, 1s 8d; tabling 19 yards at 3d; peatstones, 9 yards 2½ feet, 2s 5½d; 5 couples at ½ merk, 2s 9½d; 12 laths, 6d; clearing, 2s; error in credit to Donald Gow, £3 5s 7½d (looking like sharp practice somewhere); 1 day at henhouse, 1s; 1 day at new smithy, January, 1799, 1s—total, £17 13s 7d.

A Kenneth Sinclair was half servant with wages £1 10s a year and half workman, thus :—By 8 yards of dyke built at the new gate of the corn garden, at 3d per day, 2s; piece of dyke in Fresgo park and another in cornyard, 1s; raising stones in Fresgo, 3s; building John Macleod's barn, 23 yards at 3d; mending slaps, 116 yards at 3d, £1 9s; 53 yards ditch in Finlay's park at ¾d; 20 days at 6d; by his son Donald's wages as shepherd, from Whitsunday, 1794, to Whitsunday, 1795, £1 10s; by credit for cash given by his son Donald to Major Innes, 29th October, 1796, as per the Major's letter, £1 10s; slaps, 100 yards, £1 5s; credit for cash given by his son Donald to Major Innes, as per the Major's letter, £2 (the proprietor a kind of banker); building doors and windows of the old smithy, 1s; slaps, 126 yards, £1 11s 6d; 67 yards drain cleaned, 5s 7d; allowance for daughter's working at washing, summer 1800, 2s.

A Hugh Mackay has share of water-run in cornyard, 4s 6d; drain work, £2 2s; 6 days at turnips (then a new innovation), at 8d; 250 yards drain in Liach park at 1½d; 14 days' threshing at 5d; trenching manure, 4s 6d; by cash got from Mr. Innes from Neil Mackay for the sheep stolen by Mackay, 9s; 44 yards ditch at the byre back at 1½d; a little ditch at the little gate, 1s 10d; allowance from the Lady for a cut of the water-run above the limekiln, £1 2s; 12 days' work at 5d; 36 yards drain south of the road, 4s 6d; credit on Neil Mackay's account per Major Innes's order, 5s; clearing foundation for new house in the Blair, 68 yards at 1d; share of 118 yards ditch at 3d, and 20 yards in the Green park at 1½d, by him and John MacRyrie, 16s; 14½ days at 10d; share of 117 yards ditch Finlay's park at 1½d with A. Gow, 7s 3½d; share of 238 yards ditch in the Blair of New Reay, from the end of the Tinker's Loch to the high end where the town dyke is to run, with Sandy Gow at 1½d, 14s 10½d; share with ditto of 52 yards foundation of John Brown's kailyard at ½d, 1s 1d; 28 yards drain at Donald Beg's house at 1d; share of 69 yards ditch in the barnfield park with A. Gow at 1d, 2s 10½d; 84 yards with ditto in canal park at 3d, 10s 6d; 180 at mill water, share 11s 3d; 240, share £1; 12 yards in Will Fife's bog, share 9d; and so forth.

John MacRyrie has specially interesting items:—Wages yearly £2, his cost besides; cash "given him by Mrs. Innes in 1796 when he was going to join the Caithness Legion," of which Sandside was major. "The legion," says Calder in his *History of Caithness*, "went to Ireland soon after they were embodied, where they did duty for seven years, and were disbanded at Inverness in 1802." Lord Duffus was the colonel. MacRyrie had at next counting cash from Mrs. Macdonald, the ladysmaid, £2 2s, against which he had "work done per the Lady's line, £1 10s;" 24 days making lime, 16s; 24 days' work at 8d; and other items. In 1799 he owed £6 9s 7½d, and met it thus:—By an acknowledgment from Major Innes, dated 20th June, 1796, at Cork, £4 4s, with interest to January, 1799, 10s 7d; by interest on a hand-note of Major Innes's amounting to £1 11s, dated Skibereen, Ireland, 4th June, 1797, 2s 4½d; the £1 11s placed to Jean Gunn's account; 118 yards ditch at 3d, and 20 yards at

1½d ; 20 days' work, by George Hay the grieve's book, 4s 6d, etc. He also has several payments for water-run and other farm improvements.

William Fife was a servant at £2 a year. A divot-cutter, John MacHorish, gave 1200 divots for the milkhouse in Reay and the byre in Fresgo, for 1s 2d ; 5000 for the smith's house and some new byres, for 7s 6d ; 2000 for the proof barn, 2s. Donald Campbell's wages as gardener was £2 a year, and a note in the Lady's hand shows that bank business was on foot, "By cash from Mrs. Innes to relieve his bill at the bank, 17s 3d." George Dow was in request at the sending of corn to the mill, getting 2s for "making a fraught." He was a shoemaker, for one of his credits is, "Leather bought from my son George for mending a pair of shoes for Mrs. Innes, 1s." Another Hugh Mackay has numerous drainage accounts, and 20 days' work at oil and turnip, the oil, no doubt, from the lint then grown, 9s 9d. Angus Macleod was a drainer and also proofman. The weaver was James Henderson, getting for making 36 yards blanket for the Lady, 6s, and for 15 yards 2s 6d. Peter Morgan seems to have been Jean Gunn's husband, the Jean mentioned as connected in money matters with John MacRyrie the soldier. At all events, he was a diligent worker at the long scythe and other labour:—12 weeks per Major Innes's account, £1 16s ; 240 days at 6d, £6 ; 2 days making an axletree in the smithy, "without cost," at 6d, and so on. The alehouse keeper at Achnagrey, William Macleod, with a rent of £2 5s, paid one-half stone of tallow, 5s, for brewing dues. Alex. Cormack had the washing-house.

The ground-officer was Donald Macleod, whose wages were £2, but he turned soldier, and one of his credits is, "Cash given to Mrs. Innes the day he enlisted, £8 8s." He died soon, for next year there is, "Credit for cash given by him to Major Innes 11th February, 1797, as per the Major's letter, £6 6s. N.B.—Upon consulting George Bain, John Macleod's widow is overcharged 2s 6d, as she has not above ¾ octo of rent land, which, at the rate of 10s. per octo, comes only to 7s 6d. Let this be taken reckoning of next counting." Peter Mackay was a joiner :—Credit for work, 9s 2d ; for work to Alex. Forbes, joiner, 14s ; sawing harrow, etc., 3s 8d. The blacksmith of the new smithy was

Andrew Ross, but he went wrong, as these items indicate :—Smith work for house and farm of Sandside before 15th April, 1795, £6 5s 11d ; smith work and articles left in smithy, comprised by John Brown and George Bain, 2s.

The Rev. William Munro, M.A., was the schoolmaster with salary for Reay school of £2 10s 2d. He was afterwards that of Thurso, where a tablet was erected to his memory at St. Peter's Church by his grateful pupils from all parts of the world. He had a croft and garden under the usual conditions of service, converted at 5s, rent, etc.

Kenneth Mackay, a pensioner, had a house at Borlum gate about which there is the N.B. that he "has only paid for 65 days' service of 1796, 1797, 1798 for Gate House, whereas by Mr. Nog's rental of 1773 it paid 2 days a week in harvest and spring, and one summer and winter, in all 78 days." This factor, Nog or Hog, was tutor in the family of Major Innes's father in 1760, for Bishop Pococke, the great traveller, says he was accompanied by him from Sandside to Thurso. In his MS. "Tour of Great Britain" he speaks of that Mr. William Innes as making great improvements on his estate. It would seem that Dr. Macdonald as factor had a precedent in the student Hog, only they went contrary directions, the one going finally into civil and the other into religious business. Mr. James Hog was once tacksman of Borlum, and had children baptised, Betty, 17th July, 1767 ; Ellen, 16th October, 1768 ; Edward, in May, 1770 ; and Gavin, later. Major Innes had brothers, Harry, baptised 4th February, 1769, and Edward, later, who fell over a precipice called still after his tragedy "Ned's Gio," and a sister, Mary, baptised 24th March, 1768, his own baptism taking place 8th May, 1766. William Macadie is also brought to his bearings on Mr. Hog's rental of 1773 his cottar services being increased from 65 to 78 days. He was a worker in this sort, "Piece of road at Down Reay, Borlum, in 1797, 9s 2½d ; 335 yards ditch at 1½d, &c." To William Sutherland's credit is this :—"By account of work done in Arileave and Knockfin, inspected by Mrs. Innes, £2 14s 2d." He has a bill to pay at Martinmas, 1800, of principal £8 8s, interest 4s 6d, and £2 15s for a cow sold to him by Major Innes.

Perhaps the accounts of the miller, Donald Mackinlay, are as

curious as any in this remarkable estate-book, and they show that in old times such a position was about the best on a property. In 1794 he is debtor to balance due 18th April, 1794, £6 13s 6d, with interest 3s 5d; wool omitted which he got from Alexander Campbell, 6s; cash given his son George, 10s 6d, 2nd October, 1794; to rent of one penny land due Martinmas, 1794, £4 7s 10d; to rent of one octo of grass land, 8s 4d; to a mill swine, 15s; year-old, 3s; fox money, 1s; two beasts, wintering, 3s 4d; Kioltag after-grass, 12s 6d; to 21 mill hens, 10s 6d; land and hawk hens, 4s 6d; one dozen eggs, 3d; total, £14 19s 8d. Next year he begins with a large balance to pay and interest 9s 7½d; rent of octo of grass as before, with horses poinded on Kioltag by John Brown, 3s 6d; but he pays cash etc. to a balance of £2 9s 6½d, the total being £22 3s 9½d. In 1796 he is debtor to 7 bolls of multure, crop 1793, at 13s 6d; 2 bolls of threshing meal; ½ of bearmeal; ½ of oatmeal at 13s 6d; 7 bolls, 2 firlots, 2 pks., dry multure, at 13s 6d; 7 bolls mill multure at 16s; 3 bolls threshing meal at 16s; ½ oatmeal and ½ bearmeal; 7 bolls, 2 firlots, 1 pk., 2 lippies dry multure at 16s (evidently back payments neglected); total, £28 8s 11¼d. His engagements were met by 18 bolls, 2 firlots, 2½ lippies at 13s 6d, £12 10s 3½d; by 16 bolls, 2 pks., 1794 crop, at 16s, paid in meal per farm-book, £12 18s; by plough work done by him since last counting, 4s; by cash, 27 June, £2 16s 8½d (a clean sweep); total; £28 8s 11¼d. Next year his debt is £23 19s 10½d, which he pays in similar manner to a balance of £2 11s 10½d. In 1798 the total is £21 14s 6¾d, which he meets in full, including some interesting items such as 9 days' work of his son George assisting John Mackintosh, the Inverness joiner, at repairing the mill at Sandside, no doubt the threshing-mill; quarrying 2 millstones for Shurery mill (in the inland part of the estate); 2 days' work carrying them at 1s; and 10 days' dressing them at 10d. In 1799 cattle poinded 4s, a flock goose 1s 6d, with the other items, made £19 4s 7d; for which he gave meal, 19 hesps, George's saving for John Brown's house, 1s 6d, four days' work at Sandside, 3s 4d, leaving cash balance of 13s 7d. Next year £19 6s 10d was the debt, and he cleared all except 11s 5d, one of the credit items being 1 firlot threshing meal overcharged for John Macleod's house. David

Mackinlay, his relative, was a cottar with rent of £2 14s 10d, but his yearly accounts with the laird rise as high as £11 11s. For building Thurso bridge he pays 1s 6d, and his road money runs about 2s 3d. He quarried milnstones, broke limestone, and did other estate work.

But it is time to leave the more direct dependents on the mansion of Sandside and give typical examples of the tenants and cottars who lived solely by their places. The biggest farmer on the estate was Robert Innes in Shurery, son of George Innes, who claimed to be the true heir of Major Innes when he died in 1842. From the parish records in the Register House, Edinburgh, George was baptized 12th April, 1767, and married, secondly, to Jean Innes, 4th February, 1794, of the Reay Inn Inneses, who farm now most of the estate at about £1500 a year. He became tacksman of large portions of Sutherlandshire and Caithness, such as Brims, Brubster, Isauld, Strathy, etc., getting the reputation of being an arrant tyrant, perhaps because of his extraordinary capability. His son William died lately in Australia, possessed of considerable means, and an illegitimate daughter at Hull, Yorkshire, since, who was also somewhat wealthy. George's father, Robert, paid £41 8s 7d for 1795, £1 1s rent being for the Shurery mill already mentioned. His payments were all cash, £15, £4, £20, leaving a balance of £2 8s 7d on 27th July, 1796. He paid as much as 12s road money at one time, but this was an accumulation, 5s being entered at another counting. His money rent for his chief place in Shurery was £9 10s; and it must be remembered that the big farms being mainly for cattle and sheep, they were not on the coast but inland where grass and heather grew plentifully. The Sandside mansion and farm, with the bulk of the crofters and cottars, were near the seashore. James Campbell in Shurery, descended from a Glenorchy armsbearing family, paid £10 10s of rent for his chief place. Neil Sinclair in Shurery, of the Houstry family, to one of whom George Innes was first married, paid £8, while Neil Bain rented Achstinlet and its shealings for £9, and the house and land lately possessed by George Innes at £6. One of Bain's debts is "trespass of 8 cattle at Knockfin, harvest 1796, for which granted his bill, but mislaid, and cannot at present be given up to him." He herds and grazes

37 yeal cattle on Achstinlet shealings, summer 1796, for the laird, and is credited for this £1 17s. They all pay road money to Mr. Munro. Donald Campbell has half of the Achins for £5 4s. Murdoch Roy is always in heavy arrears, like several others, though he has goats, and sends bucks to Mrs. Innes at 9s 6d. For taking Captain Sutherland's goats to Thurso he charges 5s. He is in Forseysye. In 1800 he clears well up by two cash payments of £15 15s and £10, considerable sums at the beginning of the century. Harry Roy paid £2 rent and extras, one year rising to £31 10s 4d. An entry against the laird is, "Cash paid by him to Castlehill as a fine for enlisting a soldier for Major Innes, not being himself a soldier, 10s 6d." He credits cash £5 5s by an order on the Rev. Mr Nicholson, Thurso, probably for good whisky. In 1800 he gives 33 pints unmixed whisky to Mrs Innes at 3s the pint. John Gunn gets Achstinlet in 1799, and part of the rent £3 3s is paid by the hands of Mrs. Henderson, Clyth, a landed lady on the other side of the country, so that it is presumable Gunn was from Wick parish and a Teuton. He was fined 10s 6d for allowing Mr Colly, factor at Calder, to take away a milnstone from Achstinlet, contrary to the terms of his tack. For 1800 he was due £11 3s 6d, of which he paid only £5 3s.

(*To be continued.*)

HERO TALES OF THE GAEL.

VI.—CUCHULINN—TAIN BO CHUALGNE—*Continued.*

IT is of the big ones Feardiag was, and of the little ones Cuchullain. The Maoim Cruachain put a question to Feardiag "What is the least you will take," said she, "and go and wrestle with Cuchullain on Combat-field at twelve o'clock to-morrow?"

"O, Maoim Cruaichain and Queen of Erin, I would do a brave deed and whatsoever you would put before me and that I could do it; but to wrestle with my dear companion, Cuchullain, is a thing that I cannot and won't do. Me to go and wrestle Cuchul-

lain! Is it the man that was lying and rising at my side (breast) during the nine years, and whom I love better than any of my own brothers! Me to go and wrestle Cuchullain! I would wrestle the man that would wrestle with him; and I would not overthrow him for anything."

The drinking then began, and he was pressed and pressed till the hero Feardiag was made mortal drunk, and he fell where he was. The pithless pages of Maoim a Cruachain had not as much strength as would lift him out of that, and he was left to lie where he was and blankets were placed over him. The Maoim Cruachain wrote a deceitful mean letter in the name of Feardiag, that he would go to wrestle Cuchullain, and she put that in his pocket. At breakfast on the morrow she said:—

"Well, good Scotchman, are you ready and willing to keep your promise of last night to-day—to go and wrestle Cuchullain, and bring to me the Donn-guaillionn?"

"Is it I that would go and wrestle Cuchullain? Sharer of my food, the man of my bosom and of my breast, that was lying and rising with me during the nine years! The circumstance would be hard on me when I would not wrestle the man who would wrestle with him. If it is for this you invited me to the feast, I am not obliged to you."

"Look at the letter that is in your pocket, and the promise you gave me."

The Feardiag put his hand in his pocket, and he took out the letter and he read it. He bent his head, and he burst forth into showering tears. But as a man and as a champion he would not go against his word, and he wrote a letter to Cuchullain to meet him on Combat-field at twelve o'clock to-morrow. Just when Cuchullain and Lochaire were going to the hill to hunt, who met them in the door but Feardiag's messenger with the letter.

"Well, well, do you know, Lochaire, what letter I got here?" said Cuchullain, and he told him.

"It is not any good business that engrosses him," said Laochaire and you will not go to meet him. If it was a right business that was wanted he would come bare and straight where you were as soon as his right foot touched Erin." "I hope he did not break the oath that was between us," said Cuchullain. "I hope

not," said Laochaire, "but what at all made him not to come bare and straight where you were instead of sending for you to the Combat-field?" "Evil hour!" said Cuchullain, "I will meet him whether it be good or bad."

The heroes met on the Combat-field and they heartily welcomed one another. The two brothers, Laochaire Mac Nearst and Gille na h-Iuraich, kissed one another once, and the two champions, Cuchullain and the Feardiag, kissed each other twice. They were then walking up and down as friendly as they ever were. "What feats shall we be at to-day?" said Feardiag. "Whatever feat you choose yourself," said Cuchullain. "Shall we not begin throwing our spears from a distance?" They spent some time at that. "I don't care," said Feardiag, "for that low, clumsy way of little children. Let us take the old right way." "Thanks to Providence," said Cuchullain, "that it is you that broke the oath and not me."

The pursuit of Cuchullain began now till he was put out on the other side of the Combat-field. "Is it to allow death get to come to me you are?" said he to Lochaire MacNearst. Lochaire ran and stopped up the ford. Cuchullain turned the pursuit on Feardiag. Feardiag called to Gille na h-Iuraich to let the ford run, and he allowed the stream run, and Feardiag turned the pursuit on Cuchullain to the other side of the Combat-field. Laochaire jumped and he caught his brother and nailed his ear to a tree. Gille na h-Iuraich pulled the tree out of the root and let the ford run, and Feardiag prevailed over Cuchullain. Laochaire jumped on his brother and plucked his head off his neck and stopped the ford. His brother was dead. Cuchullain was at the "gath-bhalg," and Feardiag did not know this feat. Feardiag was killed. Cuchullain then wrote a letter to the Maoim Cruachain: "Yon defied you as every other attempt defied you which you made to take out the Donn-guaillionn."

With the bother there was, she sent for Garbh Mac Stairn, who had a home on the other side of Erin. He came, and the Queen gave him a kind, hearty welcome, and asked as a kindness and a favour to go to wrestle with Cuchullain so as to take out the bull. "You will get," said she "plenty of

gold and silver, and the healing friendship of Maoim Cruachain and the right hand of friendship of Oiriol." "I was once a day," said honest Garbh, "that I would bring out a bull for Maoim Cruachain if I could, and at the present day I would give it a trial if necessary." He was then a week being prompted and bribed and fed by the Queen. "I will bestir myself," said Garbh, "to try if I will see my daughter, and if I get the Donn-guaillionn for the Queen."

Cuchullain was one day going to the hunting hill and he saw Garbh coming and he turned in haste. "Is your father not coming to Faiche-choraig," said he to his wife. "Indeed it is not a good thing he wants. Surely it is on the look-out for the bull that he is coming—bull of darkness!" "What shall we do?" (Cuchullain did not wish to go to kill the Garbh.) "Yes, put you off your clothes and jump at my back in bed and I will say that you are a man-child I brought into the world. I will bake a bannock and I will put the griddle inside it, and I will give it to him as a champion's morsel."

Garbh came on his own hook, looking here and there. He came in and blessed the house and the family. "The wind is upon the door of the champions," said he. "Indeed, yes," said she in a low voice, "but it would not be that way if the heroes themselves were at home." "What would they do since there is only one door on the house?" "They would take hold of the house and they would put the side to the wind in the shelter and the sheltered side to the wind." "Indeed, that is a heroic deed, and I was myself once a day that I would also do a heroic action; but I do not think that I would do that the best day I ever was, but I will try it." Garbh went out and stretched his hands to the ends of the house and tried to lift it and swing it round, but he did not move it.

He turned in. "That defied me, and, upon my word, it is no astonishment although it would defy me the best day I ever was; but where are the heroes themselves?" "They are in the hunting hill." "And what are you doing in the bed and your eye so lively and your voice so strong." "I am after my delivery and bringing a child to the world." "O! it is a good sickness

that you have, a sickness better than health. What child have you?" "It is a son." "Could not be better. People tell me that the sons of heroes have teeth when they are born. Let me try your son to see if the son is as the father." He put his finger in the child's mouth and lost the point of his finger. "Tut! tuts, tuts! you are a son, indeed, like your father. I am glad that it is not I that will be alive at the time when you will arrive at the age of thirty years. But what big bannock is this at the corner of the fire, bigger than any I ever saw?" "None but the bannock that the heroes will have when they will come from the hunting hill." "They called me champion once on a time and I must try the taste of the bannock." He took a bite out of the bannock, and three fore teeth were put out of his mouth. "Tut! tut! this is indeed a champion's bite. But where is the Donn-guaillionn?" "It is with the herd-boy along with the cattle." "Will you rise and let me see where are the cattle?" "That is one of the least things I ought to do," and she rose and showed him the road he should take. The "child" whispered in her ear to show him a long winding road, and she did that. "They are saying to me," said Garbh Mac Stairn at parting, "that you are my daughter—and I now see that you are."

Cuchullain hurried on his clothes and ran out and was at the cattle before the Garbh reached. "Strip yourself, herd-boy," said he, "and give me your clothes, and put you on my clothes, and flee to yon glen down there with Donn-guaillionn and four or five of the cows." The herd did as he was asked.

Then the Garbh came. "Well! herd, is that the Donn-guaillionn," said he and pointing to a bull that was down among the cattle, and that same bull was not trifling, although he was unlike Donn-guaillionn. "It is" said the "herd." Garbh and the "herd" went to see the cattle and the bull, and Garbh praised and praised the cattle and Cuchullain's bull. "It is for the bull that I came," said Garbh, "and it is time to be going away with him since the evening is approaching." Herd-boy, "I will not let the bull with you till I get orders from my master and till he come home from the hunting hill." "I will not wait him," said Garbh, and he caught the bull by the horn so as to

bring him along with him. The "herd" jumped and caught the bull's other horn, and he would not let the bull go with him. They were there dragging the bull from one another. "It is I that will have him," the one would say. "Try yourself," the other would say, till they split the bull from the front of his face to the root of his tail. The "herd" twisted his half round his head and struck Garbh with it and knocked him into the mud. "You! you impudent carl with your boasting coming to trouble my master's bull, and himself not at home to give him to you." Garbh rose and shook the "dubs" of himself. "Forbid me going near the master, when the herd is as strong as this," said he shaking the dubs off himself. I would as well like Cuchullain to be on the hill as to be at home the day that I would come the way. But, herd, have you any game that Cuchullain will be playing to see if I can do it myself?" "I have that, one or two." "Begin then! do it," and he encouraged the "herd" to show him Cuchullain's games. The first trick that the "herd" showed was that of measuring the "traigh is dorn-gulban"* on the point of a rock. But although the "herd" measured the traigh is dorn-gulban skilfully, nevertheless, that is not how it happened with Garbh. When he was bending his head to perform the trick, the "herd" put his palm about his neck and threw him down the rock.

Cuchullain then went away to go home and what did he meet but the mark of a big big man and beast. The mark of the man was in length and breadth as large as himself, and about the mark of the beast it is not known what was the size of it. Cuchullain followed these two big marks to see if he would find out what they meant. When he was going out over the top of the hill he saw a man down beside a loch, and he had a bull by the horn. The man beckoned and called to him. Cuchullain was afraid to go near him, but, nevertheless, he went where he was. "Come on, help me," said the big fellow. "I will not help you till I hear the reason for your asking my help." "I will tell you that. I am

* This is a trick that used to be practised by boys of old in the Highlands, says Mr Carmichael. "A boy stands on the edge of a rock, and places the heel of one foot on the edge, and the heel of the other foot to the toe of that one, and his two closed fists side by side to the point of that toe again. He then leaps backward—if he can."

since seven years taking the spoil of the herd from my brother, but before I can get to it he is up at me and taking it from me. But help you me and we will have it killed before he comes, and there is a large stack of peats over there with which we will cook it and we will be stronger for battle when we eat it" The giant and Cuchullain killed the bull, and they kindled a fire under the peat stack, and they put the bull above it to roast, and when the roast was ready they began to eat it, but before they ate much of it the giant's brother came upon them. His mouth was open, and his heart and his liver gave light through his mouth. He stood on the other side of the bay and the two brothers began to throw the spears on each other. Cuchullain began to help the giant who was on his own side, but he could not throw the arrow the third part of their distance. He ran then around the bay, and he began to wound the giant from behind his back (he could go in between his legs) on the spine. The giant was feeling an itch at the back of his leg, and he looked over his shoulder and he saw Cuchullain. He gave him a kick backward, and he threw Cuchullain to the other side of the bay, and where unfortunately did he stop but in the horn of the bull! But what he endured coming out of the horn no man ever endured either before or after him. Along with the pain he had, he broke his sword coming out. He went away then having the broken sword in his hand. It would be a disgrace for him to go home without knowing but that his good-wife would think that he broke his sword fighting with her own father. He called at a smithy in the passing to see if he would get his sword mended. The smithy was full of men as every smithy ever was and will be. He asked the smith to mend his sword.

"I will not mend it and it can't be mended until you tell how you broke it, or what brave deed or heroic action you performed?" "Put out the men then" (he was ashamed to tell in the presence of the men that it was at the time he was bringing himself out of the bull's horn that he broke his sword). The smith put out the men. But the big sullen red daughter of the smith hid herself under the bellows, and was listening to all the conversation between her father and Cuchullain. "It was not a Cu Chullain you were then but a Chu Adhraic (horn-hound)" said she when she heard

the conversation of Cuchullain. Cuchullain went out at the door at once with the shame. He did not look behind nor did he wait for spear or sword.

A while after this one of the children of Calladair came to the Maoim Cruachain and she gave her an advice. "Since the Donn-guaillionn defied the heroes of the world, now send for a regiment of the women of Erin with women as generals at their head, and give a day of field and battle on Faiche-choraig (Combat-field) to Cuchullain, and myself and my two sisters will be helping you." This was done. The Maoim Cruachain gathered a regiment of the women of Erin, and women as generals at their head, and they were sent to Faiche-choraig to give a day of field and battle to Cuchullain. Cuchullain heard this, but he did not pay much heed to them. He was thinking that himself and his man would manage the women of the world. Then a day of battle took place. Cuchullain and his man went to the ford. Maoim Cruachain was at the head of her people. Cuchullain was throwing them in heaps down the stream till he was destroying one regiment after another. With the heat of the work he took the helmet of his head and placed it beside him. Maoim Cruachain turned sternly to Feannag, the daughter of Calladair, and said to her, "Is it with the intention to betray my army to death you are, after taking a big reward from me?" Immediately Feannag jumped in the form of a hoodie-crow into the heavens, and she came over and began to soar up in the air above Cuchullain, but he did not heed her—for he thought she was an ugly grey crow. She let down the entrails of a sparrow full of poison on his bare head. That lay on his brains and he let the piercing groan of death out of him. "My strength and my sight are leaving me; good Laochaire, where are you?" "Beside you." "Put a stone in my hand to see what heroic deed I shall do." Laochaire put a stone in his hand and Cuchullain threw the stone. "Did you see where the stone struck, Laochaire?" "It struck, in the back of the head, an otter dog, lying beside the bank in the ford." "Did I kill him." "O! yes indeed. There is not a breath in him." "That is telling that death is near. It was fated that that was the first and last heroic act I would do to kill a dog. Lift you the big sword on my shoulder, and put the big spear

under my bosom. They will think that I am alive, and they will not come over the ford. You will proceed to Goll, my mother's brother. But see that you will preserve your life from him at the same time."

Laochaire mac Nearst went off and reached the Feinne. They were in Eirinn at the time. "Yes, Laochaire. How did you leave my beloved friend Cuchullain," said Goll. "He was making a new house for himself when I left him." "O, well! well! is this the way it is? 'The foolish will build the castle, and the wise will go to stay there.' Would not the old hall, which his father Du'altach had, suffice him? Youth and pride will be joined together. That is how it happens to Cuchullain and the new house which he is building." "O! it is only a small hut. When he will lie on his broad back, his nose will touch the roof-tree." "What did you say that way? That is the same as that my beloved friend Cuchullin is dead." "I did not say a word about death—bear witness to that yourself." "No, my good boy. It is you that did not. On whom would the death of a good master be harder than on a good servant? But this is not the time for waiting, and Cuchullin in distress." When they were going past a wood, Goll cut three small hard switches, and he put them on the arm of Laochaire. "Keep that until I fill them with the heads that yourself prefer to be on the withe."

Feannag, the daughter of Calladair, came over, and she began to soar above Cuchullain's head. She was coming nearer and nearer, as the ugly crows will always be doing, until at last she lay on his right shoulder. "The eye is shutting, and the mouth is closing, and the warriors may come over," said Feannag. Goll and Laochaire came to Faiche-choraig, and they attacked the army of Maoim Cruachain at once. Laochaire let the withes run three times. Goll turned to him with wrath. "If there will be a head wanting on one of the three withes, your own head, or my own head must go to fill it." It was then Goll knew that Lochaire let the heads run off the withes. They then lifted up the body of Cuchullin and buried it.

The story is done.

EDUCATION IN THE HIGHLANDS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

[By William Mackay.]

I.

The Highlands of Scotland owe the introduction of letters to the early Christian missionaries. "One of the most striking features of the organisation of the early monastic church in Ireland and Scotland," says Dr. Skene, "was its provision for the cultivation of learning, and for the training of its members in sacred and profane literature; so that it soon acquired a high reputation for the cultivation of letters, and drew to it students from all quarters, as the best school for the prosecution of all, and especially theological, studies." When St. Columba landed in Scotland, in the year 563, he brought with him that love of learning which he had imbibed at the Irish school of Clonard; and we are told by his biographer, Adamnan, that, at his establishment in Iona, he "never could spend even one hour without study and prayer, or writing, or some other holy occupation." He was the author of hymns and other productions in Latin and Gaelic; and such was the reputation which he and his followers acquired for learning, that people from all parts of Britain were drawn to Iona for study, among them being Aldfrid, who, in 685, became king of Northumbria. Among other Celtic ecclesiastical establishments which in those early times kept the lamp of knowledge burning, may be mentioned those of Rosemarkie, supposed to have been founded in the sixth century; Applecross, founded by St. Maolrubha in 673; and Dunkeld, Kilmun, Deer, and Turriff. In these houses learned functionaries, known in Gaelic as *scribhnidh*, and in Latin as *scriba*, studied, and wrote, and lectured, and taught as early as the seventh century. In the eighth and ninth centuries they were superseded by the *firleiginn*, who continued to be the principal teachers down to the thirteenth century. In addition to these learned men, there was a lower class of students called *scolocs*—we have still the word in the Gaelic *sgalag*, a farm-servant—poor people, apparently, who

received education in the monasteries in return for their services as cultivators of the church lands, and who appear in the monastic records as late as the fourteenth century. The literature studied in this early Celtic church consisted chiefly of the Bible, the works of the early Christian fathers, lives of Irish and Scottish saints, sermons and confessions, and Latin and Gaelic hymns; and the recording of the traditions of the church, and of the notable events of the period, frequently afforded pleasant employment to the industrious clerics. Numerous Latin and Gaelic manuscripts of those distant times have come down to us—most of them supposed to have been written in Ireland; but one of them, at least—the Book of Deer, which contains the Gospel of St. John and portions of the other three Gospels, the Apostles' Creed, and the fragment of an office for the Visitation of the Sick, all in Latin, and the Legend of the Foundation of the Church of Deer, and memoranda of grants of land and privileges bestowed on it, in Gaelic—is undoubtedly of Scottish origin. It is impossible now to determine to what extent the common people participated in the knowledge imparted in those Celtic monasteries. The probability is, that the teaching was very much confined to the inmates and a few of the better classes; but the existence of the *scolocs* seems to show that the poorer people were not wholly excluded.

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the Celtic church, which had suffered greatly during the Danish invasion, gradually merged into the Church of Rome, and, under the fostering care of royalty, great and well-endowed monasteries took the place of the smaller religious houses which formerly existed. In these new institutions the study of the literature of the age was for centuries steadily pursued; and the education supplied in many of the abbeys and priories of Scotland, from the thirteenth century to the Reformation, was almost as high as was to be obtained in the ordinary Universities of Europe. And it is also certain that the religious establishments of that period provided the poor with the means of education to a very considerable extent.

Among the institutions to which Highland boys of position and parts resorted before the Reformation, for educational purposes, were the religious houses of Beauly, Rosemarkie, Fearn,

Kinloss, Kingussie, and Ardchattan; but of the state of education during that period the glimpses we get are few and far between. Not to leave the neighbourhood of Inverness, however, we find that in 1505, George Dawson taught within the priory at Beauly, where there was a large library of books and manuscripts, and made himself most obliging in educating the children of the surrounding gentlemen. Thirty years later, Robert Reid, prior of Beauly and abbot of Kinloss, greatly encouraged learning. Under his superintendence, John Person, a Cistercian monk, instructed the youths of Beauly; and, in 1541, such of these as were intended for the church were removed to Kinloss, where they sat for three years at the feet of Ferrarius, a Piedmontese scholar whom Prior Reid had induced to settle there. Ferrarius himself informs us that his course of lectures embraced such subjects as the works of Aristotle, Cicero, Virgil, Erasmus, and Melancthon. The good Robert Reid subsequently became Bishop of Orkney, and Lord President of the Court of Session. At his death he left a sum of money for the maintenance at the Universities of gentlemen's sons "that had good spirits," but had not the whereupon to prosecute their studies; and another fund for the education of young gentlewomen left unprovided for by their parents.

In addition to these monastic schools, there were from an early period grammar schools at Elgin, Inverness, Fortrose, and other northern burghs; and the sons of the larger landowners frequently received their education on the Continent. The Master of Lovat, for example, who fell at the clan battle of Blar-na-leine, in 1544, was an accomplished scholar, who first studied at Beauly and thereafter in France; and many Highland chiefs attended to the education of their sons, even before the Act of 1494 made it incumbent on all barons and freeholders to send their sons to grammar schools at eight or nine years of age, and to keep them there until they were "competentlie founded" and had "perfite Latine."

During the storm of the Reformation little practical interest was taken by Roman Catholic or Protestant in the education of the young; but as soon as the tempest had abated, John Knox and his followers took the matter in hand, and to them is due the credit of having first given shape to, if not of having originated, the idea of a national system in which rich and poor

could alike participate. They strongly advocated that there should be a school and a competent teacher in each parish, and repeatedly endeavoured to procure a sufficient endowment for this laudable object out of the forfeited patrimony of the ancient church. On the question of endowment they were, unfortunately, not successful. The great bulk of the church property went to the nobles; and when the crown did happen to turn church revenues into educational channels it was not for the purposes of elementary education in the parishes from which the revenues flowed, but to support students in the grammar schools and Universities. Hence, we find that, in 1573, James the Sixth, who afterwards judged himself no mean scholar, and affected the patronage of literature, granted the revenues of St. Monan's chaplainry, in the parish of Kiltearn, to Alexander Munro, for seven years, for his sustentation at the schools. Two years later, the king gave the revenues of the chaplainries of St. Lawrence, in Dingwall, and Artafally, in Redcastle, to James Davidson, son of John Davidson, tailor in Edinburgh, to keep him at school; and, in 1586, Thomas Davidson, another son of the same fortunate tailor, got the same revenues for seven years to support him "in the College of Cambridge in Ingland. . . for his better education in verteu and guid letters."

Although, as we have seen, Knox was not successful in his efforts in favour of the endowment of schools, one result of his agitation was, that Parliament and the Privy Council were stirred to take some interest in the cause which he had so much at heart. In 1616, the Council issued an Act for the erection of schools in every parish, "that all his Majesty's subjects, especially the youth, be exercised and trayned up in civilitie, godliness, knowledge, and learning; that the vulgar Ingleshe tongue be universallie planted, and the Irish language, which is one of the chieff and principall causes of the continuance of barbaritie and incivilitie among the inhabitants of the Isles and Heylandis, may be abolishit and removit." If John Knox, at whose instance the first Gaelic book was printed, had been living in 1616, this Act would, in all probability, have been more judiciously worded; and, whatever good effect it had in the south of Scotland, very little followed it in the north. The Highlanders were too much attached to their ancient

language to give encouragement to a scheme the avowed object of which was to abolish it—and, moreover, they themselves were not too flatteringly referred to in the Act; and although its provisions were in 1631 confirmed by Parliament, they continued to be ignored within the Highland line. In 1646, however, Parliament enacted, in more politic and less offensive terms, that there should be a school in every parish, under the superintendence of the Presbytery of the bounds, and the duties thus imposed on them were taken up by the Presbyteries of the north with great energy and intelligence. But they had enormous difficulties to contend with. In making provision for only one school in each parish, the Legislature forgot that Highland parishes were as large as Lowland counties or German kingdoms. The Highlands, too, were poor; the landowners, upon whom was placed the burden of providing the schools and the salaries of the teachers, had small rentals; and the country was in a seething state of insurrection and civil war. In some parishes, therefore, the statute was for years a dead letter; but, in others, its provisions were faithfully carried into effect. The old records of the Highland Presbyteries throw considerable light on the efforts made in the good cause, and the extent to which those efforts were successful. In 1647, a Commission of Assembly, sitting at Auldearn, ordained that Presbyteries should use diligence in the plantation of schools; and a Commission which visited Ross-shire about the same time, while ordering "all ministers within the province to preach powerfully against witchcraft, and develish practices of that sort," also issued the more enlightened decree, "that schools be erected in everie paroch, and diligence thereanent be reported to the next Provincial [Synod] of Ross, betwixt this and the next visitation at Chanonrie;" and there was a special injunction, "that the Presbyterie of Chanonrie have care of planting a schoole at Kilmuir Wester." The Presbytery of Dingwall, whose records go back to 1649, loyally endeavoured to give effect to these instructions. At a Presbyterial visitation of the Church of Kiltearn, on 3rd July, 1649, the minister and elders of that parish "being enquyred what progress they made for plantation of a schoolle?" answered that "they wer to contribut for ane schoolle with Alines [Alness];" and we learn from a

minute of 14th August, 1650, that there was at that date a school at Alness, of which Mr. Donald Munro was appointed master. On 17th July, 1649, Mr. Donald Fraser, minister of Kilmorack, declared to the Presbytery, "that he presses a school;" and he was "ordained to urge the same moir and moir, and report his diligence to the Presbyterie." The result of this pressure is given in the following minute of 19th February, 1650:—"Compeared Hew Ross from the paroch of Kilmorack, shewing his willingness to be schoolemaster at the said Kilmorack, and the Presbyterie being certified of his good education and conversation, and finding upon tryall his abilitie for instructing of children and fitting them for grammar schooles, doe therefore admitt him to the said charge, recommending him to Mr. Donald Fraser to be received and encouraged for that effect." On 31st July, 1649, the ministers and elders of Urquhart of Ferintosh reported "that they were goeing about to seik for a man to be schoolmaister and clerk to ye sessione;" and it is satisfactory to find that they were soon successful in their search, for, on 23rd October following, William Reid was appointed schoolmaster of the parish of the future Apostle of the North. On 11th September, 1649, the Presbytery of Dingwall, "considering the expediencie of plantation of schooles, and the Act of Parliament made thereanent, thought fitt that the underwritten persones sauld be required by the ministers of the severall paroches quhere they reside, to meete with the Presbyterie the nixt [meeting] day for tacking course for the erection and plantation of schooles within the Presbyterie, conforme to the tenor of the Act of Parliament; for which effect the persones following were nominat and ordained to be required, viz., Robt. Monro of Obstill, Hew Fraser of Eskadaill, Hector Douglas of Balkney, Andrew Monro, portioner of Culcairne; Donald Finlaysone, portioner thereoff; Hew Monro of Teaninich, Hew Monro of Foiris, Androw Monro in Teannar, Hew Monro in Keatwall, Jon. Monro in Newtowne, Jon. Monro in Kinkell, Mr Jon. Monro of Swardill, Ferqr. Monro of Teanaird, and Neill Beaton in Culcraigie." The majority of the members of this ancient School Board met on the 18th of the same month, and discussed how best to make provision for the support of a school in each parish. They thought that an assessment of "twell

pounds [Scots] out of the thousand merks rent might suffice, but continewed the absolute determination of anything untill they met with the rest of the members." On 9th October, the Prebytery, "considering that the Commissioners for plantation of schooles have not set downe, as yet, any solid course for plantation of schooles," ordained them to be present at the next meeting of Presbytery. At that meeting, however, none of them appeared, and "the matter was continewed untill they might meet with more convenience." But the times were inopportune; that year had seen Charles the First die on the scaffold; war was now ravaging the country; the appearance of Montrose in the north made it more and more inconvenient for the Commissioners to meet; and the minute which I have just quoted contains the last mention of them in the Presbyterial records. The clergy, however, struggled on in the good cause. Curiously enough, their greatest difficulty seems to have been in connection with the ancient burgh of Dingwall. In that town there was a school long before the period we are now speaking of, and in 1569 Donald Adamson was master thereof; but through time it ceased to exist, and on 22nd January, 1650, Mr. John Macrae, the minister of the burgh, had to report to the Presbytery that he "regrates that he cannot prevaile in the mater of planting of a schoole in Dingwall." The magistrates and heritors are ordered to be summoned to appear before the Presbytery at next meeting; but, in response to this summons, only two of the heritors—the lairds of Tulloch and Knockbayne—appear, and they declare that no school can be maintained in Dingwall, "unless the paroch of Foddertie joyne with them." They were enjoined to came to an arrangement with Fodderty; but for years no result followed. By 1664, however, an end was put to this state of matters. In that year Mr. John Macrae is schoolmaster of the capital of Ross.

Unfortunately, the early records of the Presbytery of Inverness have not been preserved, and a volume commencing in April, 1670, is the first now extant. We have, therefore, no record of the first efforts of that Presbytery in the cause of education in the rural parishes. It is evident, however, that the members did not entirely neglect their duty in this matter In 1671 there was a school in Kiltarlity, in which Mr. G.

Hutcheson taught so acceptably, that his minister and elders "were well satisfyed with him in everie thing" and, in 1677, Mr. John Munro, the then schoolmaster of that parish, is described as "of a Christian, civille, blameless conversatione," and gets "a large applaus for his painefullness and diligent attendance on schoole and sessione." The youth of Kirkhill were taught in 1672 by Mr. Charles Ritchie, and he was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Fraser, who, in the words of his minister, the Rev. James Fraser, the accomplished author of the *Wardlaw Manuscript*, "besides his attendance of the schoole, was precentor and clerk, and read the Scriptures publickly every Lord's-day, in the Irish, betwixt the second and third bell." For these multifarious duties Mr. Fraser received annually "a chalder of victuall, with £20 [Scots—equal to £1 13s 4d sterling] out of the box, and also the baptisme and mariage money." He afterwards became minister of Dores; and we find him in March, 1687, preaching before the Presbytery, with much acceptance, on the theme, "*De pecatto veniali et mortali.*" How he treated his delicate text, we are unfortunately not informed. In 1682, there was a "flourisheing schoole" at Petty, and a "fixt school-master, who was a great help to the minister." The poor minister, evidently, needed help, for, in connection with the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, it is recorded of him that "he had a table only—other things being borrowed."

(*To be continued.*)

AM BANNACH BEARNACH.

[From Mr. Kenneth Macleod.]

Chaidh Ceigein agus Cuaigean agus Bodach Beag an Reubain aon uair a bhuain coirce. An uair a sguir iad d'an obair bha bideag bheag gun deanamh.

"Dean thusa sud, a Cheigein."

"Dean fhein e, a Chuaigean."

"Deanamaid uile e," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain; agus rinn iad uile e.

Thoisich iad an sin air a thoirt dachaidh.

"Thoir thusa sud leat, a Cheigein."

"Bheir fhein leat e, a Chuaigein."

"Beireamaid uile leinn e," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain; agus thug iad uile dhachaidh e.

Thoisich iad an sin air a bhualadh.

"Buail thusa sud, a Cheigein."

"Buail fhein e, a Chuaigein."

"Buaileamaid uile e," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain; agus bhuail iad uile e.

Thoisich iad an sin air a chruadhachadh.

"Cruadhaich thusa sud, a Cheigein."

"Cruadhaich fhein e, a Chuaigein."

"Cruadhaicheamaid uile e," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain; agus chruadhaich iad uile e.

Thoisich iad an uair sin air a bhleith.

"Beil thusa sud, a Cheigein."

"Beil fhein e, a Chuaigein."

"Beileamaid uile e," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain; agus bhleith iad uile e.

Thoisich iad an uair sin air a chriathradh.

"Criathair thusa sud, a Cheigein."

"Criathair fhein e, a Chuaigein."

"Criathramaid uile e," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain; agus Chriathair iad uile e.

Thoisich iad an uair sin air fhuineadh.

"Fuin thusa sud, a Cheigein."

"Fuin fhein e, a Chuaigein."

"Fuineamaid uile e," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain; agus dh' fhuin iad uile e.

Thoisich iad an uair sin air a chur ris an teine.

"Cuir thusa sud ris an teine, a Cheigein."

"Cuir fhein e, a Chuaigein."

"Cuireamaid uile ris an teine e," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain; agus chuir iad uile ris an teine e.

Thoisich iad an uair sin air itheadh.

"Thoir greim as a sud, a Cheigein."

"Thoir fhein as e, a Chuaigein."

"Thoireamaid uile greim as," arsa Bodach Beag an Reubain. Thug iad uile greim as, agus sud a mach a ghabh am bannach. Co a thachair ris ach ròcais.

"Co as a thainig am bannoch bearnach?"

"Thainig mi bho Cheigein agus thainig mi bho Chuaigean, agus thainig mi bho Bhodach Beag an Reubain, agus thainig mi bho leac nam bannach, agus thainig mi bho chul an doruis, agus ma's urrainn domh thig mi bhuatsa."

Thug an rocais sgobadh sios agus thug e greim as, agus sud a mach ghabh am bannach. Co thachair ris ach faoileag.

"Co as a thainig am bannach bearnach?"

"Thainig mi bho Cheigein agus thainig mi bho Chuaigean agus thainig mi bho Bhodach Beag an Reubain, agus thainig mi bho leac nam bannach, agus thainig mi bho chul an doruis, agus thainig mi bho'n rocais, agus ma's urrainn domh thig mi bhuatsa."

Thug an fhaoileag sgobadh sios, thug i greim as, agus sud a mach a ghabh am bannach. Co thachair ris ach feannag.

"Co as a thainig am bannach bearnach?"

"Thainig mi bho Cheigein agus thainig mi bho Chuaigean agus thainig mi bho Bhodach Beag an Reubain, agus thainig mi bho leac nam bannach, agus thainig mi bho chul an doruis, agus thainig mi bho'n rocais, agus thainig mi bho'n fhaoileag, agus ma's urrainn domh thig mi bhuatsa."

Thug an fheannag sgobadh sios, thug i greim as, agus sud a mach a ghabh am bannach. Co thachair ris ach calman.

"Co as a thainig am bannach bearnach?"

"Thainig mi bho Cheigein agus thainig mi bho Chuaigean agus thainig mi bho Bhodach Beag an Reubain, agus thainig mi bho leac nam bannach, agus thainig mi bho chul an doruis, agus thainig mi bho'n rocais, agus thainig mi bho'n fhaoileig, agus thainig mi bho'n fheannaig agus ma's urrainn domh thig mi bhuatsa."

Thug an calman sgobadh sios, agus dh'ith e suas e, agus bha crioch air a' bhannach.

JEROME STONE AND THE OSSIANIC BALLADS.

THE STORY OF HIS OSSIANIC COLLECTION.

JEROME STONE'S Collection of Ossianic Ballads had somehow mysteriously disappeared since it was in the hands of the committee of the Highland Society of Scotland, who issued their "Report" in 1805, and there make mention of its existence. The late J. F. Campbell of Islay could not find it in 1872 when issuing his book of Ossianic Ballads—*Leabhar na Feinne*—from the press. He says that he examined the Highland Society's papers and, though he got a manuscript copy of the ballad of Fraoch, which they had published in their "Report," yet he could not identify the rest of the collection made by Stone. The early history of the Collection is given in the "Report," and it will be seen that Stone's work had even then passed through a chequered career. Stone unluckily "did not think of giving his originals to the public" in print, as the Highland Society's Report goes on to say; "but Mr. Chalmers of London [author of *Caledonia*, the great antiquarian and scholar], happened to purchase at a sale a parcel of books and writings which once belonged to Jerome Stone. Part of those MSS. appears to consist of copies of some of the original Highland poetry which Stone had collected," and these Mr. Chalmers communicated to the committee, who published only the original of the Fraoch ballad and Stone's own translation of it, which appeared in the *Scots Magazine* fifty-one years previously. The "Report" refers coldly to the obscurity of Stone's

position, to his having acquired the Gaelic language as a foreigner, and to the locality of his Collection being unfavourable to the getting of the best copies of the ancient poetry of the Highlands. In fact his "copies," it is implied, though earlier than Macpherson's in date, were "corrupt," as the other ballad collections of later times were carefully labelled. Macpherson alone collected the genuine Ossianic poetry.

Till lately nearly every one who took an interest in ancient Gaelic poetry had given up Jerome Stone's collection as lost. But fortunately it has been found now, and Professor Mackinnon has most appropriately had a short time ago the gratifying task of announcing the fact to the public through the press. He has, moreover, sent the collection of Gaelic Ballads, with an excellent introduction, to the Gaelic Society of Inverness, at a meeting of which Society the paper was a week or two ago read, and it is all to appear in their forthcoming volume. From the Professor's paper we glean the following facts. Stone's papers had disappeared after they were in the possession of the Highland Society of Scotland. The late Principal Lee of Edinburgh (1840-59), who was a collector of all sorts of odd literary things which no one else cared to look at and which he picked up at sales and old book-stalls, fell upon a folio volume of about an inch and a-half thick, which once formed part, if not the whole, of Stone's Collection. At Lee's sale the manuscript was bought by the late David Laing, and he some twenty years ago presented it to Dr. Clerk of Kilmallie, who was at that time engaged on his sumptuous edition of the Poems of Ossian. This fact accounts for the familiar way in which Dr. Clerk speaks of Stone's Collection at page 33 of his introduction. Within the last few months the University of Edinburgh acquired this MS. from Dr. Clerk's family, so that now this valuable Collection at last finds a resting place from which it can no more wander and where scholars can consult it.

There is no doubt of its authenticity, for the MSS. bears an unmistakeable resemblance to Stone's writing as otherwise known. Its contents are in three divisions, separated from one another by several blank pages. The third division consists of "Poems on Various Subjects" in English, amounting in all to 16 pieces,

several of which appeared in the *Scots Magazine.* Some are translations from French and Italian, a fact which shows that Stone was learned not merely in the ancient but also in the modern languages. "These poems," says Professor Mackinnon, "show their author as a man of cultivated tastes, refined feelings and considerable powers of versification. But even had he lived, I do not know that Stone could ever attain distinction as a poet." The other two divisions of the MS. are in Gaelic. One is headed "A Collection of such Modern Songs as are remarkable on account of their Beauty or the Interesting Nature of their Subject." They are seven in number and comprise a thousand lines more or less in all. They are all well known, with one exception, and this exception is, from a certain stiffness of style, judged by Professor Mackinnon to be the work of Stone himself, to whom Gaelic was not native but acquired. Among the other pieces are the "Comhachag," "Massacre of Glencoe," "Keppoch Murder," "Day of Rinrory," *i.e.*, the battle of Killiecrankie. The other and most important division consists of the Ossianic Ballads.

Of the Ossianic Ballads, Stone has ten. All of them are represented in some one or other of the various collections made subsequent to Stone's day, and these versions can be found in Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne.* The following is a complete list of the contents of the Collection, with references given to Campbell's work, where the other version or versions may be seen :—

(1) "Oran a Chlerich, or the Description of a Battle betwixt the Fians and Danes." See *L. na F.*, pp. 72-79. It is a description of the invasion of Manus, King of Lochlin.

(2) "An Comhrag a bha ag an Fhein re Conn Mac-an Dearg, or the Battle that the Feine had with Conn the son of Dearg." See *L. na F.*, pp. 113-121.

(3) "Teantach mor na Feine, or the greatest Strait ever the Fians were reduced to." See *L. na F.*, pp. 95-104. It treats of an invasion by the King of Lochlin to avenge the elopement of his wife with one of the Fians.

(4) "Tigh Formail, or the burning of the House of Formail by Garry, one of the Fians." See *L. na F.*, pp. 175-180. The women of the Feinne were here burnt and hence the race of giants came to an end.

(5) "Cath na'n Seishiar, or the Engagement which six of the Fians had with two and forty of their Enemies." See *L. na F.*, p. 93; it exists in M'Nicol's manuscript only, and this one of Stone's. There are only from 14 to 16 verses in all.

(6) "A chiosh chnamhadh, or an important Dispute that arose among the Fians." See *L. na F.*, p. 166-7. M'Nicol's MS. is the only other that has the poem; it consists of 17 verses and deals with the dispute between Fionn's family and Clann Morna or Goll's party.

(7) "Sealg mhor a Ghlinn, or a great Hunting which the Fians had." See *L. na F.*, pp. 213-4. It is only in Dr. Irving's MS. and in this of Stone's, but the latter has 46 stanzas against 27 of the former. It concerns the dispute between Goll and Fionn, and enumerates the warriors on each side.

(8) "Bas Chonlaoich, or Conlach killed by his Father, who was one of the Fians [*sic!*]." See *L na F.*, pp. 9-15. It is a well-known ballad.

(9) "Bas Osgair, or the Death of Osgar son of Ossan and grandson of Fian Macoll." See *L. na F.*, pp. 180-195. This is the catastrophe of the Feinne and is commonly known as the Battle of Gabhra.

(10) "Bas Fhraoch, or the Death of Fraoch, who was destroyed by the treacherous Passion of his Mother-in-law." See *L. na F.*, pp. 29-33.

The importance of Jerome Stone's Collection consists in two things: he made his collection at latest by the year 1756, when he died, that is, four years before Macpherson's "Ossian" was heard of; and, secondly, he was the first collector south of the Grampians, and his versions are therefore original and independent, a remark which can scarcely be made of any collector after him. It is notorious, for example, that Macnicol's MSS. contain much second hand work (see *Celt. Mag.* XII., p. 320), and it may now be seen that he and other southern collectors either borrowed from Stone or got their materials from the same sources —even to the mode of spelling. Besides this, Stone's versions are exceedingly full and accurate, compared to most of the others. Prof. Mackinnon says: "On comparing the various versions of the other ballads as they are given in *Leabhar na Feinne*, it will be seen that Stone's Collection and Macnicol's, written in part at least not long after Stone's, show great similarity. A version of two ballads in *Leabhar na Feinne* is practically identical with the version given by Stone. The ballads in question are *Oran a' Chlerich* and *Bas Oscair*, the first and ninth in this collection. Mr. Campbell obtained these ballads from a MS. written in 1762 by Eobhan Macdiarmid, which in 1871 was in the possession of John Shaw a miller in Rannoch (*L. na F.* XVII.). By comparing *Leabhar na Feinne* pp. 72-4 and 182-3 with the first and ninth ballads here given, it will be seen that Macdiarmid's and Stone's MSS. are, *quoad* these poems, either copied the one from the other or that both are careful transcripts from the same MS."

THE STORY OF STONE'S LIFE.

A short and pathetic story is that of Stone's life, the facts of which we owe chiefly to Prof. Mackinnon's paper already mentioned.

Jerome or Jeremiah Stone was born in the parish of Scoonie, Fifeshire, in 1727. His father William Stone or Stons, as the parish register has it, was a respectable sea-faring man who died abroad when Jerome was only three years of age. The widow with her young family was left in straitened circumstances. Jerome seems to have taken early to the business of a travelling chapman or pack merchant. The "buckles, garters, and such small articles" that formed his original stock he soon converted into books, and so became an itinerant bookseller. The young pedlar knew the inside as well as the outside of his books. He had the faculty of acquiring languages with amazing rapidity, and he was soon able to read the Scriptures in their original Hebrew and Greek before ever he tried Latin. This last language he, however, did learn, helped by the parish schoolmaster. The then Principal of the University of St. Andrews happened to be a heritor in the parish of Scoonie, and under his patronage Stone found his way to that seat of learning. He was enrolled in the Greek class on 24th February, 1748, when close on his 21st year. On the 11th June, 1750, he graduated as Master of Arts, and he was immediately appointed assistant in the Grammar School of Dunkeld. Three years later, on the promotion of the rector to Perth, Stone was himself put at the head of the school by the Duke of Athole, who had learned to entertain a high opinion of Stone meanwhile. Here, as rector of the Dunkeld Grammar School, Stone remained till his too early death; for, as the *Scots Magazine* informs us, he was struck down by fever on the 11th June, 1756, in the 30th year of his age. "Such," as Professor Mackinnon says, "are the main facts in the life of this child of genius whom the gods loved and who died young."

He appears to have greatly impressed everybody he came in contact with. "An unexampled proficiency in every branch of literature recommended him to the esteem of the professors, and an uncommon fund of wit and pleasantry rendered him, at the same time, the favourite of all his fellow-students, some of whom speak of him to this day with an enthusiastic degree of admiration and respect," as the minister of Scoonie says in the old *Stat. Account.* He was never married, but he displayed the Roman *pietas* in regard to his family—"he

paid a pious regard to his aged mother, who survived him two years," during which time she received a pension from the Duke of Athole, " as a testimony of respect to the memory of her son."

In regard to his literary work, what he did was good, but the promise was far better, and it was this that impressed his contemporaries; for his brief span of life, which cut off the promise and the performance both, and its brilliancy and beauty went far to counteract the truth so well expressed by our modern poet—

> " While we breath beneath the sun,
> The world, which credits what is done,
> Is cold to all that might have been."

He was a frequent contributor to the *Scots Magazine*, then the only periodical published in Scotland; he began to write for it in his student days, and continued to do so until his death. It is stated in the old *Stat. Account* that he left in MS. "a much esteemed and well-known allegory entitled the Immortality of Authors, which has been published and often reprinted since his death." But this publication Professor Mackinnon has not been able to trace. It is not known in the Edinburgh Libraries nor in the British Museum. He was engaged, when death came upon him, in writing and preparing for the press a large work entitled "An Inquiry into the Original of the Nation and Language of the Ancient Scots, with conjectures about the primitive state of the Celtic and other European Nations." The minister of Scoonie evidently saw this MS., for he describes it minutely and is loud in its praises.

Gaelic was to Stone an acquired tongue like the Latin, Italian, Hebrew and other languages he had mastered. He was a pure Saxon, at first unfavourably disposed towards Gaelic and Celtic matters generally. "I am," says he, "equally a stranger in blood to the descendants of Siman Breck and the subjects of Cadwallader. I have no personal attachment either to the Welsh leek or the Irish potato." But in Dunkeld he soon acquired a taste and a love for the language of the Highlands and he was enthusiastic in its praises. In a criticism of Johnson's Dictionary, contributed to the *Scots Magazine*, he censures severely the lexicographers of the time for traversing the globe in search of the origin of a great part of their respective languages instead of looking

for it at their own doors, where it may be found. "I shall take the utmost pleasure to wander with Mr. Johnson," says Stone, "from the Tropics to the frozen zone; but shall be sorry to find him traversing the valleys of Palestine or the rocks of Norway in quest of such as may more successfully be found among the mountains of Wales or in the wilds of Lochaber." In sending his translation of Fraoch to the *Scots Magazine*, he speaks of the "sublimity of sentiment, nervousness of expression and high-spirited metaphor," which marked several Gaelic pieces he knew, and he equalled them on these points to the "chief productions of the most cultivated nations." "Others of them," he says, "breathe such tenderness and simplicity as must be affecting to every mind that is in the least tinctured with the softer passions of pity and humanity." How much must we regret that it was not under the auspices of this brilliant and honourable man of genius that Gaelic, and, hence, Celtic literature first made its *debut* before the European nations, rather than under the sinister aegis of James Macpherson!

THE TRAGEDY OF CLACH-NAN-CEANN.

A Sgeulachd of the Rannoch Camerons.

(*Continued.*)

On the second morning after the burning of the Mackintosh's country in Badenoch, the *Tailor* and his company arrived with their *Creach* at a spot called *Tom na Ceardaich* on the *Sliosmin*, about a quarter of a mile distant from where the river Ericht discharges itself into Loch Rannoch. Here they pitched their camp, refreshed themselves and allowed the cattle to browse on such herbage as they could manage to pick up by burrowing amongst the snow with their snouts and fore feet. They were now on Macgregor of Ardlarich's territory, and within a few hundred yards of his house; and *Tom na Ceardaich* was chosen as a place of encampment, because from that point they could best defend the cattle from any sudden attack that might be made on

them. But no enemy, nor human being, nor beast, appeared in sight; no smoke arose from any habitation of man; and all the country round about seemed to be deserted. The Tailor naturally asked the question, "Is this the silence of desolation or the silence of stratagem?"

When the Camerons had breakfasted they cautiously led their cattle down from the braeface to *Cul-a-Mhuilinn*, crossed the Ericht with them, and drove them westward to the first passable ford of the Gaur—a river that enters the west end of Loch Rannoch after having drained the famous *Madagan-na-moine*. Here the *Tailor* ordered them to halt; and, having selected a small band of swift-footed men, sent them forward under the charge of William Cameron to reconnoitre in the direction of Dunan, to bring back word if the Macgregors were to be seen in force in that locality.

Meanwhile the Tailor proceeded to tell his followers that the Badenoch *Creach* was to be sent entire to *Tigh-na-dige* to stock the land which Struan had so kindly alloted to the Camerons on the *Sliosgarbh* and of which Marsali was to have the principal share. This intimation was received with loud applause. He then asked if any man present would volunteer to go in charge of the cattle and stay in the new settlement? The proposal soon met with a response:—

"Theid mis" thubhairt Gilleasb' Eibhiseach,
"Ma gheibh mi cuibhrionn de'n a chreach."

That is—

"I'll go," said Gillesp' Nevis-man
"If I get a share of the spoil."

The *Tailor* said—

"'S math thu nis, Ghilleasb bho Lundaidh,
'S ann duit fein bu dual bhi grundail;
Is bios do shliochd an seilbh an Raineach
Mar bha do shinns'rean an Lochabair."

That is—

"Well done thyself, Gillesp' from Lundie,
Thou dost inherit to be thrifty;
And thy seed shall have luck in Rannoch
As erst thy forbears in Lochaber."

After Gillesp' a little man with a bow in his hand and a quiver full of arrows at his back stood up—

An sin thubhairt Dunnachadh Mhic-'illonaidh
" Theid mis' ma gheibh mi bothan monaidh,
Is comas seilg air na fridhean
Eadar Raineach is Gleann Lithean."

That is—

Then up spoke Duncan MacGillonie
" I'll go if I get a hillside bothy,
With right to hunt in the great forests
Betwixt Rannoch and Glenlyon."

The Tailor replied—

" Gheibh thu sin, a Mhic'illonaidh,
Ach b' fhearr dhiut spreidh na sithionn monaidh ;
Oir thig na Sasunnaich gun iochd
Is bheir iad an comas bho do shliochd."

That is—

" Thou shalt get that, O MacGillonie,
But better are cattle than forest venison ;
For Saxon men will ruthless come
And snatch this privilege from thy seed ! "

The two men thereupon crossed the Gaur with the cattle, drove them on to Camghouran, and there, according to *Duncan Du*, the already referred to sennachie, became the founders of the *Nevis* and *Gillonie* septs of the Cameron Clan on the Sliosgarbh of Rannoch.

The *Tailor* now led his main company westward in the direction of Dunan ; and met William Cameron's *picket* returning at the famous *Caochan-na-fola*—the scene of that bloody conflict which had first given the *Clan Gregor* possession of the *Sliosmin*. The *picket* were marching in very precise military order around a Macgregor *sgalag* whom they held as a prisoner ; and he in his turn was conducting on a rope a large and handsome deer hound, which had long been the pride of Macgregor of Dunan—who on account of his having been so often seen with this dog was commonly called " Fear fad' a' choin uidhre," that is, " the long man of the dun dog." This *sgalag* told them that Macgregor of Dunan and his followers and all the other Macgregors of the *Sliosmin* had fled down the country from some vague warning they had got that the Camerons were to burst upon them with great

force and fury from the north and root them out of the land. The old man had left the hound in his charge for fear it might fall into the hands of his enemies and be the means of taking him out in his retreat by its keen sense of smell; and this was now exactly what happened.

The Tailor at once ordered the hound to be led to smell the human tracks that were seen on the snow leading from Dunan house, with the result that the animal soon came on its master's scent.* And now having formed his men in a half-moon shape around the *sgalag* and dog, and the baggage (the semi-circumference sweeping round behind) he led them rapidly towards the east on the scent of the Macgregor. From *Tom-Mhic-Ghriogair*, where the scent was first discovered, they proceeded through *Coille-Bhienie* until they arrived at *Ken-a-Chlachar*, where the scent became somewhat confused among the high-standing boulders and broken marshes. Having recovered it, however, they traced it northwards towards *Tom-na-Sgreadaile*, not far from the present *Rannoch Lodge*. Thence the scent went due north until they reached the north-west corner of *Loch Rannoch*, when it turned towards the east, and led them to the river Ericht. Having crossed this stream below *Cul-a-Mhuilinn*, the hound again discovered the scent, which went on across *Tom Dubh*, and led upwards to Ardlarich House.

When they reached Ardlarich the *Tailor* commanded his men to search all the houses and outhouses for the chiefs of the Clan Gregor. They did so, but found they were deserted, and that not a single soul could be seen in the locality. Thereupon the *Tailor* set fire to Ardlarich House, which soon lit up and was burnt to the ground; but no other human habitation was set fire to.

Having formed anew, the Camerons followed the hound

* Dunan's staghound was famed all over the Highlands for its large size, noble and dignified aspect, great sagacity and endurance in the chase, and also for an unusually keen sense of smell. Its descent could be traced back to the most famous hounds of the Ossianic era. It is said that the then Earl of Argyll having one day met Macgregor of Dunan in the chase at a spot called "*Stob-na-Cruaiche*," offered to procure for him a Crown Charter for the Sliosmin provided he gave him the staghound; but Dunan would not part with his favourite dog even for that tempting inducement.

smelling along towards the shore. This led the *Tailor* to suspect that possibly the Macgregors might now be lying hidden in *Eilean-nam-faoileag*—that famous "Ile of Loch Rannoch" which lay just over against where they were standing. But the *Tailor* observed that the "*Ile*" had been dismantled some time before then, and that it could not form as it stood a secure position for any body of armed men. Besides the scent went unmistakeably towards the east. The Church of Killichonan was visited; and the scent showed that Macgregor evidently had been there, probably confessing his sins to the priest. Proceeding eastward through a birch wood, since known by the name of Talla-bheithe wood, whence the summit of Schiehallion can be seen. They at length reached *Liaran*. It is said that on this farm at *Baile na Creige* the scent became confused, as Macgregor had evidently doubled, by having gone up to the top of *Creag-na-seardaiche* to see if the coast was clear and coming down again. The scent was, however, recovered; and the Camerons proceeded on their way through a thick wood where they were often so entangled in bogs and marshes and thickets that, if attacked by an enemy with bows and arrows, they might be reduced to great straits. But no enemy appeared; and Aulich was at length reached. The scent crossed the burn of Aulich just below the present bridge; and having recovered it on the other side, they proceeded to *Clach na-h-iobairte*, a standing stone situated below the present shooting lodge of *Craganour*. Here the Camerons rested; and while partaking of a hasty lunch, admired the beautiful golden streaks of the afternoon sun as it shone on the white snow that clad the conical Schiehallion, seen from this point swelling out like a true maiden's pap from the fair bosom of the surrounding mountain range.

From *Clach na-h-iobairte*, supposed by at least one acute Gaelic scholar to be the western boundary of the *Annat*, the company followed the scent along the *Mil'-reidh* passing on their way *Lag' 'n-iasgair* and the Annat burn from which the scent turned up the brae until they reached Leargan, the third seat of the Macgregors on the Sliosmin. This place they also found deserted; and they followed the scent in an eastward down-hill direction towards *Clachghlas*, a large stone marking the eastern

extremity of the Macgregor territory in Rannoch. From *Clach-ghlas* the scent went to *Clach a mharsanta*—a stone associated in modern times with a story of the accidental strangling of a poor stupid packman—but which seems more probably to have marked the eastern boundary of the old ecclesiastical church property of the *Annat*—part of which is still known by that name. From *Clach a mharsanta* they followed the scent above the village of Kinloch Rannoch, the braeface; and having passed *Clash-a-chlagarnaich* under *Sron-an-dachar* of *Creag-a-Bharra*, and *Allt-enlas* the hound went directly to the ford of the *Dubhag* at *Tom a chlachach* over against the famous *Seomar-na-stainge* on the south side of the river, where Wallace is said, to have at one time encamped. The Camerons soon crossed this ford; and having discovered the scent on the south side they followed it through Innerhadden and Dalchosnie, until they reached the *Clach Sgoilte* —a large split boulder with a larch tree now growing up in the crack—alike curious in its conformation and notable as connected with many stirring events in the early clan history of Rannoch. From *Clach Sgoilte* they followed the scent eastwards through *West Tempar*, *Tom Tempar*, *Lassintullich*, and *Crossmount*; where now the hound began to get very excited and gave several short yelps which evidently showed that the objects of their pursuit were not very far away.

The *Tailor* called on his men to halt, and having with his well known skill as a tactician and leader rearranged their ranks so as to be able to work to the best advantage in rough and rocky ground, he exhorted them to advance with the utmost caution and care and to be ready at any moment to encounter the enemy—if there was need—in deadly combat. These words wrought up the Camerons to a state of fierce excitement, whilst at the same time they marched forward with that heroic coolness and confidence which they always felt when fighting under the command of their redoubtable leader.

When the Camerons were advancing and nearing that rocky cavern high above the southern bank of the *Dabhag*, which from the event has since been called *Macgregor's Cave*, the *Tailor* was astonished to see in the far distance a large company of the Robertson men led by his friend Struan flanked by another com-

pany of men led by Menzies of Weem, the feudal superior of the Macgregors on the Sliosmin. Struan waved a salute to the *Tailor* who at once commanded his men to halt, and approached in person to meet the Robertson chief. "You have come just in the nick of time" said Struan, "to complete the cordon round about the Macgregors in that cave where we at length have got them secure; and now I must introduce you to the laird of Weem." And with that Menzies, a tall and firm looking chief, came and cordially shook hands with the *Tailor*, after which the three held an anxious conference over the situation of affairs.

UNPUBLISHED PROVERBS.

Cha bhi sinn a deanamh dà Fheill-Martainn air.
We will not make two (Martinmas) feasts of it.
[No use in makin' twa bites o' a cherry.]

Tachdaidh an gionach na coin.
Greed will choke the dogs.

Cha sgoilt an darach ach gainn de fhein.
Only a wedge of itself will split the oak.

Cha bhi cuimhn' air an aran ach fhad 's a mhaireas e 's an sgòrnan.
Bread is not remembered but so long as it is in the gullet.

Is fhada chluinnear geim bo
Air lòn mor Lasan-tulaich.
Far is heard a cow's low
On the great meadow of Lassintulloch.

Is laidir an gobhainn,
Sgoilteas e an t-iarunn;
Is treise am bas na an gobhainn.
Strong is the smith, he can split the iron,
But stronger is death than the smith.

Buntata proinnte is bainne leo,
Biadh bodaich Uachdair-Chlò.
Chapped potatoes and milk with them
The food of the carles of Afterflow.
[In derision of their frugal habits.]

Is gnath leis a' chù bhi deanamh dranndan thar cnaimh.
A dog is wont to snarl over a bone.

Is ann annad a tha 'n rud a bh' anns na mucan.
It is you that have in you what was in the pigs.

Is iad gul is gaire sàr ghloir an duine.
Weeping and laughter are the highest eminence of man.

B' fhearr am meug bhiodh 'sa Ghaidhealtach,
Na'm bainne blath bhiodh am Peairt.
Better the whey that would be in the Highlands
Than the warm milk in Perth.
[Country whey is better than town milk—no place like home.]

EARLY IRON-SMELTING—A REVIEW.

NOTES ON EARLY IRON-SMELTING IN SUTHERLAND, by Daniel William Kemp,* of Trinity, Edinburgh, which lies on our table, is a booklet of considerable antiquarian interest. The author is Vice-President of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts; and for this "Unwritten Chapter in the Early History of the Iron Industry in Scotland," read before them in February, 1886, he received the Society's Keith silver medal. Since then have been published Mr. J. H. Dickson's work on Gairloch, with chapters on the iron works of that district, and Mr. W. Ivison Macadam's work on the "Ancient Iron Industry of Scotland." Our author's notes, in their present form, have, however, special points of interest of their own. He collected some of his information, he tells us, during holiday rambles in Sutherland, where, we understand, he has acquired a small property, with a Scotsman's innate love of the soil and of land improvement, while he is personally actively engaged in business in Edinburgh. The "chapter" on Sutherland which he set before himself being, as he says, short, he makes a "rather lengthy introduction," in which will be found interesting notes on the subject of ironworks elsewhere, including correspondence which arose in the *Scotsman* in 1881, after the reading of a paper by Mr. Henry Cadell of Grange. This correspondence was contributed by Rev. Mr. Forsyth, of Abernethy, Mr. D. W. Kemp, and Mr. A. Mackenzie, late editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, and now of the *Scottish Highlander*. These and other introductory notes, and certain "additional notes and references" appended, he introduced "because of their possible bearing on the Sutherland smeltings." The "Notes" were written very much with the view of "eliciting further information" regarding iron-slag remains in Sutherland. The author is most scrupulous in giving the authorities and sources of his information, and earnestly invites further information as to slag heaps in any part of Sutherland, and as to any bits of malleable iron or implements found in slag heaps. The book is illustrated by a beautiful old map of Strathnaver, showing old iron works, as a full page frontispiece,

* Published by Norman Macleod, Bank Street, Edinburgh.

and by four lithographed plates of ancient gravestones—three of them belonging to the Macnabs, the celebrated smiths, and the other that of Sir Thomas Kemp, who was presented in 1516 by James V. to the chaplaincy of St. Lawrence, Dingwall (this last, no doubt, being of special private interest to the author). The map of Strathnaver is one of Timothy Pont's maps, published in Blaeu's Atlas, now so rarely met with, in Amsterdam, 1662. The sad story of Pont who began to map Scotland in 1608, but whose work was quite unappreciated at home, until published at Amsterdam, is given by the author in a note.*

* A copy of this rare and beautiful old Atlas of Scotland was at one time presented to the Workmen's Club Library of Inverness; but when we asked for a look into it two or three years ago the officials then in charge knew nothing of this interesting and valuable book. We desiderate a more active and personal interest being taken in our public libraries by the committees in charge of them, that would make it impossible for such a valuable relic going out of sight.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Four months ago appeared the first number of a new periodical which is likely to prove of interest and importance to Celtic scholars. It is named the "Archaeological Review," published by David Nutt, London, and edited by Mr. G. L. Gomme, whose reputation as a folk-lorist and antiquarian are world wide. Two articles in the first number were devoted to Celtic or Gaelic matters—"The Picts of Galloway," by Mr. Elton, the well-known author of the "Origins of English History," and the second by Dr. Kuno Meyer, a translation of the "Wooing of Emer," a tale of Cuchulain, which is as old as the 11th century. This last contribution is just finished in the fourth number. Interesting articles appear on Marriage and Inheritance customs, and on the tenure known as Village Communities.

THE *Gaelic Journal* now appears regularly every quarter, the price and size of each number being much the same as that of the *Celtic Magazine*. The last number to hand contains among other things an Irish version of our Gaelic story "Murchadh agus Mionachag," which in certain places used to be recited as a finale to every *ceilidh*. The Irish story is entitled "Monachar agus Manachar," and, except in the minute details of language and expression, agrees very well with the Gaelic tale the only difference of importance is that Monachar and Manachar are brothers and not brother and sister, and the switch is wanted not to whip but to hang Manachar.

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DUNCAN BAN MACINTYRE.

[By Rev. John Kennedy.]

Duncan Macintyre was born at Druimliaghart in Glenorchy, in March, 1724. As was the common custom in the Highlands, Duncan had a popular epithet applied to him "Donnacha Ban nan Oran" i.e., Fair-haired Duncan of the songs. As his parents were poor, he never attended school and never learned to read, and in this respect there is a marked contrast between himself and Macdonald. Of his youth we know nothing, save that he was very fond of fowling and fishing, and that he composed nothing worthy of preservation till his twenty-second year. He was persuaded by Mr. Fletcher of Glenorchy, as his substitute, to join the Royalist Army—in this also a contrast to the former poet. He was present at the battle of Falkirk where he either lost or threw away the sword given to him by Fletcher—a circumstance which recalls a similar episode in the life of Horace, who also was a greater poet than soldier. Fletcher therefore refused to pay Macintyre, but he had eventually to yield to the good offices of the Earl of Breadalbane, whose gamekeeper Duncan became shortly afterwards. He had thus ample opportunity of studying nature in her varied aspects and forms, which, as we shall see, he put to good account.

He served six years in the Breadalbane Fencibles, and attained the rank of sergeant; but when that regiment was broken up in 1799, he became one of the City-guard of Edinburgh. In this position he remained till 1806, when he retired on the savings thus made, supplemented by the profits of his poems. The first edition was published in 1768, and the fifth and last in 1848. The poet died in Edinburgh on the 14th of May, 1812, at the ad-

vanced age of eighty-eight. His personal appearance in youth seems to have been specially handsome, and during his whole life he was an agreeable and pleasant companion, whose wit and power of repartee were of an unusually high order.

It is very difficult to classify Macintyre's poems as they deal with such a variety of subjects and interests. Of him it was specially true—*poeta nascitur non fit.* All his inspiration was inborn and not drawn from the works of his predecessors. But his is not a wild or untutored genius—rather that of a man who sees clearly, feels keenly, and must find expression for his vivid impressions. Like Macdonald's all his pieces are lyric. He had a keen sense of humour which finds scope in his first poem—"Falkirk Field"—in which he undertakes an explanation and vindication of his conduct in throwing away his sword. It is done very much in the style of Horace, who refers amusingly to a similar incident in his experience, and adopts a similar ground of defence. Duncan Ban frankly states that the only resource left was not the gun, but flight. Their flight was as if a hound had scattered sheep. He returned home, but met with no kindly response—he had lost his sword, which he describes as an edge-less lump of iron with a twist in the hilt; so heavy that it bruised his side, and like an alder tree in size. Why should one ask what became of it? A sword of ill-luck, that could neither hew nor cut, and with the soot or rust of ages on it. Let it be forever forgotten.

Before passing to the proper division and discussion of the poems we may notice one —"Another Ode to Falkirk"—which was withheld from publication during the lifetime of the bard because it is so strongly Jacobite—almost breathing the same spirit as most of Macdonald's similar effusions. It deals with the battles of Falkirk and Culloden; and Iain Macruaridh, whom he highly praises, is supposed to stand for Prince Charles Edward. He playfully alludes to the Royalist retreat, which he attributes to lack of proper command, and says that Calum MacPharig and himself quickly disappeared, else it might prove a serious matter for them. His praise is all bestowed on the Jacobites; and he adds, that if the Camerons and Macdonalds should receive "Cothrom na Feinne"—the fair-play of the Fingalians, no power in Europe could prevent the deposition of King George. He

regrets the victory of Culloden as it implies the loss of land by the Highlanders, and also the exchange of their national garb—kilt and hose and bonnet, for trousers, grey-coat, and hat—the result of the loss of the nation's fame. The song closes with the hope that better days are in store, when Charles shall be restored.

There is also a companion piece containing some humour, and directed against the change of dress. King George's rightful abode is Hanover, not London. He is a stranger here, and has done us a vast deal of harm. In our altered garb it is impossible for us to recognise each other at market-time or on festive occasions. It is a dress we can never take kindly to, and most unfit for free movement on the hills. Deprived of our arms and liberty we know now the kindness of Duke William and appreciate the claims of Charles. Thus ends the poet's admiration of and tribute to the Stewart cause. In the rest of his poems King George receives due homage.

Perhaps the most convenient division of Macintyre's songs and poems is the following:—Songs of sentiment; songs of war; satiric pieces; and descriptive poems. Only a selection of each can be given.

I. *Songs of Sentiment*—The ode to John Campbell of the Bank, is a fine lyric composition, indicating a delicate taste and tact. Campbell's generosity and good nature are touched upon; the position assigned him as custodian of part of the nation's wealth; his horsemanship and the choice steeds that he rode—fleet, strong, spirited, well-shaped, fiery, free, sure-footed, with high heads and ears erect, and full of proud mettle.

His armour is next dwelt upon—A brand-new, yellow, thick-plaited shield, a silver-mounted sword, hard and unbending, with thin sharp two-edged blade grasped by a sure hand; a ready, good pistol that never deceives. His personal prowess and brave qualities are next noted. A bright and beaming countenance bespeaking much kindliness; eyebrows without gloom and joyful eyes. A beautiful brow, and cheeks ruddy as the rose: but better, wise thoughts combine with courage, judgment and ready expression; his home, hospitality, and consequent fame are finally adverted to.

One of the most touching and popular of these songs is the

"Ode to his Young Spouse," which is still one of the most frequently sung and best known. It begins:—

"A Mhàiri bhàn òg, 's tu'n òigh th'air m'aire,
Ri 'm bheò bhi far am bithinn fhéin;
O'n fhuair mi ort còir cho mòir 's bu mhath leam,
Le pòsadh ceangailt' o'n chléir,
Le cumhnanta teann 's le banntaibh daingean,
'S le snaim a dh'fhanas, nach tréig:
'S e t' fhaotainn air làimh le gradh gach caraid
Rinn slàinte mhaireann a'm' chré'."

The fact that he has thus received her with all the sanctions of the church, that they are bound with a knot which cannot be untied, that all have approved the ceremony gives him a new lease of life. In many stanzas he describes their first interview, his impressions—indelible as they proved, her beauty, Cupid's dart entering his heart—a sickness that no physician could cure, only the approval of the beloved object. Her charms are set forth under the figure of a fruit-laden branch which no hand but the bard's could take away. She excels in generous disposition—benevolent, benign, and kindly to the poor, feeble, and needy—her reward being found in her labour. Her beauty of mind finds expression in congenial conversation; and her household duties are those in which she shines most. The concluding verse contains the poet's determination to prove worthy of such a spouse—by providing all needful and profitable things, and by refraining from all that can offend or displease.

Another song to one of the same name—*Mary*—but not to the same person, is in a similar strain, and contains some fine and happy illustrations. An instance may be given. The proverb says that oak surpasses other wood, and that a wedge of itself is what best splits it in pieces. Hence he concludes that one of the same family shall succeed best in wooing and winning her. In wealth of epithet Duncan Ban is not a whit behind Macdonald, and the purity and idiom of his Gaelic are secured by his non-acquaintance with any other language. A frequent comparison is—a foot so light that the tiniest grass remains unbent. His only dread is that he, or the one in whose name he speaks, is not sufficiently rich to attract her attention, and states a dozen things that have helped to lighten his purse—drinking, feasting, weddings, music, society, merchants, markets, senti-

mental gifts, folly, and youth—neither a logical nor an accurate enumeration.

Still another of this sort is the "Oran Sugraidh," in shorter metre and in livelier style, and containing references to the common custom of sending cattle during summer to the hills, from which they were brought back towards the end of harvest. Some persons were sent in charge, or regularly went long distances daily. There is also a comic reference to going to Edinburgh to learn English, showing how few comparatively spoke it at that time in the Highlands—

"Bheir mis' thu Dhuinéideann
A dh' ionnsachadh Beurla,
'S cha 'n fhàg mi thu t'éigin,
Ri spreidh an fhir mhoir."

In yet another short piece there is a very curious recipe proposed for recovering the affections of the beloved object. The maiden is desired to rise early on Sunday morning, to go to a level stone, to have the congregation's blessing, and a priest's hood. This last, along with a wooden shovel, is to be put upon the shoulder. Nine ferns, cut by an axe, and three bones of an old man taken from the grave, are to be burnt to ashes, and the ashes to be thrown against the north wind, on the loved one's breast. When this charm-ceremony is performed, the end in view is assured. It is akin to the love-potions and charms of other nations, which were supposed to possess great virtue: and still there are some of these superstitious practices in vogue.

II. *The Songs of War*—which include songs composed in honour of warriors, of warlike instruments, and of the Highland dress and language. Duncan Ban, unlike many other poets similarly situated, did not sing the praises of a past and golden age of heroes, but confined himself to the period in which he lived. The men and manners of his own time occupied his thoughts; and he succeeded well in portraying them.

To show how completely he accepted the Hanoverian Dynasty, we have only to turn to the "Ode to the King." Our land, he says, has prospered greatly since this king was crowned, whose great-grandfather owned this country's sway. He can hold his own in combat with any king in Europe; and while others are losing their territories, his are daily increasing and strengthened.

Although the poet was entirely unlettered, he seems to have picked up some information about classic mythology—for he says, continuing his eulogy—"Mars aided thee on the field of battle, Æolus sent favouring gales, and Neptune gave thee the full benefit of his watery domain. Thy fortresses are strong and the foe fears to approach. The French made a foolish attempt, but soon came to terms. The Queen of Hungary discovered how vain it was to wage war against thee; and the Indian kings fared no better. In the four quarters of the globe thou hast possessions and people." This may be taken as a kind of anticipation of the current designation of the dominions of Queen Victoria, as the Empire upon which the sun never sets. He further states that the sanctions of religion are now regarded, that law and Parliament protect the people; that theft, raiding, and persecution are at an end. From prince to peasant, all receive justice and are satisfied. The earth is fruitful, cattle thrive, deer are on the hills, fish are abundant, and gold is plentiful in the reign of George; who has placed a bridge on every stream, cleared the highways, planted a school in every glen, that our children may be educated; and restored the Highland arms and garb—what we most desired.

The ode to Nic-Coiseam—the gun—is written as if it were to a companion of the bard. Climbing hills he is happy, if his gun is on his shoulder. He regrets not the purchase of it in Glenlochy, and enumerates the various places to which he had taken it. By it in Coire Cheathaich the deer and the hinds often fell. In Beinn-a'-Chaisteil too, Màm, Creag-an-aparain and Beinn-nam-fuaran; but specially in Beinn-dòrain, "where dwell the antlered deer whose roar I loved to hear." In Coire-Chruitear also, in Glen Eitidh, Meall-a-bhuraidh and Beinn-a'-chrulaist, and in many other haunts familiar to the stalker.

A similar ode on the same subject, but written very much later, takes a form not uncommon in Gaelic poetry—that of apostrophising things specially useful and constantly employed. The gun is here addressed as a fair woman beloved by the bard. For twenty years previously he was attached to one; but she has at last forsaken him. He found his way to Edinburgh where Captain Campbell directed him to a widow—a city-guard gun—

whose regard he might and did win. She is called *Janet* and the grand-daughter of King George. To Nic-Coiseam and the deer he bids an affecting adieu; but does not regret the change, as he finds congenial companionship and a competency in his new sphere. *Janet* is pleasant, comely, straight, without fault or failing, without a bend or twist. She provides the necessaries, and even the luxuries of life, and never disobeys or deceives. Altered circumstances affect him agreeably—and he quaintly adds, that the idle man is said to be he who lives the longest.

We may next take up the six prize-poems on the Gaelic Language and Bag-pipes — a series of poems composed for the Highland Society in London, one of whose primary objects was the preservation and improvement of Highland poetry and music. The first of these was written in 1781. It opens with a compliment to this Society for aiding in reviving and preserving the old language and customs of the Gael, which he dates, as was then customary, from the days of Adam. He pays an eloquent tribute to his mother tongue, as the most melodious to the ear, and making such headway, that even the Saxons admit it to be of value. He deprecates that it should die, since it is the best for conveying amusement and merriment, the fittest for the music of pipe and harp, and as the vehicle of song. It gladdens the saddest heart, and it is the most effective in satire.

The second was written in 1782, and treats the same subject in a similar manner. There is a return on the part of the rulers to the native dress previously forbidden. The bagpipes are pointed out as requisite at weddings and in war, to enliven in the one case, and to embolden in the other; as useful to awaken in the morning, but best in the jovial evening time.

The third appeared in the following year. Fresh illustrations are used to adorn the same subjects. Gaelic is specially appropriate in the services of the sanctuary, on account of its deep emotional character. There is reference made to the special division of a Gaelic poem already alluded to—Urlar, Siubhal and Crunluath—and to the readiness with which Gaelic words and melodies lend themselves to the sad and pathetic or to the cheerful and martial.

The fourth appeared in 1784, dealing with the same subjects in much the same strain, and making mention of Fionn, Goll and Garadh and the rest of the Fingalian heroes, in whose halls the martial music commended here, resounded.

The fifth was written in 1785; and alludes to the restoration of the land formerly forfeited to the original owners, and the consequent prospective prosperity of the Highlands—at least as long as their language, music and flag remain united.

The sixth and last appeared in 1789—still discussing the same subjects with increasing interest. There is a minute account given of the materials of which the bagpipe is made—The chanters are made of hard wood from Jamaica, and sound perfectly; ribbons and knots of silk adorn the conspicuous points; the reed is finely secured by delicate threads; and all the parts harmonise. The piece ends with the hope and prediction that the language and music of heroes of such importance and of such renown, as they date from the earliest times, may continue the longest.

Next come a series of poems in praise of the Highland Clans, enumerating their claims to fame, and the various deeds they had achieved in battle. It was customary from the earliest times for warriors to have minstrels to sing and commemorate their deeds of valour. In this form we have a great deal of literature in most languages, and the Celts form no exception to the rule. To some extent that tendency survives in the poetry of Duncan Ban. The story, if not the history, of the old Highland regiment—"The Black Watch"—is recorded in glowing terms. The strength and stature of the soldiers are attributed to their residence among the hills, and to their well-known habit of hunting the deer, and other sports. Their bravery was shown at Fontenoy. In the description of their armour their flint guns are mentioned, and their swords are said to be their castles. This has always been one of the best known and bravest of Highland regiments. The "Argyleshire Highlanders" are next dwelt upon—a regiment whose tradition was not to make a backward step; and whose crest contains the Scottish thistle, a fit emblem of the havoc made by them among their enemies. In difficulty or in danger, who so fit as they to give relief?

After thirty years of compulsory wearing of a foreign dress,

permission was granted to the Highlanders to return to their wonted garb, which fact the poet omits not to celebrate. He lived in Edinburgh at the time and was cognizant of all movements affecting the interests of his native country. The bagpipes and kilt were once more produced, and none dared to pronounce the bearer or wearer a rebel. In the estimation of the bard, the choice youth appeared as old men after assuming the hateful dress. That this should have been felt so keenly, can hardly be realised by those who do not consider that the change amounted to a suppression of the national sentiment. But now that liberty has been restored through the instrumentality of the chief of the Grahams, all will again be well.

In close connection with this subject is the restoration of the land—in 1782 above alluded to, but more directly discussed in an "Ode to the clans," who now receive their long-usurped rights. It is a very spirited piece, and vividly describes the situation. The nations rejoice because the brave youth who behaved so admirably—shoulder to shoulder—with pure purpose and proved fidelity, have their worth thus acknowledged. The true sons of Clan Donald, numerous, brave and valorous—that came to give their aid, were victorious at every step, as was their wont, ascending quick and fleet of foot, with grey lance closed in their hand. In the same way all the other clans have their bravery and success set forth. The poem closes thus. Right has come and wrong has gone. Our hearts do leap for joy. Brave noblemen now are glad, and go with light step and songful heart. The people set up bonfires on the high hills. This is the year that has concluded peace—truly a tale of joy. It may be added that it was only two or three years later that the question of the forfeited estates was finally settled.

Nor does he forget to sing the virtues of the national drink, which is supposed to cheer and make lively, to make one warm when the day is cold, and to render cool when the weather is hot; and also to prove an antidote in almost all kinds of diseases. The style is lively—

"O'n shuidh sinn cho fada,
'S a dh-òl sinn na bh' againn
'S i chòir dol a chadal
O'n thàinig an t- àm," etc.

(To be continued.)

A HIGHLAND ESTATE, 1792-1800.

[By THOS. SINCLAIR, M.A.]

(*Continued.*)

THE districts nearer the mansion were subject to many feudal services. John Mean's widow and son William in Dachow have, with a money rent of £3 10s 8d, in 1794, to pay threshing money 1s 1½d, fox money 1s, 5 hens 2s 6d, a dozen eggs 3d, 12 feet of peats at 1s 8d per foot (though next year 1s 8d is added for a deficiency in peats); and spinning money runs through every account to 1800. Their highest yearly total is £15 14s 10d, one of the items to pay to the laird being a sillock pock, 1s. Janet Martin pays 2s for making a plough by John Mackintosh, the Inverness joiner, no doubt a wooden one, and gives about 8 hesps a year to Mr Wilson of spinning, with various other sums and services. On removal Widow Mean gets a receipt in full, signed E. INNES, the Lady. Neil Roy has one year poinded cattle by John Brown, but this entry is almost as invariable as the rent to all the crofters. Donald Elder is 11s in John Brown's list, 1799. The proprietor's mode of helping him to a house is worth noting, "Quarrying and carrying flags to Donald Elder's house, 12s; 3 days' quarrying the flags, 3s; 2 double horse-carts and 2 oxen-carts carrying them 2 days, and the paddock a few days, at which all the servants were employed, 9s—in all, 12s." As against this there is the generous entry, more after the manner of English than Highland landlords, "Allowance for building a new house, ordered by Major Innes, £10." Finlay Elder's widow gets credit for her husband's work as a mason thus:—25 days' work at repairing houses at Borlum in 1798, £2 5s; building the smith's house, 1799, 1 ro. 4 yds. 1 ft. 9 in. at 21s, and a vent 5s, £1 8s 5d; shop for George Campbell, 1800, in conjunction with Wm. M'Komas, 2 ro. 15 yds. 4 ft. 4 in. at 21s; 4 yards peatstones and 15 yards double tabling at 3d; 2 chimneys at 5s—amounting in all to £3 7s 1d. He pays for a cart-box to John Mackintosh, the joiner, 6s, and the almost universal swine fine of 5s, fine not meaning that swine were not to be kept, but so profitable that a rent of five shillings

was necessary for them. Donald Forbes did 115 yards of the ditch in the Blair, for which he received 9s 7d; and for a ditch from Donald Roy's loch, measured 26th April, 1796, he had 9s 4½d. George Bain has "cash paid to Wm. MacComas, 15th Dec., 1796, as part payment of building the walls of the house at Knockfin, £2 2s." He rents the links of Reay at £1 6s 8d. Iron was dear, for he pays for a used clading of pair of wheels 6s, an old cart-box costing 1s only. Widow Oag has a balance of £1 18s 2d which was met thus:—"By an allowance made her in consideration of her son being the first recruit enlisted for Major Innes for the Caithness Legion." Sandy Campbell, New Reay, has an allowance by Major Innes for recruiting for the Caithness Legion, £2; and Sandy, being ingenious, gets also 4s for a chest, and 1s 10d for a rat trap. He got John Sutherland the cooper's land, and he would seem to be the gamekeeper, for there are these entries, "By four-fifths more game killed by him for the Lady at 2½d, 1s; and two salmon, one 8½ lbs, the other 8 lbs, at 4d, 5s 6d." The game and fish were paid for to their value, which is curious, as if the Lady had no property in them. For calling the roup at Sandside he got 1s probably a sale of accumulations at the mansion-farm. Robert Macleod, merchant, New Reay, supplies groceries and "goods" to the laird, varying from £1 3s, to £5 by the year, which Mrs Macdonald, the maid used to pay. He is charged for a new wheelbarrow, made by John Mackintosh, and for mending a chest, 5s; and for breaking a wheelbarrow from Sandside 10s 6d, which must have been a very good one by comparison to his own. He charges Mrs Innes with her share of a boat from Thurso 6s. Donald Macaskill's widow is debited with her rent, for the price of 3 lbs lint spinning imperformed 2s 3d, and for "the postage of a letter from London respecting her sons money 1s." She had credited "cash received by Mrs Innes from her son now in America, £20." On the debtor side there is "cash paid for extracting the decreet against her husband to Mr Robeson, 5s; and a precept of ejection against him, omitted in its place, 5s 10d," but what this legal event was, in short and simple annals of these rural lives, is lost to chronicling. The money from America appears to have played destruction to the widow and her daughter, for Neil Mackay enters their posses-

sion at Whitsunday, 1797. Donald Macleod and Donald Bain were tailors, holding small crofts, while Thomas Macryrie was the shoemaker, with such entries as, "By repairing a pair of boots for Major Innes in November, 1797, 2s 6d; by making and mending shoes for Major Innes, winter 1799-1800, per Mrs Macdonald's note, 7s 10d; by making a pair of clogs for Mrs Innes, 3s" [possibly for visiting her cattle]; "Mending a pair of shoes for Mrs Innes, 9d, and by making and mending shoes for Miss Dolly, 4s 6d.

No entries are more curious and instructive than those of Widow Innes and Donald Farquhar, her brother or near relation, partners of Reay Inn and the township of old Reay. She is the grandmother of the present tenant of Sandside home and sheep farms, as well as of farms on other estates, and the mother of the late William Innes, Reay Inn, her husband James having come from Thrumster, Wick parish, to be grieve at Sandside about the middle of the eighteenth century. On 29th July, 1795, the debtor account is, to balance due 14th March, 1794, £23 6s, interest, 9s 10d; rent due out of the town of Reay at Martinmas, 1794, £30; to brewing dues, 13s 8d; interest on ditto, deducing payments, 18s 1d; to whisky delivered to James Innes by Benjamin Henderson, 2nd April, 1794, £2 2s 6d. N.B.—Donald Farquhar's proportion of the rent of Reay is £6 10s sterling yearly: total, £57 10s 1d. The *contra* is, 29th July, 1795, by 20 bolls bere, crop 1793, at 12s, payable Martinmas, 1794, £12; by cash per Mrs. Innes's receipt (Lady Sandside), 14th April, 1794, £10 5s; by the dues of a brewst of whisky to Mrs. Innes, 12s; by an outcome of timber on the roofs of Brackside, £1 19 4d [a farm James Innes had after giving up his grieveship on marriage to the farmer's daughter, Farquhar *alias* Mackay]; by cash per Widow Innes, 29th July, 1795, 12s 1d; allowance for eaten crop, 1793, being 5 bolls, 2 pks, one half of which Mrs. Innes of Sandside pays, the other half David Macdonald, the bowman [the want of enclosures the crying evil], each 2 bolls, 2 firlots, the supposed meal, at 12s; cash of this date by Donald Farquhar, £11 6s 8d: total, and clear, £57 10s 1d. At Martinmas, 1795, there is due the rent and brewing dues, 13s 8d, £30 13s 8d; which sum is balanced by 2 ankers of ale, summer 1795, 10s 9d; by credit for five months of brewing dues since distilleries [the small bothies rather] were

stopped by Government, 5s 8d ; credit given to Donald Farquhar on the Rev. David Mackay's account, the parish clergyman, £4 10s 9d ; cash from D. F., 19th April, 1796, £1 19s 3d ; cash by Widow Innes same date, £23 7s 3d : total, £30 13s 8d. Next year, to various trespasses of Farquhar's horses on Kioltag, omitted at last counting, as per John Brown's paper, 4s ; rent of one octo of land, thrown ley or wild by Widow Innes's trespasses in 1796, possessed by William Campbell, 10s ; to grass eaten by their cattle to Widow Mean, 3s 6d, and a fine for removing their landmark between her and them, 1s ; D. F's horses poinded by John Brown, 2s ; the rent of Reay, due Martinmas, 1796, £30 ; brewing dues, 13s 8d : total, £31 14s 2d. The *contra* is, by grass eaten by their cattle to Widow Mean, settled by themselves, 3s 6d ; cash per receipt of 19th February, 1797, paid by Widow Innes, £23 10s ; D. F., £6 10s ; brewing dues overcharged as per debit side, 13s 8d. July 19th balance due, namely, of Widow Innes, 7s 10d, and of Donald Farquhar, 9s 2d : total, £31 14s 2d. April 18th, 1798, the total was £31 19s 6d, paid to a few shillings, with items "plough-beam and making a plough by John Mackintosh, 4s, and breach of promise in keeping swine by Widow Innes, 5s." At counting 23rd April, 1799, the total is £32 12s, with debt items, "dues for keeping a public-house, 5s ; promised subscription for Thurso bridge from Widow Innes, 5s ; road money due Martinmas, 1799, namely, by the widow, 17s 7½d, by D. F., 4s 10½d." All accounts are cleared when the estate-book ends in 1800.

The farm of Borlum was that involving most yearly rent on the property, and with all the lady's ability it went quite wrong in those years, the tenant Hugh Weir, not a local man, and probably a relative or favourite from Yorkshire, leaving it with a balance unpaid at Martinmas, 1795, of £146 15s 5½d, a ruinous sum to lose then, even for a proprietor. He seems to have paid what he did meet largely in kind. The accounts are remarkably strange :—To 14 bolls, 3 firlots bere at 14s, £10 6s 6d ; 5 bolls, 1 firlot, £3 13s 6d ; ½ boll potatoes, 5s ; 1 boll bere, 15s ; 46 bolls, 1 firlot oats at 9s, £20 16s 3d ; 23 bolls, 3 pks. bere at 14s, £16 14s 9d ; to one horse £4 4s, and another £2 2s ; to 2 oxen £10, and another two £9 ; to 2 cows at the roup, £6 14s ; red ox, £4 4s ; black ox and a white, £3 3s, £91 8s ; to ½ interest, £4 12s ;

to rent of Borlum, £32, due Martinmas, 1793; rent of Kioltag (pasture green hill) due Martinmas, 1792, 14s, ditto 1793, £1, £130 4s; to cash lent him by Mr James at counting, August 18th 1794, £7. His credit *contra* is, by 50 bolls oatmeal at 13s 4d, £33 6s 8d; 52 bolls bere at 13s 6d, £33 15s; 10 cattle wintered on crop 1792, 16s 8d; balance due 18th August, 1794, £62 5s 8d. Next year, with £2 cash lent, he has to meet £105 0s 11½d, thus done, by 40 bolls oatmeal sold to Mr Manson, Thurso, at 14s, payable at Martinmas 1794, £28; 38½ bolls of bere sold to Mr Inglis, Inverness, at 16s; leaving a balance unpaid of £46 4s 11½d. Next year he pays absolutely nothing of the following long total against him, to balance and its interest; to 2 bolls of different kinds of white oats, as per Sandside farm-book, crop 1794 at 12s, £1 4s; cash given him by Mrs Innes, 14th August, 1795, 3s 6d; cash by Mrs Innes 20th August, £3 1s; grey mare and foal sold him, £4; cash given Mrs Weir in her husband's absence by Mrs Innes 5th September, 1795, £2 2s; to an Inverness birch, 1s 6d; rent of the Ess or "waterfall" croft for one year, omitted in proper place £2; to a four-post bed when you first came to Borlum, 13s; to a barn fanners from Sandside, £1 10s; rent of the hay lane of Loanscorbest, £1; to cash paid on your account by Mrs Innes to Mr Donald Robeson, lawyer, as per order of McTwik 12th December, 1794, £25, with interest of £1 5s; cash on your account to John Macleod as wages at 1s 3d, when he went with you for your sheep, £2 10s; to Sandside's letter of credit given Mr Fraser of Dill on your account payable at Martinmas 1795 for £23 15s; total, £148 17s 2½d. In 1795, his last year of possession, he paid something. He was debtor to balance £148 17 2½d; rent of the Blair in Cioltag, due Martinmases 1794 and 1795, £1 8s 3d; credit given Peter Mackay on your account, as per Mrs Innes's note in 1794, £1; value of converted services and items, due Martinmas, 1794, for the house in Sartigal lately possessed by John Macleod, £1 4s 3d; postage of Mr Fraser of Dill's letters, 10d: total, £152 9s 8½d. His credit *contra* was, by overcharge of the rent of the house in Sartigil, £1 4s 3d; cash given Sandside on Peter Mackay's account, £1; part of the rent of Ess paid by William MacHughston on your account for Martinmas, 1795, £1; by overcharge of a journey made by John Macleod for lambs, £2 10s;

by 1½ bolls bere, crop 1794, at 16s, £1 4s; 5 bolls oats, crop 1795, at 9s 6d, £2 7s 6d. He leaves a balance unpaid of £143 4s 9½d, which was probably never met, as the farm fell back into Mrs Innes's hands for some years. Possibly it was a steelbow arrangement, and the Major was safe by getting back his stock, originally valued to Weir; but a certain acerbity in Weir's *contras*, hints at quarrel and heavy loss to Sandside. But experts in estate management could settle this on the above date. There are references as early as 1792, so that the estate-book covers not far from the decade of a typical agricultural period. That Weir was a man of doubtful character is shown by the parish register. On 1st February 1797 was baptised Peggy, daughter in adultery of Hugh Weir and Betty Sutherland in Borlum.

The next tenant of this farm was Thomas Brown, who seems also a stranger, but of a steadier kind, judging from his accounts: —Dr. to 6½ bolls red oats, crop 1797, at 13s 6d, £4 7s 9d; 6½ bolls Blangely oats, at 13s 6d, £4 7s 9d; hay, £2 6s; road money paid for him, £1 3s 3d; to rent of Borlum, as lately possessed by Hugh Weir, due Martinmas, 1798, for counting 1798, £40; grass in Fresgoe, £4; rent of hay lane of Loanscorbest, due Martinmas, 1798, £1 10s; corn fanners sold him May, 1799, £2 2s; Thurso Bridge, 5s; interest preceding October 22d, 1799, 9s 1d; total £62 10s 10d. He credits balance in favour by exchange of two mares, £5; cash paid to Mrs Macdonald, the maid, 20th April, 1798, £6 1s 6d; price of 4 cows bought from him 27th March, 1799, £15; overcharge in rent of Loanscorbest, 9s; allowance for work done by Thomas Brown to houses at Borlum, by error per debit side in 3 cartloads of hay bought of him May, 1799, £1 10s; 9 bolls of straw, 18s; a mare bought of him June, 1799, £14 10s; cow bought of him, £6 6s; 3 stooks of oats, 4s 6d; covering a mare, £1; balance, 22nd October, 1799, £9 1s 10d. In 1800 his total is £51 13s 2d, which he pays up to a balance of £1 3s 2d by two cash payments of £10 10s and £40. It is probable he was a relation of John Brown.

A Richard Metcalf, in Borlum, married to Katharine Innes, baptized a child, John, on 1st December, 1787; and the implication from so many names strange to the locality is that the two successive Cradocks from Yorkshire, who were ladies of Sandside,

imported English relations or improvers. Sheldon Cradock of Hartforth, Yorks., who married 17th December, 1739, was father of Mary Cradock, who married William Innes, father of Major Innes. His son, Sheldon, born 1741, married Elizabeth, daughter of Christopher Wilkinson of Thorpe-on-Tees, Durham, and Elizabeth Cradock, their daughter, married the Major William Innes of Sandside mentioned so often in the estate-book. This Lady Sandside's father died as late as 1814, aged 73. She had a sister, Margaret, married to Professor Lax, of Cambridge University. Their mother died 12th August, 1812. Lady Sandside or Mrs Innes could not have been more than from 30 to 35 years of age, if so much, during the time covered by the estate-book. The Cradocks were great besides in the Church and in law, the first of them, Richard, mentioned 16 Hen. vii. as of Doe Park, Yorkshire.

It is unnecessary to quote further the crofters' accounts, which ran down, in the same general fashion, as low as 10s a year, some women paying everything by service for their houses and octoes of land or kailyards. Sometimes as much as 78 days of the year were claimed, but they could always be converted into money payment at 3d per day of fine for absence. A Maggy "Whale," no doubt a nickname, for work at boiling oil with help of her daughter in the summer of 1794, made 5s 9d towards her rent and account that year of £1 8s, the previous year being 13s 3d. A curious entry is that of George Sinclair, a large farmer on another estate, tacksman of Isauld, who rented the meadow of Loanscorbest for two years at £1 5s from Major Innes:—"N.B.—The brewing-kettle borrowed from the late George Sinclair of Isauld, and retained as a pledge for the said rent, was this day returned to his sisters, Janet and Barbara Sinclairs, and their receipt received for the same," the sufficient reason being prompt payment. In Caithness as the dominant family, the Sinclairs, had all the good things, from the earldom downwards, but stray ones were becoming crofters and servants before 1800, as the estate-book examples. There were only five of the name of all capacities on Sandside, and being of southern blood they could almost be placed with the lady's strangers of this essentially Highland property.

A word or two further as to the racial character of the tenants and workmen. There were eleven Campbells, three of whom were of the Maciver Campbells; supposed with historic truth to have come originally from Argyleshire. There were nine Macleods, whose ancestors came from West Sutherland and Lewis, when the Lord of the Isles and the Earl of Ross was superior of Sandside and the neighbouring districts. As was to be expected, near Strathnaver and Lord Reay's country, the Mackay householders numbered thirty-two, under the different names of the same lineage of Mackay, Bain, Roy, Dow, Farquhar, Machustan, Morgan, More, MacHomas, etc. The Macdonalds, also from the Isles like the Macleods, numbered eight under *aliases* of Gow, M'Andy, M'Adie, M'Horish, as well as the name itself. There was a Maclaren, several Martins, Elders, Forbeses, who came with Lord Forbes (once superior of Sandside and neighbourhood, of Irish descent), two Innesses, Macphersons under this name and that of M'Ryrie, an Oag, a Sutherland, and a Munro. All these were purely Celtic; and five Gunns, including their kin Hendersons, formed the only native representatives of the Teuton, though by Gaelic speech and training they also appeared to be Celtic. The district being on the border between Sutherland and Caithness both English and Gaelic were spoken with freedom.

Major and Mrs Innes, about 1810, for all this genuine interest in their dependants from 1792 to 1800, were caught by the rage for sheep-farming; and the strangers they favoured encouraged them to take a considerable part in the clearance system, with its unnatural evictions. John Paterson, Borlum, born at Oxnam, Roxburghshire, in 1780, who came a poor shepherd in 1804 to Sandside, but ultimately rose to be sheep-manager and factor, was their instrument about 1810 of evicting not only many tenants on Sandside estate, but whole townships of the Isauld estates of Sir Robert Sinclair, Bart., and of his son Admiral Sir John, which estates Major and Mrs Innes then held in tack. Paterson was 41 years in the Major's service, and ultimately became probably the very largest sheep and agricultural farmer in Scotland, dying at his arable farm of Skinnet, Caithness, in 1853, holding the same reputation as the Lochs, Sellars, and other evictors of the Highlanders.

EDUCATION IN THE HIGHLANDS IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

[By William Mackay.]

II.

In going over the dry and faded records of the early times of which we spoke in our last article, it is pleasant to get such glimpses as we there gave of the intellectual lights that then burned, however dimly, in some of our rural parishes; and it is almost a pity to mar that pleasure by referring to other parishes in which darkness still prevailed. The planting of schools in the latter was very uphill work, indeed. In the parish of Moy, for example, there was no school in 1672, the reason given by the heritors and elders being, that "the townes within the parochin were far distant one from the other." The people of Daviot were a step in advance, for, in the same year, they had "ane schoole"; but, alas! "the schoolemaster was forced to leave them for want of sustenance." They undertook to get the teacher back, and make suitable provision for him; but the undertaking was not implemented, and, by-and-bye, even the school disappeared. In 1682, the minister reported "that they could not nor had any [schoolmaster], because there was no incouragement for ane, nor no mediat centricall place quhere they could fix a schoole to the satisfactione of all concerned." There was no school in Boleskine in 1672, "in regard the townes in the parishe were remote the one from the other, and they had noe convenience of boarding children." Dores was without a public school in 1675; but "several gentlemen had schooles in their own houses for educating and training up of their children, and they [the heritors] were upon a feasable way, if this deare yeare were by, to convene and stent themselves for ane publict school for the common good of the whole parish." The brethren of the Presbytery were pleased with this feasible way, and they exhorted the minister and heritors "to follow and cherish this good motione, as they wish that the knowledge of God may be upon the groweing hand among them, and their posteritie to bless their actions when they are gone." There was, in 1677, no

school in Glen-Urquhart "for the present"; but the minister and elders stated that, "when the Laird of Grant cam to the cuntrey, they were to require his helpe and assistance how to get some victuall to maintain a schoolmaster; and they were exhorted to do the same, which would be good service done to God." And, as a last example, Croy was without a schoolmaster as late as 1685, for the reason that there was "no fixed salary for one."

The wars and strifes which agitated the Highlands for years before and after the Revolution of 1688 were not calculated to promote education, and many of the schools established in the early part of the century ceased to exist. In 1690 William the Third made an effort to improve matters in Argyleshire by enacting that for the future all vacant stipends within that county should be applied to education, and in 1696 he granted to the Synod of Argyle the rents of the Bishopric of Argyle for educational purposes, and the grant was thereafter from time to time renewed. In 1696 the King erected a school at Fort-William, then known as Maryburgh, the teacher of which was to have the then large salary of £30 sterling a year—and in this year was passed the Act of Parliament which finally established the good old parochial system which passed away in 1872. Under that Act the heritors of each parish were bound to erect a school and to maintain a teacher; but, alas! King William, whose popularity was never great in the Highlands, lost all favour after the massacre of Glencoe, and any scheme emanating from him or his Parliament was received with suspicion and distrust. In the majority of the Highland parishes, therefore, the statute remained for years a dead letter. Even the school established by the King at Fort-William came to an untimely end, and altogether the close of the seventeenth century was, educationally, as dark and dreary as it well could be. The chiefs and lairds and better class of tacksmen sent their sons, it is true, to the grammar schools of Inverness, Fortrose, and other burghs, and the children of some of the more pronounced Jacobites received their education in France; but the poorer classes were neglected. In these circumstances a few private gentlemen in Edinburgh met in 1701, and resolved to establish schools in the Highlands and Islands, and to

appeal to the public for subscriptions for the purpose. Their first school was in a short time opened at Abertarff; but the schoolmaster met with such discouragement from the inhabitants that after a trial of eighteen months it had to be closed. The Edinburgh gentlemen were, however, not to be discouraged. In 1703 they published a statement setting forth the condition of the Highland people, and making suggestions for the amelioration of the same by Parliament. Parliament, however, did nothing, but the General Assembly took up the scheme with the result that in 1707 they appointed a select committee who, after conferences with the Edinburgh gentlemen, published proposals for propagating Christian knowledge in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland and in foreign parts of the world. Copies of these proposals, with subscription papers annexed, were sent to persons of influence throughout the kingdom. Queen Anne encouraged the scheme by royal proclamation, subscriptions flowed in, and in 1709 the Queen granted letters patent, under the great seal, for erecting certain of the subscribers into a corporation. Thus was established with a capital fund, to begin with, of upwards of £1000 sterling, "The Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge"—the first meeting of which was held on 3rd November, 1709. At their second meeting (5th January, 1710) it was decided to establish schools in such parts of the Highlands as would from time to time need them most—in which schools Protestants and Papists would be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, with such other things as should be considered suitable to the pupils' circumstances. The progress of the Society was marvellous. In 1711 it supported twelve schools, one of which was at Abertarff, from where, as will be remembered, a teacher had already been driven; and another in the distant St. Kilda. In 1715 the Society had 25 schools open, 34 in 1718; 48 in 1719; 78, having 2757 scholars, in 1728; 111 schools in 1733; 128 in 1742; 159 in 1772; and 323 in 1795. In addition to paying the teachers salaries, the Society supplied the children with school books, established public libraries in various parishes, and defrayed the expense of printing Gaelic Bibles and other books—among them being the Gaelic and English Vocabulary, published in 1741 by Alexander Macdonald, the famous Gaelic bard, and one of the

Society's schoolmasters. We do not know to what extent the libraries were patronised by the people, but, judging from the incident we are about to relate, it was sometimes somewhat difficult to get at the books. We find from the records of the Presbytery of Mull that at a meeting of that Presbytery, held at Aros, in March, 1730, Mr. Morrison, minister of Coll, reported "that Mr. M'Aula, his predecessor in office, carried off the library to the Harris, because he was not paid for his expenses in bringing them to Cole." The Rev. Aulay Macaulay, who is here referred to, was translated to Harris in 1712, so that, at the time of this report, the books had been in his possession there for eighteen years; and it is not likely they ever saw Coll again. Thus it was that Mr. Macaulay contrived to have a library; and thus early do we find in the Macaulay family that love of books which reached its full development in the person of Lord Macaulay, the great-grandson of the thieving minister of Harris.

We shall now endeavour to show what kind of establishments the old Highland schools were, what manner of men laboured in them, and under what conditions those men fulfilled their duties to the pupils placed under their charge.

The Privy Council Act of 1616, and again the Act of Parliament of 1646, provided that a school should be planted in every parish. These made no condition, however, as to design or accommodation, and even the Act of 1696, which finally established the parochial system, gave no further direction than that the school-houses should be "commodious." It was thus left to the heritors of each parish to determine what kind of building was required, and as they were themselves bound to defray the cost, it is not too much to assume that they were not too ambitious in their designs, or too extravagant in their estimates. As a matter of fact, the old country school—and this applies not only to the parochial schools, but also to the charity schools supported by the Society—was as poor and comfortless as it well could be. Its walls were of turf, or of dry, undressed, masonwork, through the crevices of which the wind whistled, and the drifting snow found its way, with perfect freedom; its windows were irregular holes which despised the luxury of glass; its floor was the cold damp earth, rough and uneven as nature had left it;

while its roof consisted of the usual three "black-house" couples, with roof-tree and cabers—all covered with "divots," or brackens, striving hard to shelter teacher and pupil from the rain of heaven. How vain the endeavour often was is shown by venerable books which we still find ornamented with large stars and stains, the result of mighty drops from the roof—drops which the divots retarded in their career to earth, but which they had at the same time greatly increased in size, and in sooty consistency. There was no chimney or fire-place, proper; but in the middle of the floor blazed a pile of peats and wood, brought by the children from their homes; while the smoke, after voyaging round and round the room, and adding to the polished blackness of the cabers, made its exit through the *àrlas* or smoke-hole in the roof, or through the holes in the walls which were flattered with the name of windows. The custom of "transporting" or removing the school from corner to corner of the parish did not tend to the improvement of the buildings. The early Society schools—with the exception of Raining's School, in Inverness, which was erected in 1757 at a cost of over £500, taken out of a bequest by Mr. John Raining of Norwich—were from time to time transported from place to place with the view of fairly distributing their benefits all over the wide districts which they were intended to serve; and the teacher had thus frequently to take up, not only his bed, but also the timber of his houses, and to remove to whatever corner of his educational vineyard most needed his services. In such circumstances, improvement came slowly; in some cases it came not at all. In 1865 the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the state of education in Scotland, found a school in Argyleshire which is thus described:—"The state of the school-house is still deplorable; a small building on the side of a hill, little attempt to level the floor, a fire in the centre of the room, and a hole in the roof for the smoke to escape; the roof seems falling to pieces, and the windows are broken." At the same time the Parliamentary school at Killiemore, in Mull, is described as "uninhabitable; earthen floor, full of hills and valleys; two windows without sashes, woodwork having rotted away; general aspect of dilapidation." The parish school of the same district is not much better:—"Old building; low roof (eight feet);

earthen floor; damp and mouldy appearance; three dilapidated windows on one side." These houses, too, were devoid of proper furniture—a deal table or desk, a rickety chair for the teacher, and a few rough forms, or boards resting on stones, for the children, making up as a rule the whole educational machinery of the establishment.

The schoolmasters' dwelling-houses were scarcely superior to the schoolhouses. Before 1803 parochial teachers were not legally entitled to any domestic accommodation, and if dwelling-houses were sometimes provided for them they were of the poorest description—black huts, as a rule, which refused to keep out the elements. In that year Parliament enacted that each parish schoolmaster should be provided with a residence, which residence, however, was to consist of "not more than two apartments, including the kitchen." This statutory limit was faithfully respected. Care was taken that the number of apartments did not exceed two, including the kitchen; and as these were not always of the largest dimensions possible, the schoolmaster's skill in mensuration must sometimes have been sorely put to the test in finding room within the four lines of his but-and-ben for himself and his wife and his customary family of twelve children, with, perhaps, a maid-of-all-work thrown in.

The Act of 1861 increased the necessary accommodation to three apartments besides the kitchen; but that provision was not everywhere carried into effect. In 1865 the Education Commissioners found the old but-and-ben still in use in some places—some of them being unfit for dogs. Of one dwelling-house it is recorded—"the roof does not protect it from the rain, and in wet weather the water has to be baled out of the inside of the house; a drain runs past the back of it, and, being on a higher level than the floor, the water comes inside in large quantities." There were others as bad; but after the passing of the Act of 1872 these wretched buildings were swept away, commodious and ornate schools and dwellings speedily took their place, and now teachers and pupils all over the land enjoy a degree of comfort and convenience of which their less fortunate forerunners of the olden times did not even dream.

A few words now in reference to the old schoolmaster himself.

The gentleman who presided over the parochial school was invariably college-bred. He was frequently a student in arts or in divinity, who looked forward to the pulpit as the goal of his ambition. More frequently he was a "stickit minister" whose heart hope deferred had long since made sick. That he was a man of education and culture the records of his time amply prove. The "trials" which he underwent at the hands of the presbytery before he was licensed to wield the *ferula* were such as might even stagger good men of our own day of superior training. In theology, philosophy, and general literature, he had to show himself fairly proficient; while with Latin he was expected to be as familiar as with his mother-tongue. We have found various references to the examination of schoolmasters in old unpublished presbytery records. In 1673, for example, Alexander Rose, candidate for the public school of Inverness, was examined in the third book of Horace, delivered a Latin oration *de vanitate humanæ scientiæ*, and passed through "all other tryalls usuall in the like case." In February, 1674, George Dunbar, who aspired to the mastership of the school of Dingwall, was appointed by the presbytery to appear at their next meeting, and "to be readie to have ane oratione, and to give ane exegesis of these words of Boethius, in his booke *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*:—Tu triplicis mediam naturae cuncta moventem, Connectens animam, per consona membra resolvis." He accordingly came before the reverend court when it next met, and it is recorded of him that he "made ane oratione in Latine, with ane exegesis on the poesie formerlie mentioned, in both of which he did acquit himself to the full satisfactione of the hearers."

The standard by which the accomplishments of the teachers employed by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge were measured was not so high—although even among them men were found who, like Alexander Macdonald, the Gaelic bard, to whom we have already referred, and whom Prince Charlie appointed his poet-laureate, were good classical scholars. Candidates for the Society's schools were required to go to Edinburgh, where, after producing "attestation of their moral and religious character," they were examined by two of the ecclesiastical directors of the Society "not merely upon reading and spelling

English, writing, arithmetic, and church music, but also, and most particularly, upon their acquaintance with the evangelical system, and their fitness for communicating the knowledge of it to others." The Society man, it must be remembered, was more than an instructor in the three R's. The scheme of 1710 bound him to be particularly careful to instruct his scholars in the principles of the Christian reformed religion, and for that end to catechise them at least twice a week, and to pray publicly with them twice a day; and he was also "*ex officio* the catechist of the district where he was stationed, and instructed to employ the time he could spare from the school on week days, and particularly the time of the vacation, in this exercise; and on Lord's days, in districts where, on account of distance or other impediments, the people have not access to church, to meet with them for the purposes of religious worship and instruction." And thus the poor teacher was constantly kept in harness—Sunday and Monday, during session and in vacation.

The most extreme advocate of retrenchment cannot accuse the old Highland schoolmaster of having received undue compensation for his multifarious duties. The Act of 1646 provided —and the provision was repeated in the Act of 1696—that the parish teacher's salary should not be less than 100 merks (£5 11s 1⅓d stg.) nor more than 200 (£11 2s 2⅔d stg.) In addition to this he usually received a small sum for acting as precentor and session clerk, and, in the earlier times, for filling the office of reader in the church. It was sometimes difficult to reach even the lowest limit of salary fixed by the Acts of Parliament. Thomas Fraser, a master of arts who was schoolmaster of Kirkhill in 1677, and who was also "precentor and clerk, and read the scriptures publicly every Lord's day, in the Irish [Gaelic] betwixt the second and third bell," received annually for these combined offices the sum of £20 Scots (£1 13s 4d stg.), a chalder of victual, equal, perhaps, to other £20 Scots, and "the baptisme and marriage money"—that is, the small fees then paid by persons applying for the baptism of illegitimate children or guilty of clandestine marriage. The Act of 1803 raised the lowest limit to 300 merks (£16 13s 4d), and the highest to 400 (£22 4s 5⅓d); and these limits were again raised in 1861 to £35 and £70 respectively.

They stood at these latter figures when the Act of 1872 became law. In addition to their fixed salaries the parochial teachers were entitled to such fees as they could collect—these, however, being frequently *nil*—and, until well into the present century, the Candlemas offerings annually made to them by the pupils, and the fowls killed or defeated at the great yearly cock-fight on the floor of the schoolroom, were perquisites by no means to be despised.

The Society's teacher collected no fees, and for a long time his salary was a somewhat varying quantity. In 1729, when we first meet Alexander Macdonald, the bard, his salary is £16. In 1732 it is raised to £18. In 1738 it drops to £15, and next year to £14; while in 1744 it is reduced to £12. No wonder Macdonald looked for better things from Prince Charlie, on whose arrival he not only threw up his school, but also his creed—for he ceased to be a Protestant catechist, and joined the Church of Rome.

In 1775 the salary of Lachlan MacLachlan, teacher at Abriachan, and grandfather of the late Rev. Dr. MacLachlan, of Edinburgh, the great friend of Highland education, was only £10; while his successor at the time of the Disruption had only £16. In 1802, John Macdonald, teacher at Bunloit, Glen-Urquhart, and a noted guide in the paths of religion, passed rich on £15 a year. This was raised in 1810 to £18, at which it stood till he retired in 1841 with a pension of £12. In addition to these salaries, each Society teacher possessed a free house, and in many cases a kail-yard and sufficient land to maintain a cow.

It is not surprising that, with the above-mentioned emoluments, the old Highland schoolmaster found it difficult to keep the wolf from his door. Macdonald, the bard, was unable to meet the Presbyterial visitors of his school in 1741, for the reason "that, through the great scarcity of the year, he was under immediate necessity to go from home to provide meal for his family." And long after his time we find teachers making the most piteous appeals for relief. One writes in April, 1818, when corn was scarce and prices high—"I humbly entreat for a little money, for I verily think if Providence does not open some unseen door of supply to me soon, that both myself and the most of my family will die of

famine; and I look upon it next to a miracle that we are not dead before now. My family frequently staid from church before their pale faces would be a gazing-stock. Our neighbours were, and are, very poor themselves, which rendered our case worse; for if they had we would not altogether want." And this poor man's case was not singular. Another writes—"From August till April I did not see one peck of meal in my house. I am at this same time a great sufferer"; while yet another states—"My salary would not support me in this place three quarters of a year in meal and water, as the meal is always kept so high with the meal merchants. . . . . I could not get one boll of meal at present as I had no money, and that my salary was out in it before Whitsunday. . . . . I am now near a month without as much as a stone of meal got to my house, but living on the milk of one cow." Verily the men who thus suffered were heroes and martyrs in the cause to which they had consecrated themselves.

We have now hurriedly traced the progress of education in the Highlands, and briefly indicated the conditions under which the old Highland schoolmaster lived and laboured. When we consider those conditions we cannot but marvel at the success that accompanied his work. Out of those miserable schools which we have described young men went forth into the world to make themselves famous as statesmen, as soldiers, as preachers, and even as men of letters. And while we marvel it becomes us also to thank the Giver of all good that we are not as others were in the olden time. We are prone to look back on the past through fairy spectacles which conceal the evil and only show the good and the beautiful. That is a pleasant exercise, and it may not be altogether hurtful; but we shall be all the better men and women if we occasionally lay aside the enchanting glasses, and look at the evil and the good of the dead centuries with the naked eye of truth. Thus shall we be able the better to appreciate the blessings which we enjoy, but to which our forefathers were strangers; and thus shall we grow in contentment and happiness, and in strength for the work to which we have been called. From the schoolmaster's point of view the world has in these latter times especially improved; and, fascinating as it may be to linger on certain pleasant

features and customs which undoubtedly belong to the past, few of the teachers of to-day would, we imagine, elect to be lifted, as it were, out of this present year of grace, and thrown back to pass their remaining days in that world of kindliness and hospitality, but, withal, of poverty, and privation, and discomfort through which the old Highland schoolmaster had to struggle from the cradle to the grave.

THE CELTIC PASSIVE IN *R*.

ZIMMER *versus* WINDISCH.

[By Thos. Cockburn, M.A.]

In the February number of the present Magazine a somewhat lengthy summary was given of an article by Professor Windisch on the Italo-Celtic passive in *r*. Since then a rival theory—actually written, however, before the appearance of Windisch's paper—has been propounded by Professor Zimmer in the last number (xxx) of Kuhn's Zeitschrift. At the editor's request and for the sake of comparison, I have given a short outline of this theory, and, to render it more intelligible, I have followed the (supposed) historical order of the evolution of the forms, in preference to that observed by the Professor. The essential difference between the two theories may be summed up thus: Windisch holds the *r* to be a stem-suffix, Zimmer takes it to be a personal ending.

Originally all Indo-European verbs had a varying flexion, without, however, any variation of meaning, in the present, aorist, and perfect system of tenses, according as the verb was *absolute*, *i.e.*, uncompounded, or *conjunct*, *i.e.*, compounded. In the third plural of the present active the endings were *-nti* and *-r* respectively. Thus in the root *bher* (bear) we have abs. *bheronti*, con. *bheror*. That an actual connection exists between this final *r* and non-final *nt*, is proved by what is found in noun stems like Greek *hēpar*, *hēpatos* for *hēprt*, *hepntos*; Latin *jecur*, *jecinis* for *jecr*, *jecnos*.

Should this connection be correct, the *r* must be held to be a personal suffix quite as much as the *nt*.

In most languages this difference of ending gradually disappeared by the coalescence of the forms, or by some other adjustment. In the Italo-Celtic languages, however, the conjunct form in *r* remained, but assumed a special signification, being used indefinitely as an impersonal verb, or better like the French *on*. Thus the passive *doberr*, it is given, means really "they give," "one gives." When the personal pronoun—be it noted, always in the *objective*—was attached to this form, an equivalent for the passive of other languages was obtained, thus, O.I., *nomberr*, I am borne, is really "one bears me," *notberr*, thou art born, one bears thee; Welsh *dysgir fi*, I am taught, one teaches me. At this stage the Cymric languages and Modern Irish have remained.

Old Irish always expressed the *first* and *second* persons similarly, but in the *third* person it proceeded a step further and used this active plural in *r* as a singular passive, a process facilitated by the limitation and gradual fading away of its active meaning. By this change both in signification and number, the suffix *r* became a new formative element in the language, and was added to the active plural ending *t*—making a passive plural *tar*—as if it were a purely passive suffix. This contamination plural *tar* is not the same as the modern passive in *tar (tear)* which is identical with *thair*, the O.I. passive ending for weak verbs in the singular. The ending *thair* was itself a contamination form produced by the coalescence of the absolute singular in *d* (*berid*) and the *r* ending. Professor Zimmer hazards the conjecture that educated Irishmen of the eight or ninth century introduced the personal form of the passive under the influence of the Latin usage, but that the native population never adopted it.

Thus in the spoken Celtic languages we have no such thing as a true passive in the sense that Latin has. The only agreement between these two groups of languages is that they both started with the indefinite use of the conjunct form, but Latin alone, and that upon Italian soil, developed a complete passive flexion, while both worked out their deponent system quite independently. That this is so for Irish is proved by the fact that the deponent forms of the Irish present have not been subjected to the influence

of the Old Irish accent, neither have they been affected by the law of the "aspiration of the dental tenues," a law which affected the first stratum of borrowed Latin words. The development of the Irish deponent verb must thus be subsequent to the fourth century, the period in which the Irish accent is supposed to have been revolutionised; it must be subsequent to the first borrowing of Latin words which was later, and subsequent to the aspiration of the tenues which was later still. It can hardly have arisen before the seventh century when Latin had practically ceased to exist as a spoken tongue.

While the (so-called) passive in Irish was confined to the third person, the deponential forms in *r* passed beyond, and more or less affected all persons with the exception of the second plural. The starting point of this highly developed voice is to be found not in the present, but in the perfect and *s*-aorist systems. In these two tenses the absolute and conjunct forms of the third plural were identical both for the active and the middle voice, viz., *r* and *-nto* for both tenses, which in Irish would appear as *ar* and *at*. A distinction of meaning between the active and middle voice was early lost in Irish, and free scope was given to a mingling of the forms of each voice. In this way the third plural of the deponent may be supposed to have arisen by a coalescing of the two endings *at* and *ar* into *atar*, exactly in the same way as the Latin contamination form *jecinoris* arose from *jecinis* and *jecoris*. This new ending *atar* in turn supplied the model for the other persons, and on the analogy of it were transformed (*e.g.*, for stem *mén*) first and second singular *domén* to *doménar*, third *domén* to *doménair*, and first plural *doménam* to *doménamar*. As in the passive so in the deponent the suffix *ar* underwent a dynamic change and spread beyond its legitimate sphere into other persons and tenses.

The historical development of the Latin passive and deponent is to be traced with less certainty than is the Irish. The existence of a conjunct plural in *r* in the Italian languages can only be inferred from its presence in the original Indo-European language and its apparent occurrence in Umbrian. In any case since the Italian passive in its beginning cannot be dissociated from the Celtic, the first steps in both must have been the same, viz., the

employment of the *r* ending indefinitely, then with a purely passive meaning. The *r* (in Latin *ur*) by this change of meaning, as was seen above, became a new formative element in the language and was attached to all persons with the exception of the second singular and plural. In the case of the deponent the similarity between the Irish and Latin is more apparent than real. The Latin, it is true, is a contamination form as is the Irish, but its starting point was the present, and the compounded elements were the plural *r* and the active—not the middle—*nt*. Thus *loquuntur* is simply the result of the mingling (contamination), without any change of meaning, of the two absolute and conjunct forms which originally existed side by side, viz., *loquur* and *loquunt*. A similar process, with the order reversed, is seen in the third plural—*erunt* of the Aorist and Perfect tenses, which is composed of the same *r* and *nt*. This—*erunt* (*fecerunt*) gave no occasion for further analogical formations and remained sterile, but the reverse was the case with the form in *untur*. It called forth a singular *loquor* and *loquitur*. The second person singular in *ere* (*loquere*) is nothing but the original absolute active form *loquesi* rhotacised, and has nothing whatever to do with the forms in *r*. From the external similarity existing between the passive and the deponent, the form *ere* passed into the passive voice and received a passive signification. The *s* of the fuller form *loqueris* has been added from the ordinary second singular *s* (*regis*). The reverse process took place in the second plural, *legimini*, *loquimini*, which was the passive participle, compare Greek *legomenoi*, restricted to a special person. From the passive it passed into the deponent with change of meaning as happened in the case of the transference of the second singular, but in a reversed order. Professor Zimmer similarly explains the use of the passive participle in *tus* (*hortatus*) with an active meaning as being due to an analogic transfer of meaning aided by the similarity of the rest of the passive and deponent forms, and still more by the existence of such quasi active passives as circumvectus, etc.

GRUAGACH AN EILEIN.

[FROM MR. KENNETH MACLEOD.]

BHA ann uair an sid righ air an do chaochail a bhean, agus, mar a tha tric a' tachairt, phos e a rithist. Bha nighean anabarrach bhriagh aige le cheud mhnaoi, agus leis an darna te nighean mhaol, charrach. Bha naimhdeas uamhasach aig an darna mnaoi ri nighinn na ceud te, agus cha b'e aon uair no da uair a dh' fheuch i cur as di, ach bha an righ daonnan a' cur bacail oirre.

Bha eilean beag boidheach mach anns a' chuan mu choinneamh tigh-comhnuidh an righ, agus is ann a smaontich a' bhan-righ gun cuireadh i an nighean bhriagh gu ruig an t-eilein so. Dh' fhalbh i far an robh an righ.

"Mata," ars' ise, "is culaidh-naire mhor a leithid de sgonn mor caileig ri nighinn do cheud mhna a bhi aig an tigh, diomhanach. Na'm bithinn-sa na d' aite chuirinn air falbh i fad' tri bliadhna gu ruig an t-eilein beag ud thall."

Cha robh an righ gle dheonach, ach cha robh comas air ach an rud a bha a bhean ag iarraidh a dheanamh. Fhuair e bata, agus chuir e innte gun fhios da mhnaoi badan de dh' eorna goirt, caora, gobhar agus mart. Chuir e an sin a nighean innte agus dh' fhalbh e leatha gu ruig an t-eilein. An uair a rainig iad, thog an righ agus a chuid daoine tigh d'an nighinn, agus an sin thill iad dhachaidh.

Am beul na h-oidhche co thainig a choimhead air an nighinn ach triuir fhleasgach.

"Failte ort, a ghruagach an eilein," ars' iadsan.

"Mata, failte oirbh fhein; tha e coltach gu bheil aithne agaibh-se ormsa nach 'eil agam-sa oirbh-se."

"O, tha; ach a bheil dad agad a bheir thu duinn ri itheadh?"

"O, gu dearbh, chan 'eil moran sam bith agam-sa a bheir mi duibh, ach am beagan a tha agam tha sibh di-beathte ga ionnsuidh."

Dh' fhalbh i agus thug i mach am badan de dh' eorna goirt agus thug i sid daibh. Dh' fhan iad comhla rithe gus an robh e anmoch, agus an sin dh' eirich iad gu falth. An uair a bha iad

a' fagail beannachd aice, thuirt iad rithe nach leigeadh i leas eirigh an la 'r na mhaireach gus an eireadh a' ghrian, agus gum faigheadh i na beathaichean na'n sineadh ri taobh an tighe, direach mar a dh' fhag i iad.

Cha d' eirich ise an la 'r na mhaireach gus an d' eirich a' ghrian, agus fhuair i na beathaichean cruinn, comhla, na'n sineadh ri taobh an tighe, direach mar gum biodh cuideigin ga'm buachailleachd re na h-oidhche. Bha de bhainne aca rud nach fhac ise riamh roimhe, agus neo-ar-thaing nach d' rinn ise gu leor de dh' im, de chaise, agus de ghrudh.

Am beul na h-oidhche thainig an triuir fhleasgach air cheilidh oirre.

" Failte ort, a ghruagach an eilein ! A' bheil dad agad duinn an nochd ?"

" Mata, tha rud na's fhearr agam an nochd," agus dh' fhalbh i agus thug i mach na bha aice de dh' im, de chaise, de ghrudh agus de dh' uachdar. Bha iad a' caitheadh na cuirme agus na cuideachd le solas agus le toilinntinn gus an robh e anmoch anns an oidhche. An sin thog na fleasgaich orra gu falbh. An uair a bha iad a' fagail beannachd aig an nighinn, thuirt iad rithe nach ruigeadh i leas eirigh an la'r na mhaireach gus an eireadh a' ghrian agus gum biodh na beathaicheau cruinn, comhla, na'n sineadh ri taobh an tighe, direach mar a dh' fhag i iad.

Cha do dh' eirich ise an la 'r na mhaireach gus an do dh' eirich a' ghrian, agus fhuair i na beathaichean cruinn, comhla, na'n sineadh ri taobh an tighe, direach mar a dh' fhag i iad. Bha de bhainne aca rud nach fhaca ise riamh roimhe—barrachd eadhon na bha aca an oidhche roimhe sin.

Bha na fleasgaich a' tighinn a choimhead oirre h-uile oidhche fad an tri bliadhna a bha i anns an eilean. Dh' fhanadh iad comhla rithe gus am biodh e anmoch anns an oidhche, agus mus falbhadh iad dh' iarraidh iad oirre gun i dh' eirigh an la 'r na mhaireach gus an eireadh a' ghrian, agus gum faighidh i na beathaichean cruinn, comhla, na'n sineadh ri taobh an tighe, direach mar a dh' fhag i iad. Bha ise a' deanamh h-uile sion mar a dh' iarraidh iad oirre, air choir agus, mus do ruith na tri bliadhna am mach, gun robh uidhir de chrodh agus de chaoraich agus de ghobhair aice agus na b' urrainn di iarraidh.

An uair a bha na tri bliadhna air ruith am mach, ars' an righ ris a' bhan-righ:—

"Mata, feumaidh mi an diugh bàta a chur an nunn d'an eilean a dh' iarraidh mo nighinn, oir tha na tri bliadhna air ruith am mach."

"O, mata," ars' ise, "is tusa nach leig a leas bhi aig an t-saothair. Tha mise gle chinnteach nach 'eil moran de do nighinn a lathair an diugh."

"Theid mi nunn a choimhead, co-dhiu," ars' esan, agus dh' fhalbh e. An uair a rainig e nunn, thachair an nighean ris aig a' chladach, agus is e chuir an fhailte oirre. Bha e air a dhoigh gu h-uamhasach an uair a chunnaig e cho math agus a thainig i air a h-adhart anns an eilean. Thill iad an sin uile dachaidh, agus thoisich an righ air moladh a nighinn ris a' bhan-righ, cho math agus a thainig i air a h-adhart anns an eilean.

"O," ars' a' bhan-righ, "dheanadh an nighean agamsa pailt cho math na'n d' rachaidh a cur an nunn d' an eilean."

"Mata," ars' an righ, "is e a cur a nunn a ni sinn."

Fhuaireas bàta, agus lion a' bhan-righ i le h-uile seorsa bidh —gu leor de dh' im agus de chaise agus de ghrudh agus de dh' aran cruithneachd. Chuir iad an uair sin an nighean mhaol charrach stigh d' an bhàta, agus rachar leatha nunn gus an t-eilean. Thog iad tigh briagh di an sin, agus thill iad dhachaidh.

Am beul na h-oidhche, co thainig a choimhead air an nighinn mhaoil, charraich, ach an triuir fhleasgach.

"Failte ort, a ghruagach an eilein! de tha agad duinn an nochd."

"Mach as a so, sibh," ars' ise, gu math greannach, "tha gu leor domh-sa biadh a ghleidheal rium fhein, gun bhi ga thoirt duibh-sa."

Dh' fhalbh an triuir fhleasgach gun ghuth gun ghabadh, agus cha d' thainig iad na coir tuilleadh.

An uair a dh' eirich an nighean mhaol, charrach, anns a' mhaduinn, cha robh sgeul ri fhaotainn air a' chrodh. Thug i fad an latha ga'n sireadh, agus an uair a fhuair i iad cha robh deur bainne aig a h-aon aca. Mus d' thainig ceann na tri bliadhna, bhasaich h-uile beathach a bha aice, agus theab i fhein basachadh le çion bidh.

An uair a bha na tri bliadhna air ruith am mach, thuirt a' bhan-righ ris an righ gu feumaidh e bàta a chur a nunn d' an eilean a dh' iarraidh a nighinn. Rinneadh so, agus chaidh an nighean mhaol, charrach, a thoirt dhachaidh eadar a bhi marbh agus beo, gun sion de na chaidh a chur a nunn comhla rithe.

Bha a' bhan-righ air a dorranachadh a chionn agus mar a dh' eirich d'a h-inghinn, agus chur i fios gus an nighinn bhriagh gu feumaidh i dol a chruinneachadh lan soithich de smiaran anns an Fhaoilteach. Thug i di mias, cruimean aodaich leis an comh-dachaidh i mhias, agus badan de dh' eorna goirt, agus chuir i air falbh i.

Ghabh an nighean roimhpe, a' coiseachd, fad an latha. Am beul na h-oidhche thainig i gu craoibh ; ghabh i tamh aig a bun, agus thoisich i air ith a' bhadain eorna. Cha d' rinn i ach teannadh ri ith an uair a thainig tri madaidhean-alluidh far an robh i. Cha robh iad a' coimhead ach gu math caol, acrach, agus dh' fhalbh an nighean agus thug i an roinn bu mho de'n bhadan eorna daibh. An uair a thainig am dol a laighe, chaidh aonan de na madaidhean-alluidh na chluasaig fo ceann, agus an dithis eile air gach taobh di ga gleidheil blath. An uair a dh' eirich a' nighean an la 'r na mhaireach, agus a chuir i i fhein air doigh, dé chunnaig i air bruthach os a cionn ach tigh mor briagh. Chaidh i nunn ga ionnsuidh, agus rachar a stigh. Cha robh stigh ach triuir fhleasgach agus am mathair. An uair a chunnaig iad an nighean a' tighinn a stigh, thug an triuir ghillean oga suil air a cheile, agus thainig fiamh gaire orra.

"Tha e coltach," ars' am mathair, "gun robh aithne agaibh oirre so roimhe."

"O, bha," ars' iadsan, "is iomadh uair, an uair a bha sinn anns an eilean, agus an uair a bha sinn fo gheasa na'r madaidhean-alluidh, a thug i biadh agus deoch duinn an uair a bha sinn an impis fannachadh a chion bidh."

"Feuchaibh, mata, gun dean sibhse caoimhneas rithe-se a nis."

Dh' fhalbh iad, agus chuir iad biadh air a beulaobh, agus thug iad bhuaipe mias-nan-smiaran air son ga lionadh. Cha robh iad tiota air falbh, an uair a thill iad leis a' mhèis làn do smiaran nach robh an leithid ri 'm faotainn idir anns an t-saoghal. An uair a

thainig an t-am gu feumaidh an nighean falbh ars' a' mhathair ri mac bu shine.

"Dè tha thusa nis dol a thoirt d'an nighinn so?"

"O, mata, bheir mise di *cruit-chiuil* oir, a chluinneas duine ann an coig coigean na tire."

Dh' fhaighnich i an uair sin de 'n darna mac bu shine, de bha esan dol a thoirt d' an nighinn.

"O, mata," ars' esan, "bheir mise di *cir*, agus an uair a chireas i a ceann le aon cheann di, fasaidh falt oir oirre, agus leis a' cheann eile fasaidh a falt mar a bha e roimhe."

Dh' fhaignich i an uair sin de mac a b' oige de bha esan dol a thoirt d' an nighinn.

"O, mata," ars' esan, "bheir mise di so: h-uile uair a thogas i a miar, silidh fion aisde."

Dh' fhag a' nighean an sin beannachd aca, agus thog i oirre gu dol dhachaidh. An uair a thainig i dlu d' an tigh, sheinn i a' chruit-chiuil.

"O," ars' an righ, agus e toirt togail as fhein, "tha mo nighean-sa a' tighinn."

Thainig ise an uair sin a stigh, dhoirt i na smiaran ann an sguirt a mathar, agus dh' iarr i air na seirbhisich h-uile soitheach a bha anns an tigh a thoirt ga h-ionnsuidh. Rinneadh so, agus lion i uile iad le fion. Chaith iad oidhche sholasach thoil-inntinneach, shoganach, agus bheireadh an righ tacan air òl an fhion, agus air moladh cho math agus a rinn a nighean.

"O, gu dearbh fhein," ars' a' bhan-righ, an uair a bha i seachd sgith de 'n bhruidhinn so, "dheanadh an nighean agamsa cheart cho math rithe-sa, nan d' rachadh i air falbh."

"O, mata," ars' an righ, "is e a cur air falbh a dh' iarraidh smiaran a ni sin."

Is ann mar so a bha. Thug a' bhan-righ d'a h-inghinn gu leor de h-uile seorsa bidh, agus mias air son nan smiaran. Dh' fhalbh an nighean mhaol, charrach, an uair sin, agus ghabh i air a h-aghaidh gus an d' thainig i aig beul na h-oidhche gu craobh-mhoir. Laigh i sios aig a bun, agus thoisich i air a' bhiadh ith. Cha d' rinn i ach gann toiseachadh, an uair a thainig tri madaidhean-alluidh far an robh i. Dh' iarr iad cuid de 'n bhiadh oirre.

"A bheathaichean grannda tha sibh ann," ars' ise, "tha gu leor domhsa biadh a ghleidheil rium fhein, gun ga bhi thoirt duibhse, agus direach thoiribh 'ur casan leibh."

Dh' fhalbh iad, agus cha d' thainig iad far an robh i tuilleadh. Bha an oidhche anabarrach fuar, agus cha robh dad aig an nighinn a chumadh blath i. An uair a thainig a' mhaduinn, agus a chuir an nighean mhaol, charrach, i fhein air doigh, d'e chunnaig i air bruthach os a cionn ach tigh mor briagh. Rachar suas. Cha robh stigh ach triuir fhleasgach agus am mathair. An uair a chunnaig an triuir ghillean i tighinn a stigh chur iad drein orra.

"Tha e coltach," ars' am mathair, "gun robh aithne agaibh-sa oirre so roimhe."

"O, bha," ars' iadsan.

Dh' fhalbh iad agus chur iad biadh air a beulaobh, agus thug iad soitheach nan smiaran bhuaipe. Rachar an uair sin am mach, agus lionar an soitheach le màganan, dearcan-luachrach, seilcheagan, luchagan, agus le h-uile seorsa salachair a smaontaicheadh duine air. Chuir iad breid air a' mhèis, mus faiceadh an nighean mhaol charrach na bha na broinn.

An uair a thainig an t-am gu feumadh ise falbh, thug iad an soitheach di. Is ise a bha air air a doigh, agus duil aice gur e smiaran a bha aice. Rainig i ma dheireadh an tigh, agus dh' iarr i air a mathair a sguirt a ghleidheil agus gun doirteadh i na smiaran ann. Rinn a' bhan-righ so, agus dhoirt an nighean mhaol charrach na bha anns a' mhias na sguirt. Cha bu luaithe a dhoirt na leum h-uile beathach feadh an tighe. Cha b' urrainn do na seirbhisich an tigh a ghlanadh, agus b' fheudar fhagail.

An ceann uine as deigh so, thainig prionnsa mor a dh' iarraidh a nighinn bhriagh ri posadh. An uair a chual a bhan-righ so thug i air a cuid daoine breth air an nighinn bhriagh, agus a tilgeal mach air a' mhuir ann am *baraille.* Rinn iadsan so, agus thug a' bhan-righ an nighean mhaol charrach aice fhein d' an phrionnsa ri posadh. Chan fhac am prionnsa an te a bha e ag iarraidh a phosadh riamh, agus leis a sin cha robh fhios aige gun d' thug a' bhan-righ an car as. Ach, co-dhiu, chaidh a' bhanais a dheanamh, agus dh' fhalbh am prionnsa agus a' nighean mhaol, charrach, d' an tigh aca fhein. An uair a bha iad

faisg air an tigh dh' iarr am prionnsa air a mhnaoi a' chruit-chiuil a sheinn agus gum biodh fhios aig a chuid daoine gun robh iad a' tighinn.

"O," ars' ise, "tha e trath gu leor."

"Cuir falt oir ort fhein, co-dhiu, agus gum faic na seirbhisich cho briagh agus a tha thu."

Ach bha h-uile rud trath gu leor aice-sa, gus ma dheireadh an d' rainig iad an tigh.

"Tog nis do mhiar," ars' esan, "agus sil fion, agus ni sinn oidhche shunndach, aighearrach a chur seachad."

Ach bha e trath gu leor leatha-sa sin a dheanamh, gus ma dheireadh am b' fheudar do'n phrionnsa sgur de dh'iarraidh oirre dad sam bith a dheanamh. An ceann uine rugadh mac daibh, agus mac cho grannda, mi-shlan, agus a rugadh riamh.

Bha gille beag aig a' phrionnsa na sheirbhiseach, agus bhiodh e daonnan dol sios rathad a'chladaich. Bhiodh e faicinn baraill mach air a' mhuir—aon uair air druim a' chuain, agus uair eile ri taobh a' chladaich. Anns a' bharaill bha an t-aon bhoirionnach bu bhriagha a chunnaig e riamh.

Thigeadh i uairean air tir, bheireadh i fion as a miar d'an ghille ri òl, agus dh' fhaighnicheadh i deth:

"An do sheinn i an ceol,
No an do shil a miar,
No bheil mac og a' phrionnsa slan?"

Agus fhreagradh esan:

"Cha do sheinn i an ceol,
Agus cha do shil a miar
Agus chan 'eil mac og a' phrionnsa slan."

Aon latha bha sin, an uair a bha an gille agus gruagach na mara cuideachd, co thainig orra ach am prionnsa fhein. Theich gruagach na mara, agus dh' fhaignich am prionnsa de 'n ghille co i.

"Mata, chan' eil fhios agamsa," ars' an gille, "tha i daonnan tighinn air tir an uair a tha mise so. Silidh i fion as a miar na mo bheul, agus faighnichidh i diom:

"An do sheinn i an ceol,
No an do shil a miar
No bheil mac og a' phrionnsa slan?"

Agus abairidh mise :

" Cha do sheinn i an ceol,
Agus cha do shil a miar,
Agus chan' eil mac og a' phrionnsa slan."

" Is math a thuirt thusa, ghille ghasda. Tha mi nis a' tuigsinn gun deach an car a thoirt asam gu tur ; ach, coma leatsa, cha teid a thoirt asam a rithist. Thig thusa sios an so am maireach cuideachd, agus theid mise a' folach aig cul creige, agus, an uair a thig gruagach na mara far a bheil thu, beiridh mise oirre, agus theid mise an urras nach leig mi as di tuilleadh."

Is ann mar so a bha. An la 'r na mhaireach, thainig an gille sios d' an chladach mar a b' abhaist, agus thainig gruagach na mara air tir a shileadh fion as a miar na bheul. Agus cha bu luaithe a thainig, na leum am prionnsa bho cul na creige a bhreth oirre. Dh' fhiach ise ri teicheadh, ach bha esan tuilleadh agus luath air a son.

" Tha thu agam a nis co-dhiu," ars' esan, " agus feumaidh tu mo phosadh gun dail."

Thog iad an uair sin orra gu dol dhachaidh, agus an uair a bha iad faisg air an tigh, sheinn ise a' chruit-chiuil, chuir i falt oir oirre fhein, agus an uair a rainig iad an tigh, lion i h-uile soitheach a bha anns an tigh le fion.

Rinn iad banais mhor, shunndach, aighearrach, agus chaidh an nighean, mhaol, charrach agus a mac a chur dachaidh gus a' bhan-righ.

Dh' fhag mise an sin iad.

HERO TALES OF THE GAEL.

VIII.—CUCHULINN—THE IRISH ACCOUNT.

THE Irish tales about Cuchulinn are very numerous and very old; they are the oldest tales in any Celtic language. They are found chiefly in the two oldest Irish MSS. of Leabhar na h-Uidhre and the Book of Leinster. The principal tales are the following: *Compert Conculaind*—the Birth of Cuchulinn; *Tochmarc Emere*—the Wooing of Emere, which tells of his education with Scathach, and his wooing of his wife; *Fled Bricrend*—the Feast of Bricrenn, where the Championship of Ireland is settled on Cuchulinn; *Tain Bo Chualgne*—the Cow-spoil of Cualgne, the "Queen of Celtic epics," wherein Cuchulinn's greatest achievements were performed, and where, as episodes, his youthful deeds—*Macgnimrada*—also find record; *Serglige Conculaind*—the Sick-bed of Cuchulinn, where he is struck down by fairy power, and has to visit fairy land and the Celtic Paradise to recover himself; and, lastly, *Brislech Mor Maigemurthemne*—the Great Disaster of Murthemne Plain, where Cuchulinn met his death by wizard wiles, and where Conall Cernach avenged him. The story of Conlaoch, son of Cuchulinn, who was killed by his father, is not recorded in old manuscripts; it belongs to the latter, Middle Irish group of stories, but, nevertheless, the originals of it may have been as old as any of the tales which we have mentioned above. It is very well known both on Irish and Scotch ground.

Like all mythic and fairy-tale heroes, strange tales are told of Cuchulinn's birth. Dechtere (root form *Dexteria*), sister of Conchobar, lost a foster-child of somewhat supernatural descent. On coming from the funeral she asked for a drink; she got it, and as she raised it to her lips a small insect sprang into her mouth with the drink. That night the god Luga of the Long Arms appeared to her, and said that she would have a son by him as a consequence. As she was unmarried, the scandal was great, but a weak-minded chief named Sualtam was got to marry her. She bore a son, and he was called Setanta, and this Setanta latterly received the name of Cuchulinn. The way Setanta got the name

of Cuchulinn was this. Culand, the smith, invited Conchobar and his train to spend a night and a day in his house, and when closing the door for the night he asked Conchobar if he expected any more of his people to come. He did not. Culand then let loose his house dog and shut the door. But the boy Setanta came late and was set on by the furious animal. A severe fight took place, but Setanta killed the animal. The smith demanded *eric* for the dog, and Setanta offered to watch the house until a pup of that dog should grow up. This he did, and hence got the name of Cu-chulainn, the dog of Culann.

This is evidently a myth founded on a popular etymology of Cuchulinn's name, and, though a smith, always a Druidic and wizard character, is introduced, it may have no further significance. Some of his youthful exploits are told. He prayed his mother to let him go to his uncle's court among the other boys; he goes, and appears a stranger among the boys playing hurley or shinty before the castle. They all set on him and let fly all their "camags" or hurleys and balls at him; the balls he caught, and the hurleys he warded off. Then his war rage seized him, and his great peculiarity then was the complete distortion of his body. "You would fancy every hair on his head was a devastating blaze from his up-heaving. . . He shut one eye till it was not wider than the eye of a needle; he opened the other till it was bigger than the mouth of a meal-goblet. His two jaw-bones rose up to his ears." He attacked the youths and set them flying every way. Conchobar recognised him and introduced him to the boys. The next thing was the choosing of arms when he was fit to bear them. Conchobar gave him first ordinary weapons, but he shivered them with a shake. Fifteen sets did he so break in ever rising grade of strength. At last Conchobar gave him his own royal weapons. These he could not shiver. Fifteen war-chariots did he break by leaping into them and shaking them, until he got the king's own chariot, which withstood him. He and the king's charioteer, Ibar, son of Riangabra, then darted off, reached Meath, challenged and slew three champions, and came back again to Emania, his uncle's capital, safe and sound.

A wife had now to be got for him, and Conchobar searched all Erin for a suitable partner, but in vain. The ladies of Ulster

greatly loved him, as the records say—"for his splendour at the feats, for the readiness of his leap, for the excellence of his wisdom, for the melodiousness of his eloquence, for the beauty of his face, for the lovingness of his countenance. For there were seven pupils in his royal eyes, four in the one and three in the other for him; seven fingers on each of his two hands and seven on each of his two feet." And another says, after the usual profusion of colour and minutiae as to garments—"I should think it was a shower of pearls that was flung into his head. Blacker than the side of a black cooking-spit each of his two brows; redder than ruby his lips." Many descriptions, ancient and more modern, are given of Cuchulinn in his war chariot; his horses, his chariot, and his charioteer are described with true Celtic regard to epithets, details and colour.

Thereafter Cuchullin himself, with his charioteer, Laeg, son of Riangabra, set out for a wife, and fell in with Emer, daughter of Forgill, a "noble farmer" holding extensive lands near Dublin. "Emer had these six victories (or gifts) upon her," says the tale, "the victory of form, the victory of voice, the victory of melodiousness, the victory of embroidery, the victory of wisdom, the victory of chastity." Emer did not immediately accept him, though latterly she was violently in love with him. Her father would not have him at all; he did not like professional champions. He got him to leave the country to complete his military education with the celebrated lady Scathach in the Isle of Skye, or, at any rate, in Alba. Cuchulinn went to Scathach, whose school was certainly no easy one to enter, for he had first to cross the Plain of Ill-luck, pass through the Perilous Glen, and leap the Bridge of the Cliff. Here he learned all those wonderfull feats—*cleasa*—for which he is so famous in story. His special *cleas* was the *gae bolg* or belly-dart, a mysterious weapon mysteriously used, for it could only be cast at fords on water. It was at Scathach's school that he fell in with Ferdia MacDamain, the Fir-bolg champion, who was the only man that could match Cuchulinn. Their friendship was great for one another, and they swore never to oppose one another. It was, while at Scathach's, that he fought another amazon queen called Aife or Eva, conquered her and temporarily married her. His son by her,

Conlach, was born after Cuchulinn went to Ireland, but he left a golden finger ring for him, with instructions that he was to seek him in Erin when the ring would fit his finger. Conlach was to be his name, but he must not make himself known to any one, nor go out of the way of any man, nor refuse combat to any man. When Cuchulinn returned to Erin he married Emer, daughter of Forgill, taking her by force from her friends.

We now come to the great "Tain Bo Chualgne." The scene shifts to Meave's palace at Cruachan. She and Ailill had a dispute in bed one night as to the amount of property each had. They reckoned cattle, jewels, arms, cloaks, chess-boards, war-chariots, slaves, and nevertheless found their possessions exactly equal. At last Ailill recollected the famous bull Finn-beannach (white-horned), which, after having ruled Meave's herds for a while, left them in disgust, as being the property of a woman, and joined the cattle of Ailill. Much chagrin was her portion, until she found that Daré of Fachtna in Cualgne possessed a brown bull *Donn Chuailgne*, the finest beast in all Erin. She sent Fergus Mac Roich, with a company, to ask the bull for a year, and he should then be returned with fifty heifers and a chariot worth 63 cows. Daré consented, and lodged Meave's deputies for the night. But getting uproarious in their cups, they boasted that if Daré would not give the bull willingly, they would take it by force. This so annoyed Daré that he sent Meave's embassy back without the bull. The queen was enraged, and at once summoned her native forces, including Ferdia and his Firbolg, and invited Fergus and Cormac to join her with all their followers. This they did, but unwillingly. So the large army moved against Ulster—Meave accompanying them in her chariot; a lady of large size, fair face, and yellow hair, a curiously carved spear in her hand, and her crimson cloak fastened by a golden brooch.

The people of Ulster, meanwhile, were suffering from a periodical feebleness that came upon them for a heinous crime committed by them. They were, therefore, in a condition of childish helplessness, and they could neither hold shield or throw lance.

But when Meave, at the head of her exulting troops, ap-

proached the fords which gave access to the territory of Daré, there stood Cuchulinn. He demanded single combat from the best warriors of her army, laying injunctions on them not to pass the ford until he was overcome. The spirit and usages of the time put it out of Meave's power to refuse, and there, day after day, were severe conflicts waged between the single Ultonian champion and the best warriors of Meave, all of whom he successively vanquished. Meave even called in the aid of magic spells. One warrior was helped by demons of the air, in bird shape, but in vain, and the great magician, Cailetin, and his twenty-seven sons, despite their spells, also met their doom. Cuchulinn further is persecuted by the war goddess, the Morrigan, who appears in all shapes to plague him and to frighten the life of valour out of his soul. Cuchulinn is not behind in daimonic influence, for "there shouted around him Bocanachs, and Bananachs, and Geniti Glindi, and demons of the air. For the Tuatha-De-Danann were used to set up shouts around him, so that the hatred and the fear, and the abhorrence and the great terror of him should be greater in every battle, in every battlefield, in every combat, and in every fight into which he went." He does great havoc among Meave's troops, circling round them in his chariot, and dealing death with his sling. Meave is getting impatient; time is being lost; the Ultonians will soon revive, and Cuchulinn must be got rid off. She calls on Ferdia, the only match there exists for Cuchulinn, but he refuses to fight with his school days' friend. Nay, he would by his vows be forced to defend him against all comers. The queen plies him in every way with promises, wiles, and blandishments; he will get Findabar, her daughter, for wife, and lands and riches; and, alas! he consents, he binding himself to fight Cuchulinn, and she binding herself to fulfil her magnificent promises. Ferdia's charioteer, who is against his master fighting with his friend Cuchulinn, hears Cuchulinn coming thundering to the ford, and describes the sound and its meaning to Ferdia in verse, following the introductory narrative. And he was not long "until he saw something, the beautiful, flesh-seeking, four-peaked chariot, with speed, with velocity, with full cunning, with a green pavilion, with a thin-bodied, dry-bodied, high-weaponed, long-

speared, warlike *creit* (body of the chariot); upon two fleet-bounding, large-eared, fierce, prancing, whale-bellied, broad-chested, lively-hearted, high-flanked, wide-hoofed, slender-legged, broad-rumped, resolute horses under it. A gray, broad-hipped, fleet, bounding, long-maned steed under the one yoke of the chariot. A black tufty-maned, ready-going, broad-backed steed under the other yoke. Like unto a hawk (swooping) from a cliff on a day of hard wind; or like a sweeping gust of the spring wind on a March day, over a smooth plain; or like the fleetness of a wild stag on his being first started by the hounds in his first field, were Cuchulaind's two horses with the chariot, as though they were on fiery flags; so that the earth shook and trembled with the velocity of their motion."

The heroes met at the ford—Cuchulinn is always connected with ford-fighting. They fought for three days, and on the fourth the fight was terrible and the feats grand; Cuchulinn hard pressed calls for his gae-bolg—a feat which Ferdia was unacquainted with, and Cuchulinn slays him. Cuchulinn mourns over his friend's body in piteous strains, and weak with grief and wounds he leaves his place at the ford, which he had defended so long and well.

Meave now passed into Ulster, seized the Donn Chualgne, and sent it to Connaught; she ravaged Ulster to the very gates of its capital, and then began to retire. But now the spell that bound the men of Ulster was broken, they woke and pursued; a great battle was fought in which, as usual, the combatants and arms are described minutely; indeed throughout the Tain we are treated to a profusion of colour—of red or yellow hair on the warriors' heads, coloured silk *leiné* or blouses, mantles held by rich brooches, and finely wrought shields. The Queen was defeated, but the Donn Chualgne reached Connaught nevertheless. Here he met and killed his rival the Finnbeannach, and then escaped northward to dash out his brains against a rock, so mighty and so blind was his rage.

Passing over the story of Conlaoch meanwhile, as not being recorded so early as the foregoing events of Cuchulinn's life, we come to the wild and pathetic tale of Cuchulinn's death. Meave, determined to avenge herself on him for the Tain Bo Chualgne,

suddenly attacked him with a force that took her years to get ready. For instance, the six posthumous children of Cailetim, the magician, whom Cuchulinn killed on the Tain, appeared against him. The omens were against Cuchulinn's setting out; the divine horse, the Liath Macha, thrice turned his left side to him; he reproached the steed; "thereat the Gray of Macha came and let his big round tears of blood fall on Cuchulinn's feet.' On his way, he met three crones who made him eat dog's flesh—his namesake's flesh—the last food he would ever taste. The Tuatha Dè evidently and plainly deserted him; the magician children of Cailetin had open field for their enchantments. He fell by his own spear, hurled back by the foe. But Conall Cernach came to avenge his fall; and as he came the foe saw something at a distance. "One horseman is here coming to us," said a charioteer, "and great are the speed and swiftness with which he comes. Thou wouldst deem that the ravens of Erin were above him. Thou wouldst deem that flakes of snow were specking the plain before him." "Unbeloved is the horseman that comes," says his master. "It is Conall the victorious on the Dewy-Red. The birds thou sawest above him are the sods from that horse's hoofs. The snow flakes thou sawest specking the plain before him are the foam from that horse's lips and the curbs of the bridle." Then Conall avenged the death of Cuchulinn thoroughly.

(*To be continued.*)

ORAN LUAIDH.*

Bha mi latha siubhal mointich ;
Co thachair orm ach an t-oigear.
Hoirinn dó, hi-rì ho-ró.

Dh' fhaighnichd e dhiom an robh mi posda ;
Thuirt mi fhin nach robh, gum b' òg mi.
Hoirinn, etc.

Bha mi latha siubhal ghleannan ;
Co thachair rium ach mo leannan.
Hoirinn, etc.

Dh' fhaighnichd e 'n e fhéin mo leannan ;
Thuirt mi fhìn nach e fear m' aire.
Hoirinn, etc.

Gum b' annsa leam mac fir-baile,
Chuireadh an crodh-laoigh air gleannaibh.
Hoirinn, etc.

Na laoigh cheanna-bhreac, balla-bhreac, ballach,
'S na làirichean le 'n cuid shearach.
Hoirinn, etc.

'S e mo leannan Calum gaolach
Buachaill a' chrodh-laoigh 's nan caorach.
Hoirinn, etc.

Cha do luigh e 'n raoir fo 'n aodach
Buachailleachd nan laogh 's nan caorach.
Hoirinn, etc.

Reciter—" Chan 'eil an corr ann."

* This interesting song has been sent us by Mr Sime, H.M.I.S., who in an accompanying note says that in the township of Callernish (Lewis) he came on six girls fulling cloth sturdily and singing this ditty. "I thought," he adds, "you might like to have it and got one to repeat the words, which I took hurriedly but I think correctly. . . There are two points in phonetics worth noticing ; the *jhein* following *e* and the *jhìn* following *mi*."

NOTES AND NEWS.

NUMBERS one and two, volume ninth, of the *Revue Celtique* have appeared since January. They are quite equal in excellence to the old standard. The editor, M. D'Arbois de Jubainville, continues his excellent and exhaustive articles on the origin of landed property in France. We hope some day to be able to publish a paper of M. de Jubainville's on the somewhat wider subject of early Celtic land tenure. There are many articles in these numbers dealing with Gaulish, Breton, and Welsh materials, and two or three which deal with the ancient Gaelic literature of Ireland. A paper by M. Duvau discusses the stories of the birth of Cuchulinn; Dr. Stokes edits a hitherto unpublished "traveller's tale," called the "Voyage of Sengus and Mac Riagla." In the second number the same scholar has an important paper on the "Materia Medica of the Mediaeval Irish," wherein he quotes Latin and Irish names of plants and other medical material chiefly from a MS. of the 14th century in the British Museum. The *Chronique* (or Notes and News) is well done, and an appreciative criticism is given of some papers appearing in the *Celtic Magazine.*

THE various Societies which are called Gaelic or are named after the Highlands appear all to have been more than ordinarly successful during this last winter and spring session. The Inverness Gaelic Society closed a very successful year's record of papers and addresses about the middle of May. The Gaelic Society of London has been discussing at various *ceilidhs* such scientific subjects as the topography of the Highlands and the Gaelic names of plants. Glasgow and Greenock have also shown commendable activity in the Gaelic cause. The Students' Celtic Societies at the four Scotch Universities were very successful this year.

It is with much regret that we have to record the death of the Rev. Allan Sinclair, M.A., Free Church minister of Kenmore, Perthshire. Mr. Sinclair was not merely a good Gaelic and Highland scholar, but he was at the same time a student of general literature and a writer of great merit. He belonged to a good Highland stock. His father was Mr Robert Sinclair, for many years tenant of the farm of Borlum, Glen-Urquhart, and for a considerable time factor for the Grants of Glenmoriston. Mr Sinclair has died at the comparatively early age of sixty-eight. At the Disruption, when he had part finished his studies for the ministry, he joined the Free Church, and was soon after elected to the charge of which he continued minister all his life. Only a few weeks ago his last work, "Reminiscences, Historical and Traditional, of the Grants of Glenmoriston, with selections from the Songs and Elegies of their Bards," was issued from the press. Mr Sinclair was well up in the folk-lore and traditions of the Highlands, and on several occasions he contributed interesting and valuable articles on popular Highland subjects to the *Celtic Magazine* and other northern publications. He translated the life of Rev. Mr. MacCheyne into Gaelic, a work which has had an extensive sale. Among other things he published a Life of Dugald Buchanan and a translation of poems which were well received, and turned out very successful. Though not a scientific Celtic scholar, he had a very good knowledge, colloquial and literary, of the Gaelic language, which he spoke with accuracy and ease. He was in all respects one of our best and most popular Highlanders, and his comparatively early death will be regretted by a very wide circle of Highland friends at home and in the British Colonies.

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EDITED BY

ALEXANDER MACBAIN, M.A., F.S.A. Scot.

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DUNCAN BAN MACINTYRE.

[BY REV. JOHN KENNEDY.]

III. *The Satiric Pieces* are very pungent and show that the poet's power in this respect fell not far short of his ability to praise. The "*Satire on the Tailor*" is very severe. He says, "evil is in thy nature innate; thou canst not do the right, till thy sins bring thee to death's door." "It was folly in thee to have brought thy wit to bear on me who heeded thee not; but of thy deceit and raillery thou shalt have quite enough. I know thy habits, ignorant and fault-finding, with a tongue like a razor in thinness and sharpness. Thou art a crooked barren tree, full of rotteness and decay, that grew gnarled and low, stinted, misshaped, uneven, with a stock craving the fire." "Thou art thin, useless and tough; and though found in a ditch by dogs and ravens—feeding on thee, they would fare but sparingly. A worthless tailor art thou, constantly in corners mending old stuff and sitting in the dust. Thy appearance is ill-favoured—bonnetless, wigless and hairless—all gone, a man without respect, honour or wisdom, etc.," and so on in the same scathing strain. One trait or feature mentioned—"a hen's head" reminds one of the common proverb—"Ceann mòr air duine glic, is ceann circe air amadan"—"a big head on a wise man and a hen's head on a fool." Every disadvantageous consideration is adduced against the tailor, who is said to be colder than the frostiest weather. The bard finally doubts whether he can be of the race of Adam, as he can detect no resemblance in him to the species, and dismisses him with no consolation, save what death and the grave may afford.

The "Satire on Ann" is nearly as cutting as the foregoing. She is compared to a cross dog that snarls in the door, and represented as mocking old age, and as constantly given to drink; as having been with the gypsies carrying old horns, and as having a tongue without control and like a serpent's. In her seamed face is the look of death, and she is the picture of laziness. "If others find her as I have found her, they shall never re-visit her."

Then follows a satire on Hugh the Piper, who had insulted the bard at Kintail and who must therefore be paid back in his own coin. He also is compared to a wicked dog, barking at all passers-by, and intent on biting their heels. He is to be hurled out of the society of bards and pipers, as a fruitless bough is cut away from a flourishing tree. It is hinted that he should quit his country as that would be a considerable relief, or good riddance. He appears as the impersonation of all sorts of defects; and his musical efforts are compared to the cries of ducks, geese, and pigs.

The last satire to be noted is one directed against John Wilkes as the enemy of Scotland; but it lacks the point and poignancy of those in which the poet's personal spleen finds expression. It is pretty long, and there are some very forcible passages—such as the one in which his country is said to feel ashamed of such a son; but the comforting consideration is, that no wood is found without a wasted tree. Wilkes is this withered, barkless, branchless, sapless, leafless, rootless tree. He is compared with the raven that returned not to Noah's Ark. His presence in the Parliament of Great Britain would be nothing less than national disgrace. He had spoken slightingly of the Highlands, and thus provoked the poet's ire, so that he could wish him nothing better than death; and as Wilkes had already deserved and received the malediction of the whole world, he now gives him his in addition.

IV.—We now come to the *Descriptive Poems*, in which the bard is seen to best advantage. He was educated by nature herself to appreciate her charms; and the result shows that in this matter he was an apt scholar. Nothing seems too insignificant to claim his attention. His portrayal of the beauties of

nature is completely successful—so much so that he may without fear be thus placed on a par with Macdonald. Duncan Ban had ample opportunity to study the scenery of his native hills, as he spent the greater part of his life in an occupation that brought him constantly in contact with the scenes he describes.

Before discussing the larger pieces in which his genius finds full scope, two short odes may find a place here. The one to Edinburgh gives a very accurate picture of that fair and famed city. It resembles to some extent a similar ode by Burns who also depicts the beauty and charms of fair Edina. In Duncan Ban's ode we have at the outset a tribute paid to the hospitality of this large city. Then its castles, strong ramparts, and large buildings are noted. Reference is next made to its appropriateness as a court residence, with all its accompaniments. The form and dress and habits of the people are observed, and commented upon by him; and a parallel drawn between life there and life among the hills and heather. Parliament House, Parliament Court, King James' Statue, and the Infirmary are then described, and the city's lovely situation concludes the picture.

The other, which ought perhaps to have been included in the songs of sentiment, is the fine lyric on the "Gift Sheep." It is a long and specially felicitous piece in which a vast variety of things are made subservient to the one object—the expression of gratitude for the gift, and of grief for the loss of it.

The method in which this is done may be indicated. He thanks his benefactress by stating that he would remember her name at every toast. The sheep that came from Coir'-uanain is described—part of her fleece is white as mountain-down, part as red as "carnaid," and part like the broom. This sheep of white feet was smooth as silk; she had two lambs every year, and milk to spare—on which the bard fared in summer. "Oh! my loss, the day she was killed among the ferns. Oft do I visit the spot where her blood flowed freely. In the heather beside Altghartain she slept without awaking. How wroth I feel with the fellow who had the boldness to go near her—the birds may riot on her flesh and fat. When I reached the place only her shadow was left. Now that I have lost my sheep my garments are likely to

become thin." But to avoid this sad prospect he starts on a tour to gather wool, and states the reception he is likely to get in each house. This occupies several stanzas. He then returns home with a load big enough for a little horse, and sufficient to last for a whole year. Then the process of *pressing* is gone into in detail --how the maidens gather, and how they sing so sweetly that the birds retire. Each has her distinct piece of work. When the whole is done; the cloth is sent to the tailor, who does his part and fits it for the poet. This only the more strongly reminds him of his loss, and he draws another picture of the peerless sheep, which in turn brings the good giver to his recollection. Again he acknowledges the gift, and ends it all very practically by saying:—"Farewell to what has gone—it is better for us to speak of what remains. 'Tis better to be cheerful with what we have, than to feel gloomy over what is lost."

Like Macdonald, Duncan Ban composed an "Ode to Summer," which is particularly smooth and flowing in diction. As no translation can give but a faint idea of the original, and specially of the wealth of epithet employed, only some of the chief thoughts shall be indicated here.

When summer comes with its branches and leaves the storm-clouds shall disappear, and strength and warmth and joy shall return—and everything shall feel the potent power. Such virtue shall be in the strong sun, shining upon the whole world, that every seed shall grow, drawing sap from the kindly soil, and in all stages of its progress, filling and ripening for harvest. Pleasant is the smell of the twigs in the fertile and abundant garden, where the choicest plants under the sun's genial ray, become gradually clothed with green. We are familiar with the fine saying that Solomon in all his glory was not adorned like the lilies of the field. Here the illustration is a king's palace, which, however grandly decorated, cannot for a moment be compared with the beauty and splendour of nature's summer palace. Every glen among the hills is enrobed with flowers of marvellous texture and of a thousand hues. The epithets employed to set this forth, are as varied and abundant as the profuseness of colouring and radiant tints that are seen on every hand. Every forest becomes green; and the deer proudly disport themselves,

and bask together in the sun on the sides of the hills. Each hind with her calf lying beside her, and the stags not far away. This is a sight to give length of days to those who are fond of the hills. In a similar manner the habits of the roe-deer are told. The birds resume their wonted song, and in their joy welcome and invite to the woods and glades. The moorfowl, cuckoo, blackbird, etc., are all graphically depicted.

The growth of the woods is then touched upon—the birch becoming green and fragrant shows that summer has come—primroses and daisies appear. The heather begins to bloom, and the bees go forth to work as diligently as the man that sows his fields. The cattle are led forth by the songful nut-brown maid, with their young and speckled calves beside them. The genial, kindly, fruitful sun beams upon and blesses the world—illumines the sky, brings forth and ripens the fruits of the earth.

The next poem to be noticed is "Coire-a'-Cheathaich," "The Misty Corrie"—one of the best known and choicest of all the poet's compositions. It is a description of one of the Highland glens where every flower, and bush, and stone, and hillock forms a feature in the picture. As will have been noticed, there is a considerable degree of sameness in the subjects treated, but the mode of treatment varies greatly, and the different styles of word-painting give an agreeable effect. Only one who was thoroughly acquainted with the physical contour, and appreciated the beauty and natural wealth of a Highland valley could have produced this poem. Although many of the objects that are described here find a place again in "Ben Dorain," the one is in no way a repetition of the other. Instead of giving an outline of the particulars treated, it may be preferable, in this instance, to give some verses, by way of specimen, from the translation of Mr. Robert Buchanan :—

"My beauteous corrie! where cattle wander—
My misty corrie! my darling dell!
Mighty, verdant, and covered over
With wild flowers tender of the sweetest smell;
Dark is the green of the grassy clothing,
Soft swell thy hillocks most green and deep,
The cannach blowing, the darnel growing,
While the deer troop pass to the misty steep."

" Round every well and every fountain
An eyebrow dark of the cress doth cling,
And the sorrel sour gathers in clusters
Around the stones whence the waters spring;
With a splash and a plunge and a mountain murmur
The gurgling waters from earth upleap,
And pause and hasten, and whirl in circles
And rush and loiter, and whirl and creep.

" Out of the ocean comes the salmon,
Steering with crookéd nose he lies,
Hither he darts where the waves are boiling—
Out he springs at the glistening flies!
How he leaps in the whirling eddies:
With back blue-black, and fins that shine,
Spangled with silver, and speckled over,
With white tail tipping his frame so fine."

Although this is a good translation, it fails to convey the fulness of meaning and the felicity of expression that are found in the original; as may be seen by quoting and comparing the last stanza—

" Tha bradan tarra-gheal sa choire gharbhlaich,
Tha tigh'nn o'n fhairge bu ghailbheach tonn.
Le lunneis mheamnach a' ceapa mheanbh-chuileag,
Gu neo-chearbach le cham-ghob crom;
Air bhuinne borb, is e leum gu foirmeil,
'Na éideadh colgail bu ghorm-ghlas druim
Le shoilsean airgid, gu h-iteach, meana-bhreac,
Gu lannach, dearg-bhallach, earr-gheal sliom."

It will be seen at a glance that many of the qualifying words and phrases are left out or condensed in the English rendering—and this is indeed inevitable.

(*To be continued.*)

SKETCHES OF THE CLAN MACLEAN.

III.—THE MACLAINES OF LOCHBUIE.

[By REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.]

WE shall probably write several articles about the Macleans. It is therefore better to adopt some general heading. The one given above, Sketches of the Clan Maclean, will serve our purpose. In our first article we dealt with the origin of the Clan; in our second, we gave a sketch of the Macleans of Duart. In the latter of these we were led by some works that we consulted into the mistake of calling the battle of Benbigory the battle of Bern Bige. Benbigory is no doubt the correct name. It is that which is given in the Statistical Account of the Parish of Kildalton.

John Dubh, fourth chief of the Clan Maclean, had two sons, Lachainn Lubanach and Hector Reaganach. Lachainn Lubanach was the first Maclean who owned Duart. He succeeded his father as Chief of the Clan. He married a daughter of the Lord of the Isles, and had five sons and two daughters, John, Hector, Lachlan, Neil, Somerled, Finguala, and Maria. John seems to have died young. Hector succeeded his father in Duart,—Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, Vol., III. page 482.

1. Hector Reaganach, second son of John Dubh, was the founder of the family of Lochbuie. He married Christina, daughter of Malcolm Macleod of Glenelg and Harris, Malcolm son of Tormod, son of Leod. He had six sons, Murdoch, Donald, Charles, Ewen, Thomas, and Malcolm. Murdoch succeeded his father in Lochbuie. Charles settled in Glenurquhart. He was the ancestor of the Clann Thearlaich or Macleans of the North. It is an old tradition that Charles was the eldest son, and that he gave up the lands of Lochbuie of his own accord to his brother Murdoch. In the "Family of Maclean," a valuable work in possession of the Macleans of Ardgour, it is positively stated that this was the case. Page 17.

Hector Reaganach was feudally independent of his brother, Lachainn Lubanach. He received his lands from the Lord of the Isles. In the Statistical Account of Argyleshire it is stated

that these lands belonged to a chief named Mac-Fadyen before Hector Reaganach got them.

2. Murdoch, second Maclean of Lochbuie, was succeeded by his son John.

3. John, third Maclean of Lochbuie, received a grant of the lands of Lochiel from John fourth Lord of the Isles, in 1461. He was succeeded by his son Hector. He had a daughter who was married to William, seventh Macleod of Harris.

4. Hector, fourth Maclean of Lochbuie, was one of the witnesses to a charter granted by the Lord of the Isles in 1478. He married Marion, daughter of Alastair Crotach, eighth Macleod of Harris. He was succeeded by his son John Og.

5. John Og, fifth Maclean of Lochbuie, received from John, fourth Lord of the Isles, and Alexander of Lochalsh, a charter of the office of bailliary of the south half of the island of Tiree, in 1492.—Gregory's *Western Islands*, page 55. He got a charter from the King of the lands of Lochbuie in 1493. The possessions of the family comprehended at that time lands in Mull, Tiree, and Morvern, and the islands of Jura and Scarba. They had also a legal claim to the lands of Lochiel, and to those of Duror and Glencoe.—Gregory, page 70. John Og was killed, together with his two elder sons, in a feud with Hector Mor, eleventh Maclean of Duart, about the year 1537. He was succeeded by his third son, Murdoch, Murchadh Gearr.

6. Murdoch, sixth Maclean of Lochbuie, received from the King a charter of certain lands in Morvern, in 1537. All the lands that had belonged to his father were granted to him by the King in 1542, and called the Barony of Moy. Anderson, in his *Scottish Nation*, says that he married a daughter of the Earl of Antrim. This could not have been the case. He may, however, have married a daughter of Sorley Boy, Somhairle Buidhe, father of the first Earl of Antrim. A writer in "Cuairtear nan Gleann" says that he married the only daughter of Ailean nan Sop. He was succeeded by his son, John Mor.

7. John Mor, seventh Maclean of Lochbuie, was one of the most expert swordsmen of his day. He married a daughter of Macdonald of Islay. He had two sons. Hector, his heir, and Charles, progenitor of the Macleans of Tapull.

8. Hector, eighth Maclean of Lochbuie, married a daughter of John Gorm Campbell of Lochnell. He was succeeded by his son, Hector Odhar.

9. Hector Odhar, ninth Maclean of Lochbuie, married the only daughter of Sir Lachlan Mor Maclean of Duart. He died about 1628, leaving two sons, Murdoch Mor, his heir, and Lachainn Mor. He had a daughter, Margaret, who was married to Donald Macquarrie of Ormaig.

10. Murdoch Mor, tenth Maclean of Lochbuie, married Julian, fifth daughter of Sir Robert Campbell of Glenurchy. He had no issue. He died about 1662. He was succeeded by his brother, Lachlan Mor.

11. Lachainn Mor, Eleventh Maclean of Lochbuie, was served heir to his brother, April 12th, 1663. He married Margaret, daughter of Hector, second Maclean of Torloisk. He had by his wife three sons and a daughter, Murchadh Og, John, Hector, and Mary. He had also a natural son named Allan. Murchadh Og, married a daughter of Sir Hugh Campbell of Calder, but had no issue. John married Isabel, daughter of Macdougall of Dunolly. He had no issue. Mary was married to Ewen, ninth Maclean of Ardgour. Murchadh Og and John both died before their father. Lachlan Mor was succeeded by his third son, Hector.

12. Hector, twelfth Maclean of Lochbuie, received a charter of the lands of Lochbuie, in 1670, his father who was still living, reserving a life interest. He married Margaret, daughter of Colin Campbell of Lochnell, by whom he had four sons, Murdoch, John, Allan, and Lachlan. He gave over the estate, in 1705, to his eldest son, Murdoch, reserving a life interest for himself. He gave at the same time a life rent of the lands of Pennygoun to John, of the lands of Garmony to Allan, and of the lands of Knockroy to Lachlan.

13. Murdoch, thirteenth Maclean of Lochbuie, married Anne, daughter of Sir Hugh Campbell of Calder. He had four daughters, but no son. He was succeeded by his brother, John of Pennygoun.

14. John, fourteenth Maclean of Lochbuie, married Isabel, daughter of Duncan Macdougall of Dunolly, by whom he had one son, Lachlan, his successor.

15. Lachlan, fifteenth Maclean of Lochbuie, married a daughter of Macdougall of Dunolly. He had one son, Hector, who succeeded him. He had also a daughter, Mary, who was married to Allan Maclean of Drimnin.

16. Hector, sixteenth Maclean of Lochbuie, died shortly after his father. He was never married.

Allan Maclean, third son of Hector, twelfth Maclean of Lochbuie, married Julian, daughter of Lachlan Maclean of the family of Torloisk. He had several sons, all of whom died young except John. He had a daughter, Julian, who was married to Hector Maclean of Torren. His son, John, succeeded Hector, sixteenth Maclean of Lochbuie.

17. John, seventeenth Maclaine of Lochbuie, obtained possession of the estate about 1750. Dr. Johnson, who paid him a visit in 1773, describes him as "a true Highland laird, rough and haughty, and tenacious of his dignity,"—not a bad description of himself except that he was not a laird. He married Isabel, daughter of Donald, third Maclean of Brolas, and sister of Sir Allan Maclean, Chief of the Clan. He had a natural son named Gillean. He had by his wife one son and two daughters, Archibald, Isabel, and Catherine.

Archibald Maclaine, Lochbuie's heir, was a lieutenant in the 84th or Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment. He quarrelled with his commander, Brigadier Allan Maclean of Torloisk, and brought several charges against him. He was tried by court-martial in Quebec, and dismissed from the army. He left Canada in 1784 to lay his case before the King in person. During the passage home he had a dispute with one Daniel Munro. On the 6th of August he became so enraged against Munro that he started for his sword to his state-room, with the avowed intention of killing him. Munro hid behind the door, and ran his sword through Maclaine as the latter was passing by on his way back from his state-room. Munro seems to have been an inoffensive man. He tried to avoid Maclaine, but the latter kept up the quarrel day after day. Archibald Maclaine married Barbara Lowther in Boston. He was married only a few months. He had no issue. He was a hot-headed man, and used his tongue too freely. There are several documents in the Haldimand Col-

lection in Ottawa respecting his quarrel with Brigadier Maclean. The first is a memorial from him to General Haldimand, and is dated March 7th, 1780.

We do not know when the Macleans of Lochbuie, Clann-Ghilleain Locha-buidhe, began to spell their name Maclaine. John, the seventeenth head of the family seems to have been among the first who adopted this mode of spelling it. At any rate Archibald his son always spelled his name in this way.

Lachlan Maclean of Knockroy, fourth son of Hector, twelfth Maclean of Lochbuie, married Flora, daughter of Lachlan, sixteenth Macquarrie of Ulva. He had a large family. His eldest son, Murdoch, succeeded John of Lochbuie.

18. Murdoch, eighteenth Maclaine of Lochbuie, was a captain in the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment. He married Jane, daughter of John Campbell of Airds. He had, with eight daughters, two sons, Murdoch his successor, and John, who was killed in action in Ceylon in 1818.

19. Murdoch, nineteenth Maclaine of Lochbuie, was born in 1791. He was a lieutenant in the 42nd Royal Highlanders. He retired from the army in 1812. He married Christina, daughter of Donald Maclean, of Kinloch. He had six sons, Murdoch, Donald, John, Allan, Colquhoun, and Alexander. He had also five daughters. He died in 1844. Murdoch, his eldest son and heir, died unmarried in 1850, without taking possession of the estate. He was succeeded by his second son, Donald.

20. Donald, twentieth Maclaine of Lochbuie, was in his younger days a merchant in Batavia. He married Emelie Guillamina, daughter of Charles Anthoine Vincent. He had two sons and three daughters, Murdoch-Gillean his heir, Anthoine, Emelie-Guillamina, Rosa-Elizabeth, and Christian-Sarah. He was born in 1816 and died in 1863.

21. Murdoch-Gillean is the present Maclaine of Lochbuie. He was born in 1845.

> "So deoch-slainte Mhurchaidh Oig,
> Is olamaid gu leir i,
> So deoch-slaint' an t-sar dhuin'-uasail
> Dha 'm bu dual bhi treubhach."
>
> —*Oranaiche*, page 495.

THE TRAGEDY OF CLACH-NAN-CEANN.

(Concluded)

AFTER the early morning departure of *Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe* from Dunalastair to Badenoch, as already detailed in this history, Struan who had risen to see them off, lay down again in bed; having fallen asleep and dreamed a most wonderful dream which was thrice repeated to him that morning. He thought as he lay down that old Macgregor of Roro in Glenlyon, long since dead, appeared to him, and implored him with the most piteous entreaties to exert himself on behalf of his now threatened race on the *Sliosmin.*

"Cuir fios an diugh gu *Caisteal Uaimh*
Mu dheibhinn *Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe,*
Tha nis an toireachd air mo shliochd
'Sa sgriosadh an *Sliosmin* gun iochd,
Los gu'n tig am Màinearach
'S gun toir e ceartas do gach neach."

That is—

"Send word to-day to Castle Weem
Concerning *Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe*
Who now so sore pursues my seed
And ruthless would *Sliosmin* destroy,
That Menzies may come up himself
And give to every man justice due."

On each of the three occasions that he appeared the old Macgregor chief seemed to be in tremendous earnest; and a something appeared in his gestures which threatened the sleeper in case he should refuse to comply with the request of his phantom visitant. Struan rose up out of bed, and, having dressed himself, left the bedroom with a feeling of eeriness exceeding even that which he had experienced when the ghost of Ewen Cameron disturbed his morning slumbers after the tragedy of *Clach-nan-ceann* perpetrated on the Feast of St. Michael. When he reached his business room he sat down at once and penned a letter to the Laird of Weem—in which he recounted the vision he had just had of the old Macgregor chief—his own experience of the *Tailor,* and his fears of an attack by him on the *Sliosmin,* and an advice to "*Menyers*" to come up in force to Rannoch and take measures

along with him for the peace and order of the country, until the Lochaber men should return to their own land. This letter he immediately dispatched by the hand of a trusty messenger on horseback to Castle Menzies. Thereafter he went to Lady Struan (who had been sleeping in a different bedroom), and told her about the dream and the imminent danger the Macgregors of the *Sliosmin* were in; and her ladyship, with that fondness for communicating news so peculiar to women, rushed at once to Marsali's room and related everything to her.

When Marsali came to realise the situation of affairs, she was filled with grief and consternation. Her kindred had, it is true, used her very badly; but her Christian spirit had enabled her from the heart to forgive them; but she felt horrified at the idea that for her sake they were now in danger of being rooted out of the land and perhaps utterly destroyed. As her time was now about to be fulfilled at any rate, the terrible agitation produced by the warnings contained in Struan's dream, together with the fatigues of the previous day, had the effect of bringing on the pains of travail:—

"Ghlaodh Marsaili is i na h-eiginn,
'Tha na piantan goirt ag eirigh,
'S mi fhein 's an saoghal so troimh chéile!'"

That is—

"Marsali cried in her distress,
'My pangs are rising very sore,
While this world and I are in confusion.'"

And while the mother was in this state her poor little boy cried like to break his heart:—

"Ghuil *Iain Biorach* bochd ro chianail
'Nuair chunnaic e a mhathair 's na piantan,
Is rosg ä suilean dearrsadh fiadhaich."

That is—

"Poor *Iain Biorach* wept right sadly,
When he saw his mother in her travail,
And her eyelashes flashing wildly."

And there was also much talk and tittering amongst the servants in Dunalastair over the aspect matters had now assumed.

Struan and Lady Struan and Margaret Robertson held an anxious consultation regarding what was best to be done. It was

resolved to send for the midwife; and a man on horseback was accordingly dispatched to Bolespic to fetch up a famous "howdie" that resided there. And when the "carlin" arrived, Marsali in a surprisingly short time was delivered of a male child, which, as might have been expected, showed some marks of that hard and cruel usage to which its mother had been subjected during the period of gestation. We read that, on account of the cruel and turbulent scenes through which the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots had personally to pass, her son, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, was from his birth so affected by them, that he never had the proper mastery of his limbs. He could not approach a stranger without visible alarm, and could not for the life of him bear the sight of a drawn sword. And in like manner Marsali's newly-born babe seemed to twitch and tremble from head to foot, and withal presented a dusky complexion all over the body. When she was shown her son, she said—

"Mathair *Iain Bhioraich* an dè,
Mathair *Iain Chéir* an diugh;
So Camaronach an ìme,
Sin Camaronach a ghruth!"

That is—

"Mother of *Iain Biorach* yesterday,
Mother of *Iain Ciar* to-day;
Here's the Cameron of the butter,
There's the Cameron of the curds!"

And as the child seemed to be weakly it was baptized as *Iain Ciar* that very evening by the Vicar of Fortingall, who came up to spend his Christmas with Struan in Dunalastair House.

On Christmas day the Laird of Weem came to Dunalastair with a considerable force of the Menzieses of Appin-i-Dull; and there he and his men were sumptuously entertained. Struan had collected a strong company of his Robertsons and stationed them on the "Mount" in view of the unsettled state of the country; and the two bodies of men held Christmas together in right jolly style. But the two chiefs were closeted together for hours in deep consultation over what was to be done with the Macgregors. At length it was resolved to send to the latter an express messenger charged with letters to the three *Ceann tighes*, apprising them of their present imminent danger, and

recommending them all to flee for safety to a large cave on Crossmount estate, opposite Dunalastair House—just above the southern bank of the intervening river. And when the messenger departed all in Dunalastair were in the utmost anxiety as to whether or not those headstrong Macgregors would take the advice tendered—which for the present seemed their only possible way of escape from impending ruin.

The Macgregors were at first very reluctant to take the advice thus so considerately given them. They scouted the idea of retreating with their wives and children and followers to a cave, for a safety that ought to dwell in the good broadswords of the brave and renowned Clan Alpine. The supposed ignominy of the thing caused them for a long time to hesitate. But at length, on the morning of the second day after Christmas, news was conveyed to the "Mount" that all the Macgregors on the *Sliosmin* headed by their three leaders of Dunan and Ardlarich and Leargan were seen to pass by Kinloch Rannoch on their way to hide themselves in the Crossmount Cave. All eyes in Dunalastair scanned the windings of the *Dubhag*, eager to see the coming motley host of fugitives. At length the Macgregors were seen to wind their way in a long line through West Tempar, Tom Tempar, and Lassintullich until they were lost to view amongst the rough rocky grounds of Crossmount. Towards the evening of the same day another messenger arrived also at the "Mount" with the news that the Camerons were coming in full force in pursuit of the Macgregors—led by the scent of Macgregor of Dunan's stag hound.

"A fine situation of affairs," said Struan.

"And what shall we do?" said the Laird of Weem. "If God will, I shall!"

"We will at once cross the river with our men," said Struan, "and guard Macgregors' cave from the east until the arrival of the Cameron men; and I think I can manage to get round the *Tailor* to spare the poor Macgregor fugitives."

In a very short time the Robertsons and Menzieses mustered to arms and were put in position; and having marched down to the river and crossed it climbed up the rocks on the south side, and took up their position along the east and south side of the

now closely beleaguered Clan Gregor. And this brings on the action to the point of time already described when the three chiefs met in anxious consultation on the south side of Macgregors' cave.

"Let us smoke them out of the cave," said the Tailor, "as we should do a lot of foxes!"

"Would you smoke out Marsali's father?" said Struan, "and by doing so kill her, poor woman, to the bargain?"

"Well, I didn't remember that she was a Macgregor," said the Tailor, "and I confess I shouldn't like to do her an injury."

"Will you refer the case then to her arbitration?" said Struan. "Yes I will," said the Tailor, "that is, with one exception, that should she pardon the whole I am determined that Macgregor of Ardlarich shall not escape punishment for the murder of Ewen Cameron." A message was now sent to the cave to tell the Macgregors that their lives depended on the decision of Marsali who was now on child-bed in Dunalastair House—the only exception being Macgregor of Ardlarich whose crime the leader of the Camerons could not consent to pardon. The Macgregors with many sighs and groans acquiesced in the arbitration. Thereafter William Cameron was despatched with haste to Dunalastair House to ask Marsali's decision. She replied:—

"Ged bhrist mo chairdean fhein mo chridh'
Tha mis' toirt dhoibhsan uile sith;
Oir chionn's gum bheil iad nis 'san uaigh
Cha'n eil mis sireadh tuilleadh buaidh!"

That is—

"Although my own friends broke my heart,
My peace to each of them I give;
For since they now are in the cave (*Gaelic*, grave)
I seek no further victory over them."

When William arrived and repeated this stanza the three leaders laughed at Marsali's wit; but the Tailor raising his axe and putting on a stern face said, "but I am determined nevertheless to have Macgregor of Ardlarich's life!" But on hearing these words Macgregor who had been on the alert rushed out of the cave and effected an enormous leap, which is still pointed out by the inhabitants of the place as the "Macgregor's leap"—a leap which set him free from ever experiencing the keen edge

of *Taillear-Dubh-na-Tuaighe's* axe. The Tailor, on seeing this, said that we gave up the game; and the Macgregors were thereafter allowed to defile in safety out of Macgregor's cave, when, and as best they could.

The Camerons and Menzieses and Robertsons, with their chiefs, thereafter adjourned to Mount Alexander. The men were all treated most sumptuously by Struan, and enjoyed themselves to their heart's content. The *Tailor* and Menzies of Weem formed a jolly trio that evening in Dunalastair House; and rejoiced that there was now an end of the Tragedy of *Clach-nan-ceann.*

Lady Struan led her husband and Menzies of Weem and the *Tailor* to Marsali's bedroom. They greatly admired her and her two sons—*Iain Biorach* and *Iain Ciar*—and wished her greater joy of them than of the poor departed ones. The *Tailor* now in a humorous manner recounted his midnight chase of the Badenoch Cat, and amid much laughter presented Marsali with the *Tail* of Mackintosh's kilt, which she received as the final fulfilment of her dream of destiny. She said—

"Gleidhidh mi so air son mo chlann,
Mar chuimhneachan air *Clach-nan-Ceann,*
'S mar fhuair lamh *Taillear Dubh na Tuaigh*
Thar Cat mòr Bhaideanach a bhuaidh."

That is—

"I'll keep this safely for my children
As a memorial of *Clach-nan-ceann,*
And of how *Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe*
Triumphed o'er the Great Badenoch Cat."

And she did preserve this unique piece of Mackintosh tartan very carefully in Camghouran until her dying day.

Next day William Cameron was married by the Vicar of Fortingall to Margaret Robertson; and by this alliance became the progenitor of the Sliochd Uilleim sept of Camerons in Rannoch. Thereupon *Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe* and Menzies of Weem set off with their men to their respective localities of Lochaber and Appin-i-Dull. In due time also Marsali and her two boys, and William Cameron and Margaret Robertson accompanied by Donald and Duncan Robertson proceeded to Cam-

ghouran, and became the founders of the colony still occupied by their descendants.

Marsali lived to extreme old age in *Tigh-na-dige* and *Camghouran*, revered like a queen, as she truly was, amongst her devoted people; and the Camghouran folks still delight in naming at least one daughter in each family, *Marsali*, in honour of the famous Marsali Macgregor, who did such wonderful things in *Tigh-na-dige*.

A HIGHLAND ESTATE, 1792-1800.

[By THOS. SINCLAIR, M.A.]

(Concluded)

IN a time of hot agrarian discussion such accurate detail on the state of things nearly a century ago, must be extremely useful; and the statistical array of figures ought only to make the subject more readable. If some able Scotchman is to do for Scotland what Professor Rogers, the well-known Radical M.P. of several Parliaments, has done for England by his great work, "History of Agriculture and Prices in England, A.D., 1259-1793," of which six volumes are now published, down to 1703, by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, such records as this estate-book will be invaluable for analysis of the agricultural condition of the Highlands. The Duke of Argyll in his graphic book, "Scotland as it Was and as it Is," has made considerable use of similar documents in his own possession as a landlord; but being committed by birth and training to the prejudices of his class, he has drawn very biased inferences from them, and his severity on Celtic disorder, over-population, and idleness, gives new point to the phrase, "Save me from my friends," himself perhaps the most representative of Celts in blood and tradition. His family papers and estate accounts have been extremely useful to him in exhibiting the Celtic phase of history connected with the kelp trade, which "was first established on the shores of the

Firth of Forth, so early as 1720, whence it passed to the Orkneys in 1723. In the Hebrides, it was introduced into the Island off Tyree only in 1746. But the price was then trifling. In 1768 the industry had become general and important—the produce o the Western Coast being estimated at about 5000 tons. The price was then about £6 10s at the glass manufactory of Newcastle. The price varied much during the rest of the eighteenth century. But every rise in price was met by increased production. For a short time during the French war the price is said to have reached the high figure of £20 per ton. Among my family estate accounts I find no record of any such price, and down to 1822 the average was probably less than half that amount." He adds in a footnote that the price obtained for Tyree and Mull kelp in 1803 was £8 8s. The multiplication of the people is credited to the kelp industry. "The parish of Tongue, in Sutherland, with a long line of shore, increased by more than 400," between 1755 and 1795. Repealing the taxes on Spanish barilla and on salt, in 1823 and 1826, destroyed the kelp trade, and all but ruined the sea-coast Highlanders. Major and Mrs. Innes must have had, in the time so fully illustrated, a considerable aid to income from kelp, since the trade was in full volume of prosperity during 1792-1800. William Murray is debtor to them for "the rent of Fresgo rocks, due Martinmas, 1798;" but there is no entry of payments, the presumption being that the sums were too important for even the limited publication of the estate-book. The accounts, however, of David Banks, 'kelpburner,' being a servant, are entered as debtor, by 3 firlots of meal, crop 1792, 10s 6d; to iron for kelp tools, shafts, and coals, 1s 6d; to 1 boll oatmeal, crop 1795, £1; to 3 tons, 3 cwt. of kelp at £1 10s per ton, summer 1796, £4 14s 6d—total, £6 6s 6d. If the burner gave kelp to the proprietor or contractor at £1 10s per ton, and if the second seller got even the Duke of Argyll's figure for 1803 of £8 8s, it is easy to see where the bulk of the kelp profits went. The "brain" of the landlords, which the Duke is never tired of celebrating, then as now, secured a very large unearned increment. William Murray also rented Arileave at £16 16s, and Knockfin at £6 5s 9d, two grass-farms. His payments to Mrs Innes were in substantial cash sums, so it

is to be presumed that the kelp trade was profitable to him, though no doubt he paid a high rent for Fresgo rocks to the keen landlord and land-lady. The average annual income of Major and Mrs. Innes can be reckoned from the estate-book. Shurery, with 15 tenants, paid of money rent as nearly as possible £100, no services being given, because of distance from the mansion-house and home-farm; Dachow, with about 12 tenants, paid about £27 and services; New Reay, with 7 tenants, £9 and services, rising sometimes to 78 days' work in the year; Reay, with one tenant, £30; Borlum, with about 23 tenants, £120, many of them adding services; Sandside, with 12 tenants, paid £14 and a great deal in personal labour, the whole rent in some cases thus met; while Fresgo had about 16 holders of the same kind, paying £17. As this makes altogether £317 sterling, it may be safely stated that the proprietor's receipts in money were always above three hundred a year. Mrs. Innes, by setting her cows, realised £50 more, and kelp may have made as much. Two or three hundred acres of the home-farm must have been then arable; and, by aid of the services of the crofters and cottars, would be worth perhaps £150 clear profit. Sheep industry was meagre at the end of last century, but Sandside could be estimated at £100. This would make the total yearly income £650 sterling.

Some biographical doings connected with the Apostle of the North, the writer of the estate-book, must close this account of a Celtic rural community at the end of last century. Shortly before his unexpected death in 1883, Duncan George Forbes Macdonald, LL.D., who, in his first book, "What the Farmers may do with the Land," published in 1852, described himself as civil engineer, land and drainage surveyor, 3 Parliament Street, London, and Dingwall, Ross-shire, N.B., had announced his intention from Brighton and Eccleston Square, London, of writing a biography of his father, the Apostle of the North, of a more enlarged and thorough character than that written by Dr. Kennedy of Dingwall. These records and other matter were offered to him, and his sudden death alone prevented a considerable mass of useful and new materials from being put into his hands. How his eloquent father managed estate economics

in youth, would have appealed strongly to him who wrote so much on estate work, one of his books, which passed through several editions, being "Hints on Farming and Estate Management." His capacity in this respect seems to have been hereditary. He was informed that because of a gap in the Reay parish records, now preserved in the Register House, Edinburgh, his father's baptismal date, which then served for birth date, is not to be authenticated; the son's own statement being, "I have no record of baptism." He proposed as to the notes offered, "If you have no objection, I will give your name as the writer of them," referring to the biography at which he had set to work, and which his fate stopped. He had an official surveying appointment in North America, which produced, in 1862, his liveliest book, "British Columbia and Vancouver's Island." In 1871 he published a brochure in sympathy with Napoleon III., full of Celtic fire and generosity; and a series of letters to the *Echo* newspaper, London, in 1878, on the condition of the Highland crofters, was an admirable and sympathetic contribution to this section of the land question. He had a testimonial of surveying instruments to the value of £240 from his friends, at an earlier period of his life. His most elaborate book, "Cattle, Sheep, and Deer" was published in 1872; and its titles and appendixes give much personal information of this clever son of Lady Sandside's youthful factor, afterwards the celebrated preacher who gained the title of Apostle of the North, Rev. John Macdonald, D.D., Ferintosh, native of Reay parish. The Apostle's second wife was Georgina, daughter of Simon Ross, the laird of Gledfield; and the Rev. John Macdonald, Calcutta, was one of their sons. The first marriage was in 1806. But on these points Dr. Kennedy's biography is authoritative, and those interested further can easily be satisfied. For present purpose the biographical subject is exhausted; and it may conclude this simple but remarkable picture of Celtic life, before it was disturbed by the unnatural interference with a native population on false economical principles called the Highland Clearances.

AN IOBHAL GHEAL 'S AN IOBHAL FHIONN 'S AN IOBHAL DHONN 'S AN IOBHAL CHARRACH BU MHATHAIR DHOIBH.

[FROM MRS. WALLACE, TIREE.]

B'E clann Righ no duine cothromach bh' annta, 's bi mathair na Iobhal Fhionn 's an Iobhal Dhonn an Iobhal Charrach.

Uair sin thainig Mac Righ do'n aite 's bha gach duine 's h-aon dol an t-shearmoin air son fhaicinn. Leis sin chaidh an Iobhal Fhionn, an Iobhal Dhonn 's an Iobhal Charrach am mathair ann. Dh'iarr an Iobhal Gheal dol ann i fhein ach fo'n nach robh innte ach piuthar gun seadh na measg 's fo'n 's e leth-phiuthar do'n Iobhal Fhionn 's do'n Iobhal Dhonn bh' innte 's gur i b' fhearr 's bu bhoidhiche bha a peathraichean 's a muime daonnan feuchain ri cumail as an t-sealladh, 's toirt oirre frithealadh a b' isleadh dheanamh gus an robh meoir gu crùpadh, 's dar dh' iarr i dol do'n t-shearmoin dh' fhaicinn a' phrionns', thuirt an Iobhal Dhonn a leth-phiuthar rithe nach racha gu gu dearbh fhein, nach deanadh i ach naire thoirt asta-san a leithid dhol comhladh riu.

Mar dh'fhalbh iad an t-shearmoin thainig an "Eachrais Urlair" a stigh far an robh ise, 's thuirt i rithe, "Cha deachaidh thusa do'n t-shearmoin." "Cha deachaidh," ors' ise, "cha leigeadh iad comhladh riu mi." "Theid thusa do'n t-shearmoin," ors' an Eachrais Urlair, 's chi thu Mac an Righ, co math riu fhein," 's bhuail i 'n slacan druidheachd orra 's rinn i boirionnach co briagha dhith 's nach fhaca suil, 's nach cualadh cluas, riamh, iomradh air te co briagha rithe. Bha falt orra ruigheachd gu sàil, deise air dhreach na gréine, bròg òir air an darna cois, 's bròg airgid air a chois eile dearsadh, 's tri druideachan seinn air gach gualainn aice.

"Nis," ors' an Eachrais Urlair, "Ma bhitheas am pathadh ort foghnaidh dhuit do lamh chur ri d' bheul, 's silidh fion agus mil as do mheoir." Mar theid thu stigh suidhe tu dluth do 'n dorus 's chan fhan thu gus am bidh iad ullamh. Bheir mise dhuit steud, 's srian, 's dar a chuireas tu na bheul i bithidh tu air ais so mu'n gluais iadsan;" 's bhuail i an slacan druidheachd air creig bh' aig

THE SNOW-WHITE MAIDEN, AND THE FAIR MAID, AND THE SWARTHY MAID, AND FRIZZLE, OR BALD PATE THEIR MOTHER.

[TRANSLATED BY MRS. WALLACE.]

THESE were the daughters of a king or rich man, and Frizzle or Bald Pate was the mother of the Fair Maid and of the Swarthy Maiden.

Some time then a king's son came to the place and every person went to church to see him. With that the Fair Maid, the Swarthy Maid, and Bald Pate, their mother, went. The Snow-White Maid sought to go also, but as she was of little account amongst them, and was only half-sister to the Fair and to the Swarthy Maidens, and was fair and good, her sisters and their mother endeavoured as much as possible to keep her in the background. She was kept by them at every hard and menial work until her fingers were cramping, and when she made the request that she would be allowed to go also to see the Prince, her sister, the Swarthy Maid, said to her, She would not indeed; that it would only disgrace them to have such a creature as she was along with them.

When they left to go "Cantrips," or Trouble the House (*Eachtais Urlair*) came in where she was and said to her,

"You have not gone with them?"

"No," replied she, "they would not allow me to accompany them."

"You will go," said "Cantrips," "and you will see the king's son as well as themselves," and she laid the enchantment wand over her, and made her a woman so beautiful and graceful as no eye ever saw or ear heard report of one so perfect. Her wealth of hair reached from the crown of her head to her heels, a dress that dazzled like sunlight, a golden shoe shone on one foot and a silver one on the other, and three starlings twittered on each shoulder.

"Now," said Cantrips, "if you are thirsty it will suffice for you to put your hand to your mouth and wine and honey will flow from your fingers, when you enter the church you will take a

an dorus 's rinn i steud mhòr dhubh dhith mharcaiche an cuan glas mar am machaire min sgiamhach.

Nar rainig ise 'n eaglais shuidh i mar chaidh iarraidh oirre aig an dorus. Cha robh suil bha stigh nach ann ga feitheamh bha iad, 's cha b' ann sealltuinn air Mac an Righ, 's bha Mac an Righ torit fanear dhi mar an ceudna. Cha d' aom e suil 's cha d' thog e aire dhi fo'n thainig i stigh gus an d' eirich i mach. Aig an àm dh'eirich ise mach, chur i an t-srian am beul an steud 's gun fhuireach, gun mhoille, bha i stigh.

Thainig an Eachrais Urlair far an robh i 's dh' fheoraich i ciamar a chaidh dhi, 's dh' innis i 's nach d' aithnich a muime 's a peathraichean i. "*Well*," ors' an Eachrais Urlair "Eiridh dhuit-sa na 's fhearr na dhoibh-san, ged nach eil fios aca air;" 's bhuail i an slacan druidheachd orra 's bha i mar a bha i roimhe. Nar thainig a peathraichean 's a mathair dhachaidh, thuirt ise riu. An robh naigheachd a nis aca no an faca iad Mac an Righ.

"Chunnaic," ors' mathair, "ach b' iongantaiche chunnaic sinn na sin, boirionnach co briagha thainig a stigh, nach fhaca suil, 's nach cuala cluas riamh iomradh air te co briagha rithe, 's bha Mac an Righ ga coimhead mar bha cach."

"Nach leig sibh mise an ath Dhòmhnach ann," ors ise, "feuch am faic mi Mac an Righ." "Cha leig," ors an Iobhal Dhonn, "do leithid do chreutair grannda. Cha deanadh tu ach air nàire thoirt asainne."

Nar thainig an ath-latha dh' fhalbh iadsan mar rinn iad roimhe 's bha ise stigh. Thainig an Eachrais Urlair far an robh i 's thuirt i rithe.

"Bheil thu toileach dol far an deachaidh iadsan an diugh."

"Tha," ors' ise, "ach ciamar 's urrainn mise dol ann 's mi co bochd, salach, gun deise, gun uidheam, gun chaiseart." Bhuail an Eachrais Urlair an slacan druidheachd orra 's chuir i bròg oir air an darna cois 's bròg airgid air a chois eile. Bha falt sios gu sàil, deis bhuidhe a dearsadh orra, 's tri coilich druideachan seinn air gach gualainn. Thug i buille eile do'n chreig bha taobh an dorus 's bha steud mòr dubh a mharcaiche an cuan glas mar am machaire min, sgiamhach, aig an dorus 's an t-srian oir na bheul. "Nis," ors' an Eachrais Urlair, "mar theid thu stigh do'n eaglais (?) 's 'm bith Mac an Righ, rach na's fhaide stigh na

seat near the door and you will not wait for the close. I will give you a steed, and a bridle, and when you put the bridle on, the steed will bring you here before the others can move." With that she (Cantrips) struck the enchantment wand on a rock near the threshold and it became a noble black steed to her that would ride the waters of the deep blue sea as if they were the smooth fertile land.

When she reached the church, as she had been told to do, she sat near the door. She became the observed of all observers. There was no eye but turned to gaze on her instead of the king's son. He also observed her. He did not turn his look nor withdraw his attention from her from first to last. At the set time she rose and went out. She placed the bridle in the mouth of the steed and without stoppage or delay reached home.

Cantrips then came where she was and enquired of her what had happened. She told her, and that neither her stepmother nor her sisters had recognised her.

"Well," said Cantrips, "better fortune will happen to you than to them, though they are not aware of it," and she laid the enchantment wand upon her and made her as she was before.

When her sisters and their mother returned, she asked what news they brought with them or if they saw the king's son. The mother replied that they had seen him, and what was more strange, we saw entering a woman so graceful that no eye ever saw, and no ear ever heard report of one so beautiful, and the king's son as well as the others took notice of her.

"May I not also go next day?" she asked, "so that I may see the king's son." "You may not," said the Swarthy Sister, "a plain looking creature like you would only disgrace us." Next day they set out as before, while she was left at home. Cantrips came where she was and said to her, "Are you willing to go where the others went to-day."

"I am," she answered, "but how can I go when I am so miserable, unkempt, unclad, untrimmed, and unshod." Cantrips laid the enchantment wand over her, and put a golden shoe on one foot, and a silver one on the other. Her wealth of hair reached from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. A dress of golden sheen shone over her, and three starlings

taobh an dorus 's dar bhitheas an ùine gu bhith seachad éirich 's falbh cabhagach 's ged a chailleas tu pairt ga t-eudach na seall air a dheigh. Marcaich gu reidh dhachaidh."

Air an latha so shuidh Mac an Righ dluth do'n dorus e fhein, 's dar a dh' éirich ise mach dh' éirich esan mach air a deighinn. Bith astar a thug iad, dhluthaich esan aig marcachd suas rithe. Thug e tamhadh 's thug e bhròg oir far a coise deise, ach cha do sheall ise na deigh. An deigh sin bha eagal oirre dol dachaidh gun do chail i bhròg. Dar a rainig i an tigh, thuirt an Eachrais Urlair rithe.

"Tha thu air tighinn dhachaidh ?"

"Tha mi," ors' ise, "ach chaill mi bhròg"

"Chan ann gu cron ach gu d' mhaith tha sin fhathasd," ors an Eachrais Urlair. 'S thug Mac an Righ boid nach posadh e te gu brath ach te ga freagarradh a' bhròg i bhith do raogha' gnè, 's gu falbhadh e 's nach bu stad cinn no coise dha gus am faigheadh e i.

Bhual an Eachrais Urlair an slacan druidheachd oirre 's bha i mar a bha i roimhe. Sin thainig a peathraichean 's mathair dhachaidh. Dh' fharraid ise dhiubh de an naigheachd thug iad leo, na 'm faca iad Mac an Righ. Thuirt a mathair, gu faca, ach ged bhith suil eile na cheann gur ann a coimhead na te bhriagha bh' ann an latha roimhe bhitheadh e, 's mar dh' éirich i sin mach gun d' fhalbh esan as a deighinn.

Chaidh so sgeul mach gun robh Mac an Righ siubhal gach aite feuch an faigheadh e an te ga'm freagarradh a' bhròg. Latha do na laithean chunnacas a' tighinn thun an tighe acasan e 's chuir a muime 's a peathraichean ise am falach fo bhial ballain. Thainig e stigh 's dh' fheuch e bhròg air an Iobhal Dhonn 's cha do fhreagair i dhith, dh' fheuch e sin air an Iobhal Fhionn i, 's bha bhrog a freagairt na b' fhearr dhith ach cha robh i uile ceart.

"S fhearr dhuit mise ghabhail," ors ise, "bho nach d' amais te eile ort 's fhearr tha i freagairt dhith na mise."

"A bhoid a thug mi," ors esan, cumaidh mi i ach gus am faigh mi te gan freagair i ceart," 's e dol a mach.

Thug an te bha fo bheul a bhallain glaodh aisde 's dh' fharraid esan co bha sid ? Thuirt an Iobhal Charrach nach robh sid ach creatair dona nach ruigeadh esan leas bhith sealltainn

twittered on each shoulder. She then struck the rock near the door, and a black steed of noble mien, to whom the wide blue sea was as easy to traverse as the smoothest turf, was at the door with the golden bridle in its mouth. "And now," said she, "as you enter the place where the king's son will be go farther forward than you did before from the door, and when the time is almost expired leave in haste, and though you lose any part of your dress do not return for it, but ride straight home."

On this occasion the king's son sat near the door, and when she rose to leave he rose to follow. They set off at full speed, and in the race he overtook her. He made a grasp and took the golden shoe off her right foot.

When she returned home, Cantrips said to her "you have come home."

"I have," she replied, "but I lost a shoe."

"That is not any omen of ill-luck to you, but of good fortune," said Cantrips.

The king's son made a vow that he would never marry any one, but one that the shoe fitted whatever her rank, and that he would go in search of her, and would neither give his head nor his foot rest until he found her.

Cantrips touched her with the enchantment wand and she was made as before. Her sisters and their mother then returned home, and she asked them what news they brought with them or if they had seen the king's son.

The mother replied that they had, and though there was another eye in his head it would be to look at the beauty of the strange woman whom they had seen there before, and that when she rose to leave he also rose and went after her.

Then the report was spread abroad that the king's son was searching everywhere to find one that the shoe would fit. One day he was seen coming their way. Her step-mother and her sisters then put her out of sight under a washing tub. He entered and tried the shoe first on the Swarthy Sister, but it did not fit her, he then tried it on the Fair Sister, whom it fitted better, though not quite exactly.

"You may as well take me she said, since you have not met any one, whom the shoe fits better."

oirre. Cha rachadh esan as an aite 'san robh e gus am faiceadh e i, 's leig iad a mach i. Chaidh a bhròg fhiachainn oirre, 's bha i mur gun fasadh i mu cois.

"Tha coltach gur tusa mo bheansa," ors' Mac an Righ, "a bhoid thug mise gleidhidh mi i."

"Fanabh gus an dean mi deas," ors' ise, 's ghabh i mach uatha.

Bhuail an Eachrais Urlair an slacan druidheachd oirre 's bha falt sios gu sàll, bròg oir air an darna cois 's bròg airgid air a chois eile deise gheal a dearrsadh oirre s tri druideachan seinn air gach gualainn aice. Thug an Eachrais Urlair an ath bhuille leis an t-slacan druidheachd air a charra-cheige bha taobh an doruis 's rinn i steud mòr dubh dhith a mharcaiche an fhairge ghlas mar am machaire min sgiamhach. Dar thainig ise stigh an lathair a Phrionns leum a chridhe le aoibhneas.

"Bheir thu leat mise na'm mhaighdean choimhead," ors' an Iobhal Fhionn rith piuthair; 's thug esan leis iad 's dh' fhalbh iad.

Oidhche do 'n oidhchean an deighinn sin thainig esan dhachaidh sgith 's thuirt e gun robh am pathadh air.

"Cuir thusa mo mheoirean ri d' bheul 's caisgidh iad do phadhadh." Rinn e so 's fhuair e fion 's mil a' silidh 's cha ghabhadh a thoileachadh innseadh.

Latha an deighinn sin thuirt an Iobhal Fhionn rithe "'S fhearr dhuinn dol thun an loch gar nigheadh fhein."

"Tha mi toileach," ors' ise.

Dar a rainig iad bha iad rith cheile a' nigheadh. Rinn ise mar a dh' iarradh oirre. "Seall ar faileas an so; nach sinn tha coltach ri cheile," 's nur chrom ise chuir a piuthar a da laimh rithe 's thilg i mach i 's rug a Bheist Ana-ceillidh oirre. Ghabh an Iobhal Fhionn sin suas gu bhith an aite a peathar.

'Nuair thainig Mac an Righ dhachaidh cha robh na h-eoin a seinn, 's dh' fharraid e: De bu chiul dha sin, nach robh na h-eoin a seinn. "S bharrachd air sin cha neil an steud dubh 'g itheadh a cuid; 's ann tha frasan fala fo na suilean aice." Thainig an pathadh air 's thuirt esan, "Thoir dhomh do mheoir 's gun faighinn deoch." "Gu de tha mo mheeir-sa dol a dheanamh dhuit? Cha 'n eil deoch an mheoir-sa."

"Nach abhaist dhomh bhi faighinn mil 's fion as do mheoir?" Co dhiu cha d' uair e iad 's chuir so mor ioghnadh air 's cha robh

"The vow, I made, said he, I will abide by, until I find some one whom it will fit perfectly, and he went away. The one, who was hidden under the tub gave a loud cry. He asked who gave that cry? Baldpate answered that it came from a witless person not worth his notice, but he said he would not leave the place until he would see her. They then allowed her to appear. The shoe was tried on her and fitted as though it had been measured to her foot.

"It seems you are to be my wife said the king's son for the vow that I made I will keep."

"Have patience until I prepare myself, she said, and she went out of sight. Cantrips then touched her with the enchantment wand, and her wealth of hair reached from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. A golden shoe was on one foot and a silver one on the other. She was in a dazzling white dress, and three starlings twittered on each shoulder. Then Cantrips struck a boulder of rock near the door and it became, to her, a powerful black steed that would ride the blue sea as easily as the smooth grassy sward.

When she re-appeared in the presence of the prince his joy was unbounded.

"You will let me accompany you as Maid of Honour said the Fair Maid to her sister."—The prince took them both with him.

One evening he returned home fatigued, and he complained of thirst. "Put my fingers to your lips, she said, and your thirst will be quenched. He did this, and, to his inexpressible joy, found wine and honey flowing from them.

Some time after the Fair Maid said to her. "We must go to the loch to bathe."

"I am agreeable," she replied. When they came to the loch they were to assist each other to bathe. She did as was asked of her. "Look at our appearance in the water how much we resemble each other," and when she bent forward to look, her sister pushed her with both hands into the loch where the "Great Beast Senselessness" caught her. Then the Fair Maid went her way to take her sister's place. When the king's son returned the birds were not singing and he asked why the birds were not singing as usual, and more than that; the black steed is not eating; it is shedding

e cur omhail nach i an te cheart bh' ann. Bha e so fo sprochd gun robh e aithnichte do gach h-aon bha tiomchioll air.

Bha bothag aig balachan buachaile taobh an loch 's bha teine aige 'sa bhothag.

Latha do na laithean sin thuirt ise.—

"A Bheisd mhor Anaceillidh, an leig thu suas mi ga m' gharadh ?"

"Cha leig, mur geall thu gu'n tig thu rithist air neo mur tig chan fhag mi duine na beo- chreutair os cionn gruinnd."

Fhuair ise suas thun na bothaig far an robh am buachaille 's thuirt i ris :

"Bheil fios agadsa an do shil na meoir na 'n do sheinn na h-eoin, na bheil an steud dubh dubhach 'g itheadh a cuid, no 'n subhach Mac Righ Erinn ?" 'S fhreagair esan an aghaidh sin—

"Cha do shil na meoir, 's cha do sheinn na h-eoin, tha 'n t-steud dubh dubhach, 's cha subhach Mac Righ Erinn."

Thill ise so far an robh i roimhe.

Goirid an deigh sin mar chaidh am buachaill an cainnt Mac an Righ dh' innis e mu'n bhoirionnach thainig far an robh e.

Thuirt e ris, "Cur thusa teine anns a' bhothag am maireach math dh' fheudadh gun tig i rithist."

Latha an deigh so thuirt ise, "A Bheisd mhor Ana-ceillidh, an leig thu suas mi ga 'm gharadh ?"

"Ma gheallas tu gun till thu so rithist, air neo mur till chan fhag mi duine na beo-chreutair os cionn gruinnd."

Thainig ise thun a' bhothag's thuirt i na ceart bhriathran thuirt i roimhe, "An do sheinn na h-eoin na'n do shil na meoir, bheil an steud dubh dubhach, no'n subhach Mac Righ Erinn ?" S' fhreagair am balach mar a rinn e roimhe "Cha do sheinn na h-eoin, 's cha do shil na meoir 's tha'n steud dubh dubhach, 's cha subhach Mac Righ Erinn."

An uair so dar bha am buachaille ag innseadh do'n Righ thuirt e, "Tha i coltach ris a Bhanrighinn ach nach eil i na h-eudach."

"Cur thusa teine maireach fhathast 'sa bhothaig," thuirt Mac an Righ.

Dh'iarr ise cead aon uair eile air a' Bheist mhor Anaceillidh.

"Mu gheallas tu gun tig thu rithist, neo mur tig cha bhith duine no beo-chreutair os cionn gruinnd."

showers of blood from its eyes. Then he became thirsty and said "Give me your hand that I may drink from your fingers."

"What can my hand do for you? There is no drink in my fingers."

"Did I not get wine and honey from them formerly." At all events he did not get any this time and this caused him much astonishment, but he did not observe that it was not the right one he had. He was now in such a melancholy state that it was noticeable to every one around him. A herd-boy had a small bothy with a fire in it beside the loch. One day then she said, "Huge Senseless Beast, will you let me go up to warm myself?"

"Not unless you promise to return, or if you do not return, I will not leave man or living creature above ground." She was then allowed to go up to the bothy, where the herd was, and she said to him, "Do you know whether wine and honey are flowing from the fingers, or the birds are singing, or the black steed is dull, or the King of Erinn's Son is glad?"

"There is no flow from the fingers, the birds are not singing, the black steed is sad, and the King of Erinn's Son is not glad." She now returned where she was before. Shortly afterwards, when the herd-boy came to converse with the king's son, he told him about the woman who came where he was. He said to him "You must kindle a fire in the bothy to-morrow and perchance she may return." On another day then she said, "Huge Senseless Beast, will you let me go to warm myself?"

"If you promise to return here again, or if you do not return, I will not leave any person or living creature in the world." She then came to the bothy and said as before, "Have the birds sang, or are wine and honey flowing from the fingers, or is the black steed dull, or the Son of the King of Erinn glad." The herd-boy answered as before. "The birds have not sung, no wine or honey have flowed from the fingers, the black steed is dull, and the Son of the King of Erinn is not glad." On this occasion, when the herd-boy was relating to the King, he added, "She resembles the Queen, but not in her dress."

"Kindle a fire in the bothy again to-morrow," said the King's Son. She asked now permission once more from the Huge Senseless Beast.

Rinn Mac an Righ so doigh gun rachadh e ga feitheamh 's nar fhuair e sa bhothaig i rinn e dubh ghreim oirre.

" Leig as mi," ors' ise, " Neo cha bhith duine na beo-chreutair air uachdar gruinnd."

" *Well,*" ors' esan bithidh sin sa dha raoghainn da."

Cha robh saighdear na duine bha na fhearann nach do chruinnich mun cuairt doibh. Thainig sin a' Bheist mhor Anaceillidh air tir 's rinn na saighdearain 's an sluagh bh'ann oirre agus mharbh iad an uilbheist.

Nar thugadh dhachaidh ise, sheinn na h-eoin 's shil na meoir, an steud mòr cha robh dubhach, 's bha Mac Righ Erinn subhach.

TO WILLIAM BLACK.

'Tis thine to wield a chaste and charméd pen
That thrills and gladdens hearts in every clime,
With story modern or of olden time,
Congenial comrade, faithfullest of men!
Thy leaves are redolent of heather breeze;
With deft skill thou pourtray'st each beauteous scene,
Glen, strath, and loch, and setting sun serene,
In inland shire or lonely Hebrides.
The people thou creat'st bear Nature's mould.
Endowed with dignity and grace are they;
Life's march they cheer with some sweet Scottish lay,
Or psalm, or ballad of the years of old.
Write ever on, loved friend, for at thy gate
Admiring millions do thy lines await!

DUNCAN MACGREGOR CRERAR.

New York, October 17, 1887.

"If you promise that you will again return here, or if you do not return, there will not be a man or living creature left above ground."

The King's Son then prepared to way-lay her, and when he caught her in the bothy he took a firm hold of her. "Let me go free," she said, "or there will neither be man nor living creature left above ground."

"Well," said he, "be that as it may."

There was not a man or soldier in all his land that did not gather round them. The Huge Senseless Beast came ashore, and the soldiers and all the people attacked and killed the monster.

When she was brought home, the birds sang, wine and honey flowed from the fingers, the black steed was no longer dull and sad, and the King of Erinn's Son was evermore glad.

THE GILLIECHATTAN LANDS IN LOCHABER, 1633-1663.

THE authorities of Fort-William have been recently agitating to straighten the boundaries in their neighbourhood, of the Counties of Inverness and Argyle. In doing so they would have strengthened their case by asserting that what was required was merely to revert to the ancient and natural boundaries. These ancient and clear boundaries began at Loch-na-Claidh, where the Counties of Perth, Argyle, and Inverness meet, thence in an almost straight westerly direction by lake and stream until Loch Leven is reached, thence by Loch Linnhe, the Sound of Mull, and Loch Sunart, to the Atlantic—not a break in the water boundary.

The present unnatural and absurd boundaries betwixt the two counties, is alone due to the grasping ambition of the family of Argyle. While Earl Archibald the 7th was attempting to

expiate for his own sins and those of his ancestors, by fighting the battles of Catholic Spain against the Protestant Hollanders, living under, and professing the strictest tenets of the Catholic faith, his son, the first and notorious Marquis, under the title of Lord Lorne, was busier than any of his predecessors had ever been, in extending the family influence, *per fas et nefas*—mostly the latter.

Under the ridiculous pretence that a large part of south-west Inverness-shire was more distant from Inverness than from Inveraray (conceive the impertinence of comparing the two places), Lord Lorne, who was all powerful in the Scottish Parliament, had the effrontery to get an Act passed, on 28th June, 1633, which disjoined from Inverness-shire and added to Argyleshire the lands following, viz. :—Ardnamurchan, Sunart, Lochiel, Ardgour, Kingairloch, Morven, and the Isles of Canna and Rum, including, it is presumed, Muck; because "they were more contiguous to the Sheriffdom of Argyll and Tarbert and nearer the Burgh of Inveraray, than the Burgh of Inverness, which was the Head Burgh of the Sheriffdom of Inverness, within which Sheriffdom the lands and Isles above mentioned lay."

This paper deals with that portion of the subjects above referred to called "the Lands of Lochiel," properly so called, and the adjacent lands of Glenlui and Loch Arkaig, the ancient inheritance of the race of Gilliechattan More.

These lands of Lochiel, sometimes termed a Barony, from whence the Cameron Chiefs took their designation, lay, prior to 1633, within the County of Inverness, being bounded by Clanranald on the west, by the waters of Lochy and Lochiel on the south, and by Mackintosh on the east and north. At this period, and for some years prior, Mackintosh's lands of Glenlui and Loch Arkaig were under wadset to Lochiel, in consequence of the mal-administration of the Laird of Grant, Mackintosh's guardian, and the Camerons were in full natural possession After the passing of the Act of 1633, Argyll and Lochiel, acting in concert, instead of keeping the true marches betwixt Lochiel proper, as these existed of old betwixt the Barony of Lochiel and its northernmost possession of Bannavie, with the lands of

Glenlui and Loch Arkaig; drew the absurd, imaginary, and senseless line now existing, thereby cutting off from Glenlui upwards of two miles of frontage to the river Lochy, including the whole of Muirshirlich, with its extensive shealings in the Druim of Glenlui, as also Torcastle, places expressly mentioned by name for centuries, in the Mackintosh charters. The true line of march began at the river Lochy, a little to the south or west of Torcastle, ascended the hill, crossed over the centre of Meall Bannavie, and thence by Druimfad, to Meall-Corrybuie, and the hills whose western waters flow into Lochs Morar and Nevis. Thus, as was natural, the lands of Glenlui and Loch Arkaig comprehended the sources, progress, and outfall of every run, burn, and river flowing through them.

Shortly after 1635, Lochiel's wadset was redeemed, and Mackintosh instantly protested, and endeavoured over and over again, as appears from documents extant, to have the old marches restored and the Argyle usurpation of superiority rescinded, but to no purpose. The family of Argyll was far too powerful with the Scottish Parliament, with Cromwell and Monk, to permit of the injustice being removed.

The affair was the more galling to the Mackintoshes, as it took away the lands of Torcastle, with the castle, the reputed residence of the semi mythic, semi historic Thane of Lochaber, and certainly that of the race of Gilliechattan More and his successors down to his descendant Eva, through whom, on her marriage in 1291, the lands came to the Mackintoshes. Eva is said to have died there, and with many Mackintoshes buried in St. Columba's Isle of Loch Arkaig. Further, the Mackintosh chiefs had assumed the title "of Torcastle" as their chief designation, and were so partial to it that in the ultimate sale it was stipulated and conditioned that Mackintosh should for his lifetime have right to continue the designation "of Torcastle." It would appear that there was a strong desire on the part of Argyll and Lochiel to dissever the Mackintoshes from Torcastle for all time. If so the attempt has failed. Although Dugall Mor-Thor-a-Chaisteal is long gathered to his fathers, and with him has gone many traditions of the Clan Chattan and Torcastle, these traditions are not all lost. The old

titles exist in evidence; whilst "Dail-a-chait," "Poull-a-chait," and "Buinne-a-chait" are as undying witnesses to the connection betwixt Torcastle and the Mackintoshes, as are Clach-Mor-Mhic-an-Toisich, and Rudha Mhic-an-Toisich, to the gallant part taken by Clan Chattan during the fight at Kinlocheil in the time of Montrose.

A list of the tenants, values, and possessions in Glenlui and Loch Arkaig are now given as these existed in 1642. They are taken from an execution of warning to remove at Mackintosh's instance, under the hands of David Cuming, Notary Public in Ruthven of Badenoch, dated 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9th April of that year. This errand of the messengers was hardly a safe one. He states that he "affixed a copy of the Precept on the most patent doors of their dwelling houses," and apparently was not molested, his only attendants being John Macpherson in Inveroymore, and Alister Cuming, his Brother German.

THE POSSESSORS OF GLENLUI AND LOCH ARKAIG, 1642.

1. Duncan Oig M'Martin for the two penny land of Kylinross;

2. Allan Mac-Ian-a Voddich for the five penny land of Erracht;

3. Donald Cameron, tutor of Lochiel, for the two penny land of Moy, and for the two penny land of Muserolich;

4. Allan Cameron of Lochiel, for the two penny land of Torchastell;

5. John-vic-Coil-vic-Ian-vic-Conchie, for the two penny land of Inveruiskavullin, and for the penny land of Glenmaillie;

6. John vic Coil vic Allister, for the two penny land of Barr;

7. Allister vic Coil Oig, for the two penny land of Strone, the penny land of Auchnaherry, and the penny land of Incrurichin;

8. Donald vic Allan vic Ian Dhu, for the two penny lands of Clunes, for the two penny lands of Glastermore, and for the penny land of Torchronan;

9. Duncan Roy vic Ian vic Allister for the two penny lands of Invercheakich, and for the penny land of Keandmore;

10. Duncan vic Conchie vic Ewen, for the two penny lands of Achnasaul, and for the penny land of Salchan;

11. Allister vic Ian vic Conchie Ban, for the penny land of Creiw and Salchan;

12. Ewen vic Conchie vic Ewen for the penny land of Muik and Ark;

13. Mulmore vic Ian vic Wm. for the penny land of Kaillach;

14. John vic Ewen vic Wm. for the two penny lands of Murligan, and for the penny land of Ark;

15. Angus vic Ian vic Wm. vic Conchie Van for the three penny lands of Glenpean;

16. Duncan vic Ewen vic Conchie for the two penny land of Glendessary;

17. Lachlan vic-Coil-vic-Gillie-Vor for the penny land of Keandpoill;

18. Dougald vic Allister vic Coil for the three penny land of Glenmallie, penny land of Mailliart, and for the penny land of Ardnoise, and for the penny land of Auchnacarry;

19. Ewen vic-Coil-vic-Ian in Laganphairne and Kinnach.

It will be seen that there were nineteen principal tenants holding thirty-three townships, with values given in all cases but two, amounting to 51 pennies of land. Lagganfearn and Kinnach are not valued, but in another paper they are valued at one penny, bringing the whole up to 52 pennies. As the lands however were of the value of 40 merks of old extent, divided into 60 pennies, it follows that the whole are not included in the messenger's execution. In a deed without date, but probably about 1663, the following ten towns are enumerated, in addition to the foregoing, which would make a total of 43 townships, and bring up the values to 60 pennies. These are Inverlittin, Invermaillie, Glasbregach, Keandloch, Glenkingie, Guisach, Dewrag, Loch Maillie, Achnanellan, and Achnaroy.

The rental may be contrasted with that of 1717 (*Celtic Magazine*, Vol. XI. pages 523-7) and the one of 1788, pages 458-60 of Mackenzie's *History of the Camerons*.

It will be observed that there are very few surnames, but it is not to be concluded they were all Camerons. On the contrary, Macphees, Macmillans, Macgillonies, etc., were common.

The patronymic of "Boddach" long stuck to the Camerons of Erracht. The first Boddach of Erracht was Ewen, one of the

tutors and uncle of Lochiel, murdered when an old man at Inverlochy. In 1598 "John Badach Mac Mhic Ewen of Errach, and his brother Ewen" are found; in 1642 Allan Mac Ian a Voddich is tenant of the place; and in 1663 Ewen vic Ian a Voddich is found. Erracht was a five penny land, and the largest holding on the estate. The curious story of Ewen afterwards Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassifern, deforcing in 1791 Mr. Alexander Macdonell of Milnfield, Inverness, where he went as Notary Public on behalf of Sir Allan Cameron to take infeftment in Erracht, referred to in the before-mentioned *History of the Camerons*, pages 441-42, may be given some day. Modern deforcers might learn a lesson.

During the usurpation, the Mackintoshes found themselves unable to cope with Lochiel, who had Monk at his back, but after the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, determined efforts were made to recover the lands.

A secret agent was despatched to Lochaber, with the following instructions written on the back of a sheet of paper with the names of the townships.

First. You shall try how many penny lands every particular town above mentioned, with their several pendicles, consist of.

Secondly. Try the name of the principal tenant of every town under Mac-Conill-duy.

3. How much duty every town payeth in all yearly.

4. How much of the duty thereof is silver, and how much butter and cheese, and how much other acknowledgments and casualties.

5. You are to try how much duty Mac-Conill-duy gets out of every town yearly, and how much the principal possessor has free, by and attour Mac-Conill-duy's part.

6. Remark what sort of duty Mac-Conill-duy gets out of it, and tak a note of every particular thing by itself;

7. Tak a note of the pendicles of every Town and for what they pay duty. (The pen has been drawn through No 7.—C.F.M.)

8. Try if the names of the principal posssessors of each Town be rightly insert in this paper, and if not mend the fault.

Item, Try if Donald the Tutor possess Muserolich as yet, and after what manner he holds it of his nephew;

Item, Try after what manner did Ewen-vic-Ian-a-Voddich possess the Eiracht, and how long since he quit it, and who is now principal tenant thereof, and to whom it pays duty, and what duty it pays yearly, and whether or not it pays victual rent, and how much of it;

Item, Try in what year Evan Cameron of Lochzeild entered with the Estate, and put the Tutor from his Tutorie;

Item, Try who are the greatest destroyers of the Woods, and take a note of their names, and of the skaith they did these three years bypast;

Item, Try which of the rest of the Lochaber men, who are the Marquis of Huntly's, are guilty of the Woods of Glenluy and Loch Arkaig, and take a note of their names;

Item, Try who possesses Glastermore, and whether it pays duty to Mac-Conill-duy, or to the Gudeman of Clunes, and try how much it pays yearly, and of what sort;

Item, Try who possesses Achnaroy, Glenkingie, Durak, Glasbregach, Keandloch, Loch Mailzie, Glenmailzie, and of what Towns they are pendicles, and how much land every one of them is.

There is no date to this paper, but it is placed in 1663, although perhaps a little earlier. Most of the tenants are the same as in the paper of 1642, and they need not be repeated; but one or two entries are interesting—"Glenpean is possessed by —— vic-Ian-dhu-vic-Gillonie (whose father was killed in the ficht at Lochzeild against the English), and by Mac-Ian-vic-Conchy, and Mac-Conchy-Van." The story goes that, of any note, it was Lochiel's foster-brother alone, described as a youth, who fell in this notable battle. Lochiel's power and personal influence are shown in two ways—First, he appears to have dismissed his uncle Donald the Tutor, or, as it is expressed, "put the Tutor from his Tutorie." Second, Ewen, the then Boddach of Erracht, one of the most influential men of the house and clan, had been removed from Erracht and is described as "now of Delcattaig."

The present situation of Glenlui and Loch Arkaig, from a natural point of view, is unsatisfactory, possessed by about ten people only. The Lochiel family have a pious tradition that

the ancient people voluntarily forsook their homes to look for work at the Caledonian Canal. This work was to endure for ever, and enable them, with a lot of the Corpach Moss for a home, to live in a peace and comfort impossible in the glens. This most unhappy fable was, no doubt, set afloat by the evictors. For the people to leave of their own accord those fertile spots, those splendid grazings, that beautiful and magnificent territory, a worthy object of fierce contention for three hundred years betwixt two powerful clans, and for a temporary object, would, indeed, be casting upon a shrewd and thinking race the stigma of supreme folly.

In conclusion, Will this grand territory again be repeopled? Will there again be a well-attended school at Kean-Loch Arkaig, and taught, as of old, by a Mackintosh? Will a gudeman of Strone, himself a soldier, again send out seven stalwart sons, officers, to bleed and die for their country? Will some of the race of the Boddachs of Erracht sally forth from their snug homes to give a kindly greeting to the passer by as he wends his way through the ever verdant Glenlui? Will hospitality again, with open doors, be dispensed at Muik? Will ladies like Miss Jeanie Cameron, fit to capture Princes, again come out of Glendessarie? Will the mill wheel of Inveruisk-a-Voullin again contentedly and steadily revolve performing its honourable work for the contented tillers of Glen Loy? Many will answer, No; and say, as well expect that the head waters of Knoydart and of Glengarry, which, for a time, run back to back, shall alter their ultimate destinations into the Atlantic and German Oceans. But they may be wrong, and

"Those who live shall see."

C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.

JOHN CAMPBELL, THE LEDAIG POET, AT HOME.

[By Andrew James Symington.]

Few districts in Britain, or indeed anywhere out of the Holy Land, possesses more attractions—in regard to scenery, historical association, and antiquarian interest—than Benderloch, which lies some half-dozen miles north of Oban, the fair capital of the Western Highlands. The road to it by the side of Loch Etive, passes the ruins of Dunstaffnage, historically acknowledged once to have been the central seat of government in Scotland, and associated with legendary tales regarding the Scoone Coronation Stone, now in Westminster Abbey.

Five miles from Oban is Connel Ferry, where are Ossian's "Falls of Lora," which, at certain states of the tide, especially at half ebb, are very turbulent rapids. These are caused by the narrowness of the passage, and a sunken reef of rocks, running nearly across the loch; the loud terrific roar of the rushing waters, is often heard at a considerable distance. Crossing Connel Ferry, we are in Benderloch. The sea-lochs indent and cut up this part of the coast to such an extent that the district between Loch Etive, Loch Creran, and the sea, is almost an island. The name, Benderloch, signifies "a hill between two lochs." Ledaig is the name of the hill, and there are plains on either side.

In Benderloch, are Vitrified Forts, Tings, or places for holding judicial courts as in Iceland, Cromlechs, Cairns, Stone Kists with the ashes of human remains, Lake Dwellings, and Urns. There are not only many burying places of pre-historic heathen days, but also later ruins of churches and churchyards, associated with St. Columba, St. Modan, and St. Patrick. In short, the district is rich in lore, legendary and historical, of heroes, kings, and saints. Yet it had been little written about, till my intimate and life-long friend, the late Dr. R. Angus Smith, F.R.S., the well-known scientist, sanitary authority, and many-sided philosopher, as a change from his ordinary professional work, devoted his attention, during the summer holidays of several years, to the elucidation of the pre-historical archæology of the district—having first

acquired the Icelandic and Gaelic languages, to aid him in his etymological investigations. Thus, bestowing upon it his usual careful, painstaking research, he has succeeded in investing a remote past with fresh human interest, the vivid results of which are embodied in his admirable and readable volume, entitled "Loch Etive and the Sons of Uisnach."

There is no lovelier or more romantic spot in the British Islands than John Campbell's cottage-dwelling and grounds at Ledaig, under the Great Rock, and I only wish I could convey to my readers some faint idea of the beauty of his home by the sea, amid the rocks and roses. It is, in truth, the very ideal of a poet's home, and, as a bard, he is known to the Gaels over the world. It is situated above the roadside, about two miles from Connel Ferry, immediately under Dun Valanree, near Dun Uisnach, and not far from the peat moss where, when with Dr Angus Smith, I first made the poet's acquaintance.

Standing above the road which skirts the shore, the house commands a magnificent view down the Sound of Kerrera, the mountains of Mull to the west, rising purple, pale green, blue, and of opalescent tints, ever varying with the changing atmospheric effects.

The dwelling consists of a little range of white houses, built at different times, one slated and the rest thatched. All of them are trailed over with climbing plants, and embossed in greenery, while the windows are well nigh smothered up with roses—red, white, tea, or damask—honeysuckles too, clematis, and luxuriant masses of *escalonia macrantha* abound, with its leaves of glossy green relieved by numerous clusters of scarlet wax-like flowers.

The poet of Ledaig is a botanist and a skilful practical florist, so that one is delighted to come on rare tropical plants that thrive elsewhere in this country only in conservatories. A rude stone wall pillar, in front of the house, is covered with ivy, and even the various door entrances and garden divisions are gracefully spanned with rustic arches of climbing roses, japonicas, and lush trails —bright with lilac, scarlet, white, and golden bloom—rendering the air around no less fragrant than the rose gardens of Gulistan or Shiraz.

The house stands a little higher than the road, just at the

broad end of a wedge-shaped gully rising very steeply behind it, between two high hills, and down which gully rushes a clear mountain stream.

The green Ledaig hill, close to the right of the house, is wooded to the top with dark pine trees; but Dun Valanree, on the left, is a singular looking rocky high overhanging headland, nearly bare, and, at the part furthest from the house, rising several hundred feet sheer from the roadside. In one of its perpendicular clefts, half-way up, grows a tall stately plane tree, while a few green patches of ivy may also be seen on the face of the rock. In the gully behind are some trees; and, where the slope affords any space or foothold, the poet, like the Swiss Alpine dwellers, has covered it with soil, and planted shrubs, flowers, currant and gooseberry bushes; and he has even laid out strawberry beds.

Climbing to a high part of the grounds behind the house, I observed a vine, a fig-tree, and several myrtles growing most luxuriantly; and, lower down, a moss rose, with a pink and a white bud, growing on the same stem, without having been grafted. A white rose was above, and another white rose below the pink one, on the same branch.

Opposite the cottage, between the road and the sea, on the top of the rocks which go down precipitously about twenty-four feet to the shore below, Mr. Campbell, in what he calls "the middle garden," has also formed extensive walks and planted a pleasance, abounding in labyrinthine paths, amid trees, shrubs, and flowers, quiet sequestered nooks, surprises, and rocky "coignes of vantage" commanding splendid views. Flowers attain great perfection here, while several hives of bees gather honey from the wealth of fragrant bloom.

In this garden there is a curious rock-cave in which nature has been helped by a window, a door, and a fire-place. It is comfortably seated all round, and in it Mr. Campbell has taught a Sunday School for many years. It can hold about fifty children. The table is made of a tree stump on which King Robert the Bruce lunched after that encounter with Macdougall of Lorn, at the battle of Dal-Righ (the King's Field), when he lost the brooch that fastened his plaid—having to leave both

brooch and plaid in the dying grasp of the three M'Keoch's who attacked him when alone. This historical relic is still in the possession of the Macdougall family.

Wordsworth took great delight and pride in landscape gardening, when he laid off the grounds at Rydal Mount; but he had not the superior natural advantages of situation possessed by Mr. Campbell. The poet of Ledaig, during the last thirty years, has laid soil mostly derived from scrapings of the road, among the rocks, and created a little paradise—thus making "the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Where the rocks abruptly terminate, he has converted a long strip of beach, that slopes from the road down to the shore, into extensive and fertile strawberry beds. Enjoying the warmth of a sunny southern exposure, the famed Ledaig strawberries and other fruits are early, and of delicious flavour, as some of my readers may know who have tasted them at those Oban hotels, which have been so fortunate as to secure a supply from the poet.

Some of John Campbell's admirable and thoughtful poems have been translated into English by Professor Blackie, and full of genius, are spirited, pure, musical, and elevating.

Combining gardening with his duties of postmaster, the bard is a busy man, yet he has found time to aid scientific men especially in their botanical and antiquarian researches. He has often surprised the botanical Professors in Edinburgh by successfully growing tropical plants and keeping them alive in the open air during winter—plants that were never before known to thrive in this country under the same conditions.

So much for the fine balmy rock-sheltered situation of Ledaig, and the gifted poet-gardener's skill.

The other summer, in the month of June, when visiting my friend at Ledaig, I was delighted to find that he had succeeded in getting wild birds to come to him at his call.

One morning, we were out walking together on the high road, which runs parallel with and above the shore, in front of his romantic dwelling, when Mr. Campbell, calling a halt, said to me—"There, now, is one of my birds that I told you about"; and, holding out his hand, called out, "Robin, Robin, come pet,

come, come!" when the bird—a robin redbreast, came flying from the pinewood, alighted on his hand, and having eaten the crumbs placed there for it, flew away.

He told me that, at first, it for a time had come hesitatingly, but soon getting bolder, it ventured also to bring its mate. She was still more shy, to begin with; but soon gaining confidence, came to feed, perching on the hand, as fearlessly as himself.

Mr Campbell, giving me some bread to lure the bird, called Robin back, and it forthwith alighted on *my hand*, eating the crumbs placed there for it, but ever perking up its head and looking warily into my face with its bright black bead-like eyes, after every pick, to make quite sure that all was right. The sensation of being so trusted was, to me, strange, pleasing, new and curious; and I wonder how any one could ever be so mean as to betray such confidence.

Being once more at Ledaig, in August, after an interval of two months, I again saw and recognised one of the robins sitting on a spray of sweetbriar which trailed from the garden hedge. Speedily getting some crumbs, and calling to it, as Mr. Campbell had done when I was last there, it answered my call, came, and, alighting on my hand, ate as before, but seemed much more at its ease. This it repeatedly did during my stay.

Were it not for the wanton cruelty to which living creatures are often exposed, I firmly believe that birds, and other animals would be far more confiding, and, in time, get over that enforced salutary fear of man which long painful experience has moulded into an instinct.

I remember once, when visiting Thomas Aird, the poet, seeing him seated on a rustic seat in his garden at Dumfries, and hearing him call wild birds of different kinds by pet names he had given them, when they would come, alight on his knee, climb and flutter up on his breast, in order to thrust their bills into his mouth for sugar biscuits which he had there masticated and prepared for them. He would sometimes close his lips hard, on purpose to see their persistent efforts to bore in their beaks for their accustomed treat, which they knew was to be had for the taking.

Sometimes, on hearing his voice, several birds, other than

those he had called, came; when he would peremptorily order, them all away, except the particular one he had called for by name, till at length they were educated into almost instant obedience.

It is on record, that Thoreau, the American naturalist possessed and exercised a similar power, in taming and making friends of all sorts of wild creatures.

By the careful avoidance of all sudden movements or tricks, by unvarying sympathetic kindness, and by never betraying their confidence, much may be done in this direction, with birds, beasts, and even with fishes.

Tennyson speaks of sailors landing on an uninhabited island where the birds—"so wild that they were tame"—knew no fear of man.

Mr. Campbell, in 1878, was elected an Associate of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh; later, a Corresponding and Honorary Member of the Celtic Society of Montreal; while his assured position as a Gaelic Bard is everywhere acknowledged by the best authorities. In 1888, he was elected an Honorary Life Member of the Scottish Society of Literature and Art.

Under his roof I was fortunate enough to hear a lady sing two of the most ancient Celtic melodies extant, both words and music having been orally handed down from the days of Ossian. The words of both the songs I heard sung, are to be found in the Dean of Lismore's MS. volume, which was compiled in the year 1530, and the island of Lismore is near Ledaig. The Dean then noted the words from tradition, and, more than three centuries later, they are still to be found among a few old people, having thus floated down from generation to generation, with only the difference of a few trifling verbal variations.

The subjects of both songs were laments, which Mr Campbell translated for me, expressing the very poetry of sorrow; while the musical, dirge-like cadences, and strange, unexpected, weird intervals were as touchingly beautiful as they were sad.

Sitting at his fire-side, the poet greatly interested me, by telling me of a visit which my uncle, the late Professor Andrew Symington, D.D., had paid to Ledaig, more than fifty years ago, and of an address which he had then delivered, to the pupils, in

the Parish School, which was taught by Mr Campbell's father. The poet was at that time only a young boy, but so impressed was he with what he then heard that he perfectly remembered it, and gave me a clear, glowing outline of the whole address. How little we know where and when good seed shall spring up! A word in season, how good it is!

Of all the charming habitats I have visited in various parts of the world, I have never seen a dwelling-place which so perfectly realizes the ideal of a poet's home as John Campbell's picturesque little cottage at Ledaig, beside the great rock: a home with sweet humanities within; greenery and floral wealth without; and romantic surroundings of sea and mountain—scenery grand and fair.

The grounds, as I have said, are entirely of his own creation; and several times high tides and stormy seas have remorselessly devasted his fair paradise, the waves sweeping away the very soil itself from the laboriously formed rock garden. But, with pluck and praiseworthy perseverance, he each time succeeded in restoring it to its former loveliness; thus evolving cosmos from chaos, function which is notably characteristic of high art, and also of the indomitable spirit of Scottish independence.

The following poem, translated from the Gaelic by Professor Blackie, is taken from John Campbell's volume, published by Messrs. Maclachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh, 1884:—

TO MRS. HOSACK.

(Song composed in honour of the marriage of William Hosack, Esq., Barcaldine, with Miss Campbell, of Lochnell, in June, 1875.)

My love is a lady, my love is a Campbell,
And she has come back to the Highlands again;
For the blood will run thin in the veins of a Campbell
When away from the heather that purples the Ben.

'Mid the pomp of huge London her heart was still yearning
For the home in the corrie, the crag, and the glen;
Though fair be the daughters of England, the fairest
And stateliest walks in the land of the Ben.

What poet may praise her! her virtues to number
Would baffle the cunning of pencil or pen;
Though fair be the casket, the jewel is fairer—
The best of true hearts for the best of good men.

She is comely and kind, and of gracefulest greeting,
Erect and well-girt as a Campbell should show,
And a heart with warm blood, and a pulse ever beating,
With loving reply to the high and the low.

Long ages have gone since the sires of thy people
First pitched at Ardmucnas their tents on the shore,
When Diarmid himself, with his spear and his harness,
O'er the heights of the Garvaird gave chase to the boar.

The swan on the loch that belongs to thy people,
Made vocal the billow to welcome thee home,
And Mucairn and Meaderloch shouted together,
"The Campbells are coming, the Campbell is come!"

Thanks to the man who had sense for to find thee,
And steal back from England so dainty a flower;
To live where the ties of thy kindred shall bind thee,
And the love of thy people shall gird thee with power.

And we pray to the God, who gives blessing and bounty,
That the seed nobly planted may gallantly grow;
And that never a Campbell may fail on Loch Creran,
While breezes shall wander and waters shall flow.

Speaking of the delights of such friendly intercourse as he frequently enjoys, the bard truly says in four Gaelic lines which, with the aid of his own literal translation, I attempt to render thus:—

"When glowing hearts together meet,
A little while for converse sweet—
On earth, than such pure friendly bliss,
There is no greater happiness."

Gaelic is Mr Campbell's native tongue, so that one would require to know that language in order to enjoy the natural rhythmic grace, and that particular, delicate, subtle aroma which all poetry loses in translation.

The Bard of Ledaig seldom ventures to express himself in English verse, but here are eight original lines which he sent me on New Year's day, to accompany a box of winter flowers, culled in his romantic rock-garden; and, with these, I close this article, gratefully bidding the poet adieu!

"We come from the land of the far-off West
Where the heaving billows roar;
Where the sea-birds sit on the waves' white crest
As they dash on the rock-bound shore.
We come from the land of mountains grand
Where their peaks are capped with snow;
But hearts are warm, and love's sweet charm
Makes friendly feelings flow."

Landside, Glasgow. "J. C. Ledaig, 31st Dec."

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DUNCAN BAN MACINTYRE.

[By Rev. John Kennedy.]

We come now to what may be called the poet's master-piece—"The Praise of Ben Dòrain." With this hill he was familiar all his life; and the inspiration he received from its sights and scenes fitted him for recording its praises. This poem differs from his other pieces in being composed in shorter and livelier verses, which combine harmoniously the subject-matter and form. It is divided into *Urlar*, *Siubhal*, and *Crunluath*—the first two of which are several times repeated. It frequently reminds one of Sir Walter Scott's description of deer-hunting in "The Lady of the Lake;" a like vividness of conception and accuracy of detail characterise both. The picture is drawn from life and lives in their pages. No greater mistake could well be imagined than that the people of the Highlands had no eye to the beauty and charm of their native hills and vales until their attention was attracted to them by outsiders. This one poem is sufficient disproof of such a supposition.

It may be best to give first a brief outline and then add a few translated passages. Beinn Dòrain is for the poet the loveliest hill under the sun, with a large and accessible tract of land, and with quiet hiding-places for the deer. There are woods with grass, where the herds are found; and when they are stirred it is pleasant to see their flight. They have no need to wait to don a mantle —their's wears not. But if the man of unerring aim is near,

stag and hind are wounded. This is the substance of what is contained in the first *Urlar.*

Then comes the first *Siubhal* in which the lively quick-scented hind smells the wind, and descends not from the hill for fear of shot. Though she hurries there is no lack of breath—her ancestors were sound. She finds the herd—the antlered stag—her love is there. They thrive in the abundant glens, and their kids fear not the storms. Though snow should come, no other shelter than the hollow of *Coir-Altrum* would they desire.

The second *Urlar* opens with a wish that the poet should find himself in the early morning where two hundred of the deer might be seen arousing themselves—their roar would be sweeter to him than all the music in Ireland, the lordly stag leads the way; there is no flaw in his step, no lagging in his leap. Then follows a glowing account of the different herbs, flowers and grasses that form the staple food of the deer.

The second *Siubhal* opens with another description of Beinn Dòrain, with its herbs; and with another description of the deer, in which the hind tending her kids is shown to have a quick ear, a sharp eye and a fleet foot. Though Caoilte and Cuchullin should come, and all King George's men and horses, if only her skin would escape the fiery bullet, the hind would bid easy defiance to them all.

The third *Urlar* opens with a picture of the special haunts of the hind on the hill-top, and in the glen of green birch, where are thick bushes that break the fury of the north wind, and where she can sleep undisturbed—close at hand are the sweet fountains, and the pure streams so healthgiving, free and youth-bestowing.

The third *Siubhal* contains a correspondent account of the various places where the deer oftenest gather and remain—Craobh-na-h-ainnis, Coire-daingean, Coire-rainich, &c. There need be no thirst at Meall-teanail, where the wine-stream of Annaid, filtering through the sand, is sweeter than honey, is as balm to many, comes from the depth of the earth, and is free to all. Beautiful fountains with water-cresses, and with cleanest and coolest water abound on the sides of Ben Dorain.

The fourth *Urlar* describes the mountain range, but specially he beauty of the valley of Coir-fhraoich with its sunny exposure

—the choice haunt of the deer. It is so because they can sniff the wind from all directions, and because they have here all the wealth and variety of pasture they can desire. We have a reference made here to the then common mode of night-fishing with torchlight and long fir pole with a prong at the end by which the fish were speared.

Then finally comes the *Crunluath* in which we have a very accurate account of the best mode of stalking the deer. This interesting and exciting pastime cannot be the privilege of anyone who is unacquainted with the ways of the deer, or the regions in which they are found. They must be cautiously approached, while they are lying down. Through pools and hollows, behind rocks and stones for concealment the hunter must draw near, observing the nature of the ground and the movement of the clouds, and thus with much ingenuity circumvent them. With care and caution the gun is raised and directed towards the stag; the hand is put in position; the eye espies the distance; the light flint is new; the hammer strikes, the dry powder receives the spark; the barrel of Nic Coiseam is ablaze; the sure messenger wings its way like a flash of lightening; the bullet takes effect; and the stag falls or is wounded. The herd speeds away and the hounds are let loose to bring the wounded monarch to bay. Such is the delight of every true hunter, with his gun and willing dog, to whose bark the hills and mountain-valleys respond, until at last the striken deer seeks the lake, and the dogs overtake and seize him—and the hunt comes to an end—"Though I have spoken somewhat about the deer, yet, if I were to tell all I know, I should seem to lose my senses by superabundant speech."

Professor Blackie's translation of this difficult poem is very successful, and indicates the vividness and spirit of the original, as the following will show :—

"Honour be to Ben Dòrain
Above all Bens that be!
Beneath the sun mine eyes beheld
No lovelier Ben than he!
With his long smooth stretch of moor,
And his nooks remote and sure
For the deer,
When he smiles in face of day,
And the breeze sweeps o'er the brae
Keen and clear;

With his greenly waving woods,
And his grassy solitudes,
And the stately herds that fare
Feeding there;
And the troop with white behind,
When they scent the common foe,
Then wheel to sudden flight
In a row,
Proudly snuffing at the wind
As they go."

" O what joy to view the stag
When he rises 'neath the crag,
And from depth of hollow chest
Sends his bell across the waste,
While he tosses high his crest,
Proudly scorning.
And from milder throat the hind
Lows an answer to his mind
With the younglings of her kind
In the morning;
With her vivid swelling eye,
While her antlered lord is nigh,
She sweeps both earth and sky,
Far away;
And beneath her eyebrow grey
Lifts her lid to greet the day,
And to guide her turfy way
O'er the brae."

" Then [the stream] bends amid the boulders
'Neath the shadow of the shoulders
Of the Ben,
Through a country rough and shaggy,
So jaggy and so knaggy,
Full of hummocks and of of hunches
Full of stumps and tufts and bunches,
Full of bushes and of rushes
In the glen,
Through rich green solitudes,
And wildly hanging woods
With blossom and with bell,
In rich redundant swell,
And the pride
Of the mountain daisy there,
And the forest everywhere,
With the dress and with the air
Of a bride."

A very pathetic piece is that in which the hunter-poet bids adieu to Ben Dòrain—not without a vivid recollection of all his past and pleasant experiences there. He is now too old to hunt the deer, but his youthful spirit has not yet quite deserted him—

"Yestreen I stood on Ben Dorain, and paced its dark grey path,
Was there a hill I did not know? a glen or grassy strath?
Oh gladly in the times of old I trod that glorious ground,
And the white dawn melted in the sun, and the red deer cried around.

How finely swept the noble deer across the morning hill,
While fearless played the fawn and doe beside the running rill;
I heard the black and red cock crow, and the bellowing of the deer
I think those are the sweetest sounds that man at dawn may hear."

While the bard had been away Ben-dorain was put under sheep, and every thing had changed. He says—

"From side to side I turned my eyes—alas! my soul was sore—
The mountain bloom, the forest's pride, the old men were no more—
Nay, not one antler'd stag was there, nor doe so soft and light,
No bird to fill the hunter's bag—all, all, were fled from sight!

Farewell ye forests of the heath! hills where the bright day gleams!
Farewell ye grassy dells! farewell, ye springs and leaping streams!
Farewell ye mighty solitudes, where once I loved to dwell—
Scenes of my spring-time and its joys—for ever fare you well!" *

We have again the short piece called, "The End," in which we have the poet's literal and somewhat melancholy meditation among the tombs. "The grave is a cold bed; I know not how soon it may be mine. A coffin and a shroud are all that a man can bring with him. While young and strong we think not of death; but rather of the earth as an abiding place. Yet we may be made wise by seeing how inevitably others depart."

Then follows a confession of sin, and a strong hope in the mercy of Christ. The last stanza reminds one of Horace's line—Exegi monumentum aene perennius; for he leaves his verses as a legacy to be treasured by his friends, who will say—"We have his thoughts, though the poet himself is gone."

Finally, we have the elegy he composed for himself; a verse

* *Land of Lorne* by Mr. Robert Buchanan.

of which is written on his monument in Edinburgh. Rendered literally it is somewhat thus—

Thou that standest on my stone,
I was once as thou art now;
My bed to-day is the grave
No marrow and no strength is in my bones
Though thou still art young and strong
Thou shalt not always live;
Take my advice and be wise
Remember oft that death will come.

It concludes with a last adieu to the world, and to those who remain. The poet had enjoyed life well till age had brought frailty and feeblenesss. He feels that all his powers are failing, and that death is at hand; and his last prayer is that, for his Saviour's sake, he may fare well in the other world.

THE MAID OF THE ISLE.

[FROM KENNETH MACLEOD.*]

ONCE upon a time there was a King, whose wife died, and, as often happens, he married again. He had a very beautiful daughter by his first wife, and, by the second one, a stupid, scabby daughter. The second wife had great enmity to the daughter of the first one, and it was neither once nor twice that she tried to kill her, but the King always hindered her.

There was a pretty little island out in the ocean opposite the dwelling-house of the King, and the Queen thought that she would send the beautiful daughter to this isle. She went where the King was.

"Well," said she, "it is a great shame that such a big lassie as the daughter of your first wife should be at home, idle. If I were in your place, I would send her away to that little island over there."

* This is a translation of *Gruagach An Eilein*, which appeared in our July number. See further the notes on Mrs. Wallace's *Iobhal Gheal* in this number, p. 496.

The King was not very willing, but there was no help for it but to do what his wife wanted. He got a boat and put into it, without the knowledge of his wife, a bunch of sour barley, a sheep, a goat, and a cow. He then put his daughter into it and went with her to the island. When they arrived, the King and his men built a house for the daughter, and then returned home.

At night-fall, who came to see the daughter but three lads.

"Greetings to thee, Maid of the Isle!" said they.

"Well, greetings to yourselves; it seems that you have a knowledge of me which I have not of you."

"Oh, yes; but have you anything to give us to eat?"

"Oh! indeed, I have not much at all to give you, but the little I have you are welcome to it."

She went and took out the bunch of sour barley, and she gave that to them. They stayed with her until it was late, and then they rose to go. When they were leaving her good-bye, they said to her not to rise next day until the sun should rise, and that she would find the animals lying beside the house, just as she left them.

She did not rise next day until the sun rose, and she found the animals gathered together, lying beside the house, as if somebody had been herding them during the night. They had such a quantity of milk as she had never seen before, and she made plenty of butter, cheese, and curds.

At night-fall, the three lads came a-visiting on her.

"Greetings to thee, Maid of the Isle! have you anything for us to-night?"

"Well, I have a better thing to-night;" and she went and brought out what she had of butter, of cheese, of curds, and of cream. They were a-partaking of the feast and of the company with joy and pleasure until it was late of the night. Then the lads started to go. When they were leaving good-bye with the daughter they said to her that she would not require to rise until the sun should rise, and that she would find the animals gathered together beside the house, just as she had left them.

She did not rise the next day until the sun rose, and she found the animals gathered together, lying beside the house,

just as she had left them. They had such a quantity of milk as she had never seen before—more even than they had on the preceding night.

The lads were coming to see her every night during the three years she was in the island. They would stay with her until it would be late of the night, and before they would go they would ask her not to rise the next day until the sun should rise, and that she would find the animals gathered together, lying beside the house, just as she had left them. She was doing everything as they would ask her, so that, before the three years ran out, she had as many cows, sheep, and goats as she could wish.

When the three years ran out, said the King to the Queen:—

"Well, I must to-day send over a boat to the Island for my daughter, for the three years have run out."

"Oh, indeed," said she, "you need not be at the trouble. I am quite sure that not much of your daughter remains to-day."

"I will go over to see anyhow," said he, and he went. When he arrived over, his daughter met him at the shore, and how he welcomed her! He was very much pleased when he saw that she came on so well in the Island. Then they all returned home, and the King began to praise his daughter to the Queen, how well she came on in the Island.

"Oh," said the Queen, "my daughter would do quite as well if she were sent over to the Island."

"Well," said the King, "send her over is just what we shall do."

A boat was got and the Queen filled it with every kind of meat—plenty of butter, cheese, curds, and wheat bread. Then they put the stupid, scabby daughter into the boat, and they went over with her to the Island. They built a beautiful house for her there, and returned home.

At night-fall, who came to see the stupid, scabby daughter but the three lads.

"Greetings to thee, maid of the Isle! What have you for us to-night?"

"Out of this, you," said she, very cross, "It is enough for me to keep meat for myself without giving it to you."

The three lads went away without saying a word, and they did not come near her more.

When the stupid, scabby daughter rose in the morning, she could find no trace of the cows. She took the whole day seeking them, and when she found them not one of them had a drop of milk. Before the end of the three years came, every animal that she had died, and herself almost starved from want of food.

When the three years ran out, the Queen said to the King that he would require to send over a boat to the Island for her daughter. This was done, and the stupid, scabby daughter was brought home half-dead and half-living, without anything of what was sent over with her.

The Queen was vexed on account of what happened to her daughter, and she sent word to the beautiful daughter that she would require to go and gather a dish-full of bramble-berries in February. She gave her a dish, a piece of cloth with which to cover the dish and a bunch of sour barley, and she sent her away.

The girl went on walking the whole day. At nightfall, she came to a tree; she took rest at its trunk, and began to eat the bunch of barley. She had only just began to eat it, when three wolves came where she was. They were looking very thin and hungry, and the girl went and gave them the greater part of the bunch of barley. When the time came to go to bed, one of the wolves went as a pillow under her head, and the other two on each side of her to keep her warm. When the girl rose the next day, and she put herself in order, what did she see on a brae above her but a large and beautiful house. She went over to it and went in. There were none in but three lads and their mother. When they saw the daughter coming in, the three lads looked at each other, and smiled.

"It seems," said their mother, "that you had knowledge of this one before."

"Oh, yes," said they, "many a time, when we were in the Island, and when we were under spells, as wolves, she gave us meat and drink, when we were almost starving from want of food."

"Try, then, that you do kindness to her now."

They went and put meat before her, and took from her the bramble-dish, so as to fill it. They were not a moment away when they returned with the dish full of brambles, the like of which could not be found at all in the world. When the time came that the girl would require to go, said the mother to her eldest son :

"What now are you going to give to this girl?"

"Oh, well, I shall give her a golden harp which a man will hear in the five fives of the land."

She then asked her second eldest son what was he going to give to the girl.

"Oh, well," said he, "I will give her a comb, and when she combs her hair with one end of it, gold hair will grow on her, and with the other end her hair will grow as it was before."

She then asked her youngest son what was he going to give to the girl.

"Oh, well," said he, "I will give her this: every time she lifts her finger wine will flow from it."

The daughter then left good-bye with them, and she started to go home. When she came near the house she played the harp.

"Oh," said the King, and he raising himself, "my daughter is coming."

She then came in, spilt the brambles in her mother's skirt and asked the servants to bring every dish in the house to her. This was done, and she filled them all with wine. They spent a joyous, pleasant, and merry night, and the King would take a while drinking the wine, and praising his daughter how well she had done.

"Oh, indeed," said the Queen, when she was quite tired of this speaking, "my daughter would do quite as well as she if she were sent away."

"Oh, well," said the King, "send her away for brambles is just what we shall do."

This is how it was. The Queen gave to her daughter plenty of every kind of meat and a dish for the brambles. The stupid, scabby daughter went away then, and she went on until she came at night-fall to a large tree. She lay down at its trunk and began

to eat the meat. She had hardly begun when three wolves came where she was. They asked part of the meat of her.

"You ugly animals that you are," said she, "it is enough for me to keep meat to myself without giving it to you, and just run away."

They went away and did not come where she was more. The night was very cold, and the daughter had nothing to keep her warm. When morning came and the stupid, scabby daughter put herself in order, what did she see on a brae above her but a great beautiful house. She went in. There were none in but three lads and their mother. When the three lads saw her coming in, they grinned.

"It seems," said their mother, "that you had knowledge of this one before."

"Oh, yes," said they.

They went and put meat before her and took the bramble-dish from her. Then they went out and filled the dish with frogs, lizards, snails, mice, and every kind of filth a man could think of. They put a piece of cloth on the dish so that the stupid, scabby daughter should not see what was inside it.

When the time came that she had to go they gave the dish to her. She was quite pleased, for she thought that it was brambles she had. She, at length, arrived home, and asked her mother to keep up her skirt and that she would spill the brambles in it. The queen did this, and the stupid, scabby daughter spilt what was in the dish in her skirt No sooner did she spill than every animal jumped through the house. The servants could not clean the house, and it had to be left.

In lapse of time after this, a great Prince came to ask the beautiful daughter in marriage. When the Queen heard this, she made her men catch the beautiful daughter, and throw her out into the sea in a barrel. They did this, and the Queen gave her own stupid, scabby daughter to the Prince in marriage. The Prince had never seen the one he was wanting to marry, and so he did not know that the Queen cheated him. But, however, the wedding was made, and the Prince and the stupid, scabby daughter went to their own house. When they were near the house, the

prince asked his wife to play the harp, so that his men might know that they were coming.

"Oh," said she, "it is early enough."

"Put gold hair on yourself, any-way, so that the servants may see how beautiful you are."

But everything was early enough with her, until at last they arrived at the house.

"Lift now your finger," said he, "and flow wine, and we shall spend a joyous, merry night."

But it was early enough with her to do that, until, at length, the Prince had to stop asking her to do anything at all. In the lapse of time, a son was born to them and a son as ugly, unhealthy, as was ever born.

The Prince had a little boy as servant, and he would always be going down the way of the shore. He would be seeing a barrel out in the sea—one time in the middle of the ocean, and another time beside the shore. In the barrel was the most beautiful woman he ever saw. She would sometimes come on shore, give wine from her finger to the boy to drink, and ask him :

"Did she sing the music,
Or did her finger flow,
Or is the Prince's young son healthy?".

And he would answer—

"She did not sing the music,
And her finger did not flow,
And the Prince's young son is not healthy!"

One day, when the boy and the maid of the sea were together, who came on them, but the Prince himself. The maid of the sea ran away, and the Prince asked the boy, who she was.

"Well, I do not know," said the boy, "she always comes on shore, when I am here. She will flow wine out of her finger into my mouth and ask me:

"Did she sing the music,
Or did her finger flow,
Or is the Prince's young son healthy?"

And I will say—

"She did not sing the music,
And her finger did not flow,
And the Prince's young son is not healthy!"

"Well didst thou say, excellent fellow. I now understand that I was cheated entirely; but, never you mind, I will not be cheated again. You come down here to-morrow also, and I will hide myself at the back of a rock, and when the maid of the sea comes where you are, I will catch her, and I will go a witness that I will not let her go more."

This is how it was. The next day, the boy come down to the shore as usual, and the maid of the sea came on shore to flow wine out of her finger into his mouth. And no sooner did she come, than the Prince rushed from the back of the rock to catch her. She tried to escape, but he was too quick for her.

"I have you now, at anyrate," said he, "and you must marry me withont delay."

Then they set about going home, and when they were near the house, she blew the trumpet, put gold hair on herself, and when they arrived at the house, she filled every dish in the house with wine.

They made a great, joyous and merry wedding, and the stupid, scabby daughter and her son were sent home to the Queen.

I left them there.

THE SNOW-WHITE MAIDEN—AN IOBHAL GHEAL.

NOTES ON THE FOLK-TALE IN OUR AUGUST NUMBER.

I. BY MRS. WALLACE.

This tale belongs to the Cinderella class of stories, and is the best Gaelic version of that class known to me. It was taken down in the early part of this year, from the recitation of M. Sinclair, Balephuill, Tiree, who said he heard it from the widow of Archibald Maclean (*Gilleasbuig Og*) in Kilmoluag and is given as nearly as possible in the words of the reciter.

The comments and notes are drawn from the assistance within reach.

The word *Iobhal*, the Gaelic name of the daughters and of the mother, is not a word in common use. It is suggested that it is derived from *Ni'mhaol*, Bald-daughter, to denote that they were of human race and not of the fairy race, who were noted for their abundance of hair; its use would thus be a kind of indication that the story was true, and not a romancing tale. *Iobhal* or Ewald is also pronounced as if it were *Iuthal*, but that form also does not convey any further meaning. Whatever the origin of the tale may be, it will be of interest to those who are curious about such tales and their origin and history. As here given it is of value as shewing the changes which the tale may have undergone in adapting itself to the ideas of a remote locality and its state of society. The meetings at which the Prince was to be seen, being in church would alone indicate the state of matters in Tiree, the the church being the only place at which many people statedly congregate and where a stranger can see the people, and the people can see him. The riding of horses to and from church, especially by women is known, but is anything but a common practice.

The enchantment's caused by the Druidic wand of "Trouble the house," *Eachrais urlair*, points unmistakably to pre-christian times, as well as the belief in the lake being dwelt in by an imaginary beast.

The Prince being son of the King of Ireland points to the story being Gaelic and West Highland. Like all tales and rehearsals to be fallen in with in the Western Islands, Ireland is looked upon as being the mother country, and an old long established kingdom. The only other Kings mentioned most frequently in such tales are, the King of Spain and King Hassan, which latter may be the King of Saxonland, but the name is uniformly pronounced and the incidents of a tale in which it persistently occurs point more to eastern climes and habits.

The kings of France and Greece have also mention made of them. In this tale as in the others ample scope is left for the imagination and that necessarily occurs in the translation. The incident of Beauty being caught by the Beast inhabiting the lake might perhaps be traced to the Gaelic tradition of a waterhorse

inhabiting lakes and often taking young women away into the lake and keeping them there.

TEXTUAL NOTES.

Gheal. *Geal* and *fionn* both mean white and belong to that class of monosyllables, which are perfixed to other adjectives as *fionn-chasach*, white-footed, and both are more frequently applied to natural objects than to human beings. Objects are said to be *geal* as a comparison, e.g. *Co geal ri sneachda na h-aon oidhche, 's co geal ris a' chanach:* As white as new fallen or last night's snow, or as mountain down. *Fionn* is more common as denoting places, as *Fionna-phort*, white harbour, in Mull, opposite Iona, "Fionary," white shieling, in Morven. The white whelks are called *Gilleacha geala* in Tiree and *Gilleacha fionn* in Appin, Argyleshire. The utmost female beauty is denoted by *geal* and its comparisons; *fionn* is never so applied. Though a man should be *dubh*, black, he is *geal*, white, when well spoken of or praised.

Eachrais urlair, sometimes *Achlas urlair*, and invariably so in Tiree. Enchantment wand, *Slacan druidheachd*, was for enchantment while *lorg dhubh*, black staff, was the witches' instrument by which wonders could be performed. It was probably in reality only a broomstick or old woman's crutch.

Druid, starling, is common in the islands and is well known as a haunter of deserted buildings and unused chimneys. It is often to be seen impertinently perched on the back of sheep, gathering material for its nest in the chimney.

Steud, steed. The steed was called black because that was the usual colour of beasts raised by enchantments or magic.

Ceart (p.458 four lines from bottom), exactly. It was probably here, that the incident occurred which is told in other versions. A raven, *fitheach*, warns the prince by calling out "*Cas air a criomagachadh, cas air a gomagachadh, fuil sa stocaidh, fuil sa stocaidh*" "A foot bitten, a foot pinched, blood in the stocking, blood in the stocking."

Anaceile (p. 460.) A question may be here raised, whether *Anaceile* is used as an adjective or a noun, but there can be no doubt that the meaning is that her envious sister tried to drown her and nearly succeeded in the attempt.

II. BY THE EDITOR.

This tale of the Snow White Maiden—An Iobhal Gheal—is very interesting from the light which it throws on the growth of folk tales. It is evident at once that here we have really two tales joined together; there is first the Cinderella story, and, secondly, we have another tale tacked on to it, the tale of the Supplanted Bride or Heroine. In the present *Magazine*, there is another version of the whole story with a different beginning; this is Mr. K. Macleod's "Maid of the Isle." The tale of the Maid of the Isle ends with the story of the Supplanted Bride, but quite a different story prefaces it, a story which is known to Literature as that of *Toads and Diamonds*. The story has been made classic by Perrault's Popular Tales. There, under the title of Les Fées, we have the plot of the whole story. A good younger sister behaves kindly to a poor old woman, who, being a fairy, turns all her words into flowers and diamonds. The wicked elder sister treats the fairy with despite, and her words, in return, become toads and serpents; and the younger marries a king's son.

The Gaelic story, Maid of the Isle, introduces us to the well-known folk tale trio of mother, daughter, and step-daughter. The latter is sent to an Island in the sea for three years and she prospers, helped by three enchanted youths. She was taken home, an object of envy to step-mother and daughter, who in her turn tried life in the island and failed ignominiously. Then the step-daughter is sent to gather berries in mid-winter, an impossible task, which, however, is rendered possible by her kindness to three wolves, the same young men enchanted, who not merely give her the berries, but gift her with three fairy gifts, a harp, a comb, and a wine-producing power in her finger; of course the other sister tried and failed. Thereafter follows the story of how she was supplanted by the step-daughter in the marriage with the Prince of Ireland and how he recovered her. Mrs. Wallace's version of this is practically the same as Mr. K. Macleod's version.

To Mr. Macleod's version in its entirety, that is, in its two stories of the Persecuted Step-daughter and the Supplanted Bride, there are some striking parallels in German and Norse Folk-tales. In Grimm's *Fairy Tales*, number 13, the "Three Dwarfs in the word," is an exact parallel—the Step-daughter is sent for straw-

berries in mid-winter, is kind to three dwarfs, who gift her with three gifts—beauty, royal marriage to come, and that at every word she utters a gold piece fall from her mouth. Her sister is equally unlucky. Thereafter follows her marriage with the King and a year later her supplanting by the step-daughter through the magic craft of the mother. "The tale," as Mr. Lang wittily says, "is complicated by the metamorphosis of the true bride (no great change her true lover would say) into a 'little duck.' She regains her shape when a sword is swung over her." The Story of *Bushy-bride* in Dasent's *Tales from the Norse* is another parallel.

The story of the good daughter and the bad daughter is very widely distributed, and is evidently intended to point a moral. Grimm's tale of *Mother Hoble* is a very good instance of it. The younger daughter drops her shuttle down a well; she is sent after it and reaches a land where apples speak and say "Shake us, we are all ripe." She does all she is asked to do and makes Mother Holle's feather-bed so well that the feathers (snow-flakes) fly about the world. She goes home covered with golden wages, and her elder sister follows her, but not her example; she insults the apples, is lazy at Mother Holle's, and is sent home covered with pitch. "The story," says Mr. Lang, in his excellent edition of Perrault's Tales, "begins to be more exciting when it is combined, as commonly happens, with that of the substituted bride. It is odd enough that the Kaffirs have the incident of the good girl and the bad girl, the bad laughs at the trees, as in Grimm's she mocks at the apples (Theal, *Kaffir Folk-lore* p. 49). This tale (in which there is no miracle of uttering toads or pearls) diverges into that of the *Snake Husband*, a rude *Beauty and the Beast*. The Zulus again have the story of the substituted bride ('Ukcombekcantsini', Callaway's *Nursery Tales of the Zulus*, Natal, 1868). The idea recurs in Theal's Kaffir Collection (p. 136); in both cases the substituted bride is a beast. In Scotland the story of the *Black Bull o' Norroway* contains the incident of the substituted bride. The Kaffirs, in *The Wonderful Horns*, have a large part of that story, but without the substituted bride, who, in Europe, occasionally attaches herself as a sequel to *Toads and Diamonds*."

But Mrs. Wallace's version of the tale shows us that the story of the substituted bride may follow the Cinderella story. The one glides naturally and easily into the other. The elder of the two daughters of the stepmother follows the stepsister as "maid of honour" at her marriage with the prince, and thereafter supplants her. Grimm has many variants of these stories besides the *Three Dwarfs in the Wood*, and we may note more especially No. 135, which has a similar heading to Mrs Wallace's story, viz., "The White Bride and the Black."

SKETCHES OF THE CLAN MACLEAN.

IV.—CLANN THEARLAICH.

THE Clan Tearlach, Clann Thearlaich or offspring of Charles, includes the Macleans of Glen-Urquhart, and the Macleans of Dochgarroch or Davoch-garioch. They are sometimes spoken of as the Macleans of the North.

THE MACLEANS OF URQUHART.

1. Charles, one of the sons of Hector Reaganach, was the progenitor of the Clann Thearlaich. He was a distinguished warrior in his day. He was a follower of Donald, second Lord of the Isles, from whom he received certain lands in Glen-Urquhart, one of the most lovely vales in the Highlands. He was constable, or keeper of the Castle of Urquhart about the year 1398. He received the honour of knighthood from his Sovereign. He is one of the witnesses to a bond given by the Lord of the Isles in 1439. He is said to have built the Castle of Bona, known as Caisteal Spioradan or Castle of Spirits, near the lower end of Loch Ness. He married a daughter of Cumming of Dalshangie. He was succeeded by his son, Hector Buie.—A. Mackintosh Shaw's *Clan Chattan.*

Anne or Agnes, daughter of Donald son of Charles Maclean, Domhnall Mac Thearlaich, was Prioress of Iona in 1508. She died in 1543. It is probable that Donald, her father, was a

son of Charles of Urquhart. The battle of Park, Blar na Pairce was fought in the year 1488. It is stated in the "History of the Mackenzies," page 68, that Lachainn Mac Thearlaich, a renowned warrior of the family of Lochbuie, was killed at that battle by Donnachadh Mor na Tuaighe. This Lachlan may also have been a son of Sir Charles of Urquhart.

There is a tradition among the Macleans of Lochbuie to the effect that Charles of Urquhart was the eldest son of Hector Reaganach. Hugh Maclean of Kingerloch, in a letter written August 3rd, 1780, mentions this tradition, but adds that he could not positively affirm that it was true.

2. Hector Buie entered the confederacy or union of clans known as the Clan Chattan. Owing to the forfeiture of the Lord of the Isles in 1475, the district of Urquhart was annexed to the Crown and given to Hugh Rose of Kilravock. Hector Buie married Margaret, daughter of Malcolm Beg Mackintosh, Chief of the Clan Chattan. He had a feud with the Camerons of Lochiel, who put to death two of his sons who had fallen into their hands. He was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Ewen.

3. By the help of the Mackintoshes, Ewen retained possession of his father's estate for several years. They at last however deserted his cause. He was then compelled to give up all opposition. We find Rose in peaceable possession of Glenurquhart in 1482. Ewen was succeeded in the chieftainship of the Clann Thearlaich by his son, Farquhar.*

THE MACLEANS OF DOCHGARROCH.

4. Farquhar, fourth chieftain of the Clann Thearlaich, was the first Maclean of Dochgarroch. He was succeeded by his son, Donald.

5. Donald, second Maclean of Dochgarroch, is found there in 1557. He was succeeded by his son Alexander.

6. Alexander, third Maclean of Dochgarroch, fought at the battle of Glenlivet under his chief, Sir Lachlan Mor of Duart, in 1594. He was killed in a feud in North Uist in 1635, and is buried there, in the churchyard of Kilpeter. He was married

* *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, Vol. VI., page 170.

three times. By his first wife, a daughter of Rose of Kilravock, he had no issue. By his second wife, a daughter of Grant of Glenmoriston, he had three sons and a daughter, John his heir, Charles of Culbokie, David of Buntait, and Jennet, who was married in 1614 to William Baillie of Dunvean. By his third wife a daughter of Andrew Munro of Daan, he had one son, James. John Maclean, "the Centenarian," was a descendant of Charles of Culbokie. David of Buntaite was a man of highly excellent character. He was killed in a skirmish at Red Castle. Colonel John Maclean, Commandant at Caffraria, was descended from him. James, a medical doctor, was at one time Provost of Inverness. He married Alicia daughter of Captain Kenneth Mackenzie of Suddie, an Caiptean Mor, who was killed by Aonghas na Tulaich at the battle of Mulroy in 1688.

7. John, fourth Maclean of Dochgarroch, fought under Montrose at Inverlochy, Auldearn, and Kilsyth. He was present at the disastrous battle of Inverkeithing in 1651. He married Agnes daughter of Fraser of Struy. He had seven sons and three daughters, Alexander, John Og, John Ban, Hector, Allan, Donald, Farquhar, Bridget, Margaret, and Jennet. He died in 1674. Alexander, his eldest son, married a daughter of Chisholm of Strathglass. He died without issue in 1671. John Og succeeded his father. John Ban died in Strathdearn. His son John, was a captain under Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum in 1715. Captain John settled at Pitmain in Badenoch. He had two sons, James, minister of Urquhart in Morayshire, and Lieutenant-General Sir John Maclean, K.C.B. The Rev. James Maclean, minister of Urquhart, had three sons, Hugh a medical doctor, George, Governor of Sierra Leone, and James. Sir John, who died without issue, left the greater part of his money to his nephew, Dr. Hugh Maclean. Hector, fourth son of John of Dochgarroch, was killed at Killiecrankie. Allan removed to Sutherlandshire, where his descendants became quite numerous. Donald settled in Rosemarkie. His son, John, was minister of Glenburnie. His daughter was married to Murdoch Mackenzie, Bishop of Orkney. Farquhar, youngest son of John of Dochgarroch, was killed at Killiecrankie. Bridget was married to Angus Macqueen of Inches, Margaret to Donald Campbell of

Lopich, and Jennet to Malcolm Mackintosh of the family of Borlum.

8. John Og, fifth Maclean of Dochgarroch, fought under Dundee at Killiecrankie in 1689. He renounced Prelacy and became a Presbyterian. He married Margaret, daughter of Bailie Fowler of Inverness. He had five sons, John, his successor, Alexander, David, Donald, Charles, and Farquhar. Alexander had two sons Robert and William. David had a son named Alexander. This Alexander had two sons, David and Donald. The former of these settled near Hopewell, in the County of Pictou, Nova Scotia. He served some time in the old 73rd, or Macleod Highlanders. He came to Pictou about the year 1790. He had a large family. His descendants are quite numerous. Donald, fourth son of John Og, settled in Argyllshire, where he married a daughter of Campbell of Airds. Charles died unmarried in the East Indies. Farquhar was a man of roving habits. It is not known what became of him.

9. John, sixth Maclean of Dochgarroch, was a man of uncommon strength. He fought for the Stewarts at Sheriffmuir in 1715. He married a daughter of Dallas of Kintra. He had three sons, John, Charles, and William. John died before his father. He was not married. Charles succeeded his father. William was an officer in the Black Watch. He married a daughter of Mackintosh of Borlum. His son John settled in the United States.

10. Charles, seventh Maclean of Dochgarroch, married Jennet, daughter of Mackintosh of Holm. He had four sons, John his heir, Phineas who died young, Angus who died unmarried in 1794, and William. Charles died in 1778.

11. John, eighth Maclean of Dochgarroch, died in 1826. He was succeeded by his brother, William.

12. William, ninth Maclean of Dochgarroch, and twelfth Chieftain of the Clann Thearlaich, married Elizabeth, daughter of Lachlan Maclean, of the family of Kingerloch. He had three sons, Allan, Charles-Maxwell, and William. He parted with his estate in 1832. He sold it to Baillie of Dochfour. He died in 1841. Allan, his eldest son, succeeded him as Chieftain of the

Clann Thearlaich. Charles-Maxwell was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 72nd Regiment. He wrote a history of his family. We do not know whether it has been printed or not. He died in 1864. William married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Henderson of Dominica. He had two sons, William-Henderson and Allan.

13. Allan, thirteenth Chieftain of the Clann Thearlaich, died unmarried in 1864. He was succeeded in the Chieftainship by Allan, second son of William twelfth Chieftain.

14. Allan Maclean, fourteenth Chieftain of the Clann Thearlaich, resides in London.

The Macleans of Kingerloch.

The Macleans of Kingerloch are a branch of the Macleans of Urquhart, but we are not able to give their genealogy. The head of the family is known as Mac Mhic Eachainn. This makes it probable that the founder of it was either a son of Charles son of Hector Reaganach, or a son of Ewen son of Hector Buie. Balmacaan in Glen-Urquhart was originally Baile Mhic Eachainn, the town of the son of Hector; but whether the Hector meant was Hector Reaganach or Hector Buie we cannot tell. Donald, who was laird of Kingerloch in 1545, was a man of some prominence in his day. There was another Donald in 1675. Hugh was laird of Kingerloch from 1759 to 1780. He had five sons—Donald his successor, Murdoch a Captain in the 2nd West India Regiment, Colin a Lieutenant in the 37th Regiment, James a planter in Jamaica, and Hector. Murdoch, Colin, and James died unmarried. Hugh of Kingerloch had three daughters. The eldest was married to the Rev. Donald Skinner, minister of Ardnamurchan. Dr. James Skinner of Pictou was their son. Donald of Kingerloch married Anne, daughter of Hugh twelfth Maclean of Ardgour. He had no issue. His wife was born in 1765, and died in Edinburgh in 1860. Hector, his youngest brother, succeeded Donald as head of the family of Kingerloch. Hector came to Pictou, Nova Scotia, about the year 1800. He commenced business as a merchant, but failed in the course of a few years. He married a daughter of Captain John Fraser of the 82nd Regiment, who

settled in 1783 at Fraser's Point, Pictou. He had two sons and two daughters. Murdoch, his elder son, was Sheriff of Guysborough. Simon, his younger son, was a sea-captain. One of his daughters was married to the Rev. Kenneth John Mackenzie of Pictou.

Bishop Hector and his Sons.

Hector Maclean, Bishop of Argyle, was unquestionably of the family of Lochbuie. According to one account he was descended from Charles, second son of John Mor of Lochbuie. This Charles is said to have been the founder of the family of Tapull. According to another account the Bishop was a son of Angus, son of John, son of Angus, son of John, son of John, son of John, son of Sir Charles of Urquhart. He was born in 1605. He was first minister at Morvern, then at Dunoon, and lastly at Eastwood. He was appointed Bishop of Argyle in 1680, He was married to Jane, daughter of Thomas Boyd, minister of Eaglesham. He had four sons and two daughters. He died in 1687, and was buried in the churchyard of Dunoon. —Gordon's *Iona*, page 91.

Andrew, Bishop Hector's eldest son, lived in Knock, Morvern. He was known as Anndra Mac an Easbui. He was an excellent Gaelic poet. He was compelled to sell Knock owing to the fact that the Camerons were constantly stealing his horses and cattle. He was a Captain in the army. He married Florence, daughter of Charles Maclean of Ardnacross. Angus his son was a Major in Castellar's regiment in Spain. After the death of his uncle, Alexander, he assumed his title, and became Sir Angus. Angus was married and had a son named Andrew, who was a Captain in the same regiment with himself. Both Sir Angus and his son Andrew died before the year 1780. They were the last of Bishop Hector's male descendants.

Bishop Hector's second son was Sir Alexander Maclean of Otter. Sir Alexander took a prominent part in the affairs of 1715. He died at Aix-la-Chapell. His brother, Captain Andrew, composed an elegy about him.—*Clarsach na Coille*, page 202. The Bishop's third son was a Captain in the Army. He was killed at Reyzerwerts. Of the fourth son we know nothing. One of

Bishop Hector's daughters was married to Lachlan Og seventh son of Allan, seventh Maclean of Ardgour.

V.—The Macleans of Scallasdale.

The earlier Macleans of Scalasdale were descended from Murdoch, a son of one of the Macleans of Lochbuie. He was known as Murchadh Scalasdail, Murdoch of Scalasdale. He was a man of ability, but of an ambitious and grasping character. He acted as tutor or guardian for his nephew, the heir of Lochbuie. He seized the estate for himself, and sought to retain possession of it. He married a daughter of Stewart of Appin, and by this alliance greatly strengthened his position. Ailean MacEachainn of the family of Lochbuie, and Lachainn Odhar of Ardchraoisnis supported the claims of the young heir. The Stewarts of Appin supported Murdoch. A battle took place between the two parties at Gruline. Murdoch was defeated, and the rightful heir confirmed in the possession of his estate. Some time after the battle, the young laird found his uncle asleep, but refrained from killing him. Owing to this act of kindness, Murdoch gave up his opposition to his nephew. According to a traditional account that we have read Murdoch of Scalasdale was a son of John Og, and Murdoch Gearr the nephew whom he sought to deprive of his estate.

When writing about the Macleans of Lochbuie, we stated that Murchadh Gearr may have married a daughter of Sorley Buy, but that he could not have married a daughter of the Earl of Antrim. We have learned since that as a matter of fact he did marry one of Sorley Buy's daughters. Her name was Anne. By this wife, Murchadh Gearr had a daughter, also named Anne, who became the wife of John, son and heir of Sir Alexander Macnachten who was killed at Flodden in 1513. John Macnachten had three sons, Alexander, Malcolm, and John known as Iain Dubh. Iain Dubh settled in Ireland. He was the first secretary of the first Earl of Antrim. He died in 1630. The present Chief of the Clan Macnachten is descended from him.

The later Macleans of Scalasdale are descended from Gilleain, son of the last John of Lochbuie. This Gilleain lived in Scalas-

dale. He married, in 1771, Maria, eldest daughter of Macquarrie of Ulva. He had five sons, Allan, Archibald, John, Murdoch, and Hector. Allan had two sons, Gilleain a merchant in Java, and the Rev. Angus Maclaine, minister of Ardnamurchan. Archibald was a General in the army. He received the honour of knighthood for his defence of Fort Matagorda for fifty-five days with only 155 men against 8,000 men under Marshal Soult. He died in 1861. Murdoch, a Captain in the army, was killed at the battle of Maida in 1806. John, a Major in the army, was killed at Waterloo. Hector was a Colonel in the army. He married in 1816, Martha only child and heir of William Osborne of Kingston in the county of Gloucester. He died in 1847. He was succeeded in Kingston by his only child, William Osborne.

The Macleans of Lehire.

Lachainn Lubanach married Margaret, daughter of John of the Isles by Annie MacRory, in 1366. He received three charters from Donald of the Isles in 1390. Hector his son, Eachann Ruadh nan Cath, is witness to a charter granted at Dundonald in 1405. Hector obtained a charter of certain lands in Coll in 1409. He was killed at Harlaw in 1411. He had by his wife, a daughter of the Earl of Douglas, two sons, Lachainn Bronnach, his successor, and John Dubh.

The Macleans of Lehire, or Leth-thir, are descended from John Dubh, second son of Hector Roy of the battles. John Dubh was quite young at the time of his father's death. He was present at the battle of Inverlochy, fighting under Donald Ballach in 1431. He was succeeded in Lehire by his son Neil, Niall an Leth-thir. Neil was succeeded by his son, also named Neil. This latter Neil fought under Eachann Odhar, his Chief, in behalf of John of the Isles, at the battle of Bloody Bay in 1482. Owing to the large number of thumbs that he cut off as his opponents were trying to board his galley, he was called Niall nan Ordag, Neil of the Thumbs. He was succeeded by his son John, and John by his son John Og. John Og was married, but had no issue. He was put to death by Ailean nan Sop, who seized his estate and kept possession of it. It is probable that the Macleans of

Shuna and also the Macleans of Dunmore in Savil belonged to the family of Lehire.

THE MACLEANS OF ARDGOUR.

Lachainn Bronnach succeeded his father in Duart in 1411. We find himself and his son, "Lachlan Master of Duart," witnesses to a charter granted in 1449, and again to a charter granted in 1463. He seems to have been living in 1495, as in that year we find his son Lachainn Og styled simply Master of Duart.

1. Donald, a son of Lachainn Bronnach, was the first Maclean of Ardgour. He was brought up with Maclean of Kingerloch. He was a man of warlike character. With the consent of the Lord of the Isles he attacked the Macmasters of Ardgour, killed their Chief and his son, and took possession of their lands. In this daring act he was assisted by Maclean of Kingerloch. A Macmaster woman expresses her feelings towards both in the following stanza :—

Nam biodh Mac-Mhic-Eoghainn 's Mac-Mhic-Eachainn
Mar chombla air aon sgeir,
Cha tugainn-sa dheth Mac-Mhic-Eachainn,
'S dh' fhagainn Mac-Mhic-Eoghainn air.

Donald married a daughter of Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, Eoghann Mac Ailein. He had three sons by his wife. Ewen his heir, Niall Ban progenitor of the Macleans of Borreray, and John Ruadh. He had a natural son named Archibald. He died before 1463.

2. Ewen, second Maclean of Ardgour, is a witness to charters granted in 1463, 1478, and 1479. He is termed Ewen, son of Donald, son of Lachlan. He married a daughter of Thomas Chisholm of Comar, Chief of the Chisholms. He had three sons, Allan his heir, John first Maclean of Treisinnis, and Hector of Blaich and Achnadale. It is from this Ewen that the Macleans of Ardgour derive their patronymic, Mac Mhic Eoghainn.

3. According to the "Family of Maclean" the name of the third laird of Ardgour was Allan; according to Gregory it was Lachlan. He married a daughter of Mac-a-Ghlasraich, a man

of some importance in the Braes of Lochaber. He was succeeded by his son John.

4. John, fourth Maclean of Ardgour, was very young when his father died. John Ruadh, third son of Donald the first laird of Ardgour, acted as his tutor. The fourth laird was married twice. By his first wife, a daughter of Macdougall of Lorn, he had two sons, Allan his successor, and Ewen who succeeded his brother Allan. By his second wife, a daughter of the Chief of Clanranald, he had also two sons, Charles and Lachlan. He took a daughter of Macdonald of Ardnamurchan to live with him with the purpose of marrying her should she please him. He had two sons by her, John of Inverscadell and Hector. At the end of two years he sent her home to her father, but his children by her were regarded as legitimate. He had a natural son who was known as John Gleannach. We find his name attached to a document of 1545. He died shortly afterwards.

5. Allan, fifth Maclean of Duart, died without legitimate issue. He was succeeded by his brother, Ewen.

6. Ewen, sixth Maclean of Ardgour, married a daughter of Stewart of Appin, by whom he had two sons, Allan his heir and John. He was killed in Lochaber by a party of the Macdonalds of Keppoch, who mistook him for Cameron of Lochiel with whom they were on bad terms. John, Ewen's second son, had a son named Allan. This Allan was the father of John Maclean, the Mull poet. The poet was known as Iain Mac Ailein, or more fully as Iain Mac Ailein Mhic Iain, Mhic Eoghainn. His poems were written down by Dr. Hector Maclean of Mull. The manuscript has been carefully preserved.

7. Allan seventh Maclean of Ardgour, was a minor at the time of his father's death. His uncle Charlie acted as tutor. Charles, who was an unscrupulous man, tried to obtain the estate for himself, but did not succeed. Allan married Catherine daughter of Allan Cameron of Lochiel, Ailean nam Biodag. He had eleven sons, John the elder his heir, Hector, Allan, Charles, Donald, Lachainn Mor, Lachainn Og, Ewen the elder, Ewen the younger, Archibald, and John the younger, two of his sons, Donald and John the younger, were killed at Inverkeithing in

1651. He was about one hundred and two years of age at the time of his death.

Lachainn Og, seventh son of Allan of Ardgour, married a daughter of Hector Maclean, Bishop of Argyle. Major-General Sir Joseph Maclean, was one of his descendants.

8. John eighth Maclean of Ardgour was lame, owing to a fall which he got when a child, and was known as Iain Cniback. He was married twice. By his first wife, Anne daughter of Campbell of Dunstaffnage, he had five sons; Ewen his heir, Lachlan progenitor of the Macleans of Blaich, Donald, Allan, and Archibald. By his second wife, Marion, daughter of Hector second Maclean of Torloisk, he had one son, John. He lived to the age of ninety-five.

9. Ewen nineth Maclean of Ardgour, married Mary, daughter of Lachlan Maclean of Lochbuie, and has five sons; Allan his heir, Donald, Charles, John and Lachlan.

10. Allan, tenth Maclean of Ardgour, was born in 1668. He married Anne, daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel. He had six sons, Donald, Ewen, John, Archibald, Allan, and James. He was extravagant, and a poor manager. He brought the estate to the brink of ruin. Donald, his eldest son died in 1731. Ewen, his second son, also died whilst comparatively young. Shortly after the death of Donald, he handed his estate over to his third son, John, reserving for himself only a small yearly portion. He died in 1756, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

11. John eleventh MacLean of Ardgour, married Marjory daughter of Allan MacLachlan of Corry, and had two sons, Hugh and Hector. He died in 1739, seventeen years before his father. He was succeeded by his son Hugh.

12. Hugh, twelfth Maclean of Ardgour, married Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Houston of Gordon Hill, by whom he had Alexander his successor, and Anna, who was married to Donald Maclean of Kingerloch. He died in 1768.

13. Alexander, thirteenth Maclean of Ardgour married Margaret, eldest daughter of John Hope, second Earl of Hopetoun; he had twelve sons and two daughters; he was Colonel of the Argyleshire Militia; he was born in 1764, and died 1833; he was succeeded by his fourth son, Alexander.

14. Alexander, fourteenth Maclean of Ardgour married Helen-Jane-Hamilton, eldest daughter of Major-General Sir John Dalrymple, by whom he had two sons, Alexander-Thomas his successor, and John Dalrymple.

15. Alexander-Thomas, fifteenth Maclean of Ardgour, was born in 1835. He is the present Mac-Mic-Eoghainn.

A HIGHLAND WEDDING IN BYGONE DAYS.

WESTER ROSS CUSTOMS.

THE night preceding the marriage there was held what was popularly known as "feet washing." The bridegroom's bachelor friends met at his house on the pretext of washing his feet for his wedding. A great deal of practical joking was indulged in; for example, soot, blacking etc., were mixed with the water and rubbed on the feet and even on the face of the expectant bridegroom. Very often he made his escape from his friendly tormentors, and was chased by them till he contrived to elude his pursuers, and if he was lucky in concealing himself from them it was considered a good omen of future prosperity. When they failed in finding him he emerged from his concealment and the remaining part of the night was taken up with dancing. On the Monday night after the first proclamation, the young couple secretly paid a visit to the shoemaker for the marriage shoes; the bridegroom paying for both pairs. It was considered unlucky to get married in May; and Tuesdays and Thursdays were the favourite days for tying the nuptial knot, the other days of the week being considered unlucky. Some day in the growth of the moon was always preferred. On the morning of the wedding, the friends of the bridegroom met at his house and those of the bride at her father's. At each place they were entertained to breakfast, which consisted of milk porridge with brown sugar sprinkled over it, and finished with curds and cream. Then the bridegroom with his party, all young men and bachelors, started, headed by a piper, to the kirk or manse, or residence of the bride to have the ceremony performed. The

bride and bridegroom were not to meet or see one another till they met before the minister—the bride always taking the lead. The best young man was expected to provide a bottle of whisky and a glass and to produce them when meeting anyone on the road that he or she might drink to the health and happiness of the bridal pair. It was held unlucky to have the ceremony performed in the bride's father's house; so when not in the kirk or manse it was held in the barn. It was also unlucky to pass a church on their way to get married, but to meet a funeral was most unlucky of all, for that foretold the death of the bride or bridegroom within a twelve month. Green must on no account be worn by the bride, bridegroom, or guests, as it was the Fairies' favourite colour, and they would be highly offended if wedding parties dared to wear it.

During the ceremony great care was taken that no dogs passed between the bridal pair, and particular care was taken to have the bridegroom's left shoe without either buckle or latchet. At the church door he formed a cross with a nail or knife upon the right hand side of the door, and every knot about the bride and bridegroom's dress was carefully loosed. After the ceremony was over the bridegroom and best man retired one way and the bride and the best maid another way, to tie the knots that were loosed and the bridegroom to fix the buckle and latchet which were removed on his entry to the church or where the ceremony was performed. Before returning home, if the ceremony took place in the church, the bridal party walked round the church observing to follow the course of the sun. On the homeward way, the bridegroom now took the lead; the bride came up behind, while the piper played "Leanaidh mi thu"—"I will follow thee."

The marriage feast was spread in the barn. The first dish was generally red cabbage boiled and mashed. The prejudice against the "fairies fatal green" extended to the feast; hence green of all kinds was excluded. The next dish was "fowl-a-bree," that is, fowls cut into small pieces and made into soups with grots, onions, and carrots; then beef and mutton, roasted and boiled, and puddings of various kinds with an abundant supply of whisky. The chief waiter was the bridegroom, and when all the guests were served he was allowed to help himself. After the feast

dancing was engaged in, the ball being opened by the "shemit reel," which was performed by his best young man and the bride and her best man and his best maid. After the shemit reel was danced the two young men paid the fiddler and piper, and then the "fiddler's lawin" was collected, that is, every young man at the wedding gave from 1s. to 1s. 6d., thereby entitling him to the honour of a reel with the bride. The young men had the privilge of kissing their partners at the end of the reel.

On the bride's first entrance into her new house she had to be careful to step over the threshold if she would be lucky. A cake of bread and a cheese, both of which had been previously either broken or cut into pieces, were placed on a plate and thrown over the bride's head as she entered the door. If the plate broke it was a good omen as to having a son as heir. Then the links of the crook were put round her head or neck and she was led to the meal girnel and made to take up a handful of meal. All this was done by the mother of the bridegroom if there was such and if not the next of kin. On the first Sabbath after their marriage they went to be kirked, accompanied by a best man and best maid, and they never entered the church till the first singing was half through.

A few marriage superstitions may be mentioned. If an unmarried man happens to be placed between a man and his wife, that promises marriage within the year. A man never goes courting on Friday. Whichever sleeps first on the marriage night will be the first to die. Fire is an omen of marriage, and when sparks flew out of the fire towards young persons, and if they fixed on the clothes it was considered very lucky. Sparks of fire were also a token of a relative or a stranger coming to visit. Contracts are made on Friday.

FEAR BHA-ANN.

HERO TALES OF THE GAEL.

IX. CUCHULINN: THE SCOTCH STORIES.

WHEN we compare the Scotch *Tain Bo Chualgne* to the Irish tale on the same subject and of the same title, we are struck at once by the vast difference there is between them in form and feeling. They evidently present the same facts, but there are seven hundred years between them in age and much more than that time in literary form. The Irish tale is a literary presentment of the old mythic saga; it is literary and what is more, it is historic—it makes history of the myth. The Scotch story is a folk-tale and, even as such, it would not rank among the most serious. The comic element has been introduced into it, and so much has this latter factitious element dominated that it is the comic parts that are the most popular and which survive when the rest is forgotten. The incident of Garbh-mac-Stairn is widely known and is as often connected with Finn as with Cuchulinn. The Irish have the same story * told still by the peasantry. The following version of it was picked up a few years ago in Badenoch; the reciter had a mass of Ossianic lore, of which we unfortunately could not recover much:—

FINN'S JOURNEY TO SEE HIS DAUGHTER.

Gara-mac-stairn stole the king's daughter and married her. Finn was downcast for the loss of his daughter, and he resolved to go and see her. She knew he was coming and gave Gara-mac the hint how to act. So they were both abed when Finn arrived at their house. Gara-mac-stairn lay down below the clothes, and simulated being a baby. Finn put his finger into the apparent baby's mouth, and he got it almost cut off, and then he said "Ni e duine fhathasd" (He will make a man yet.) The wind blew a great storm, and beat fair against the entrance door. Finn complained of the annoyance caused by it, and his daughter said if the "Laoich," the gallants, were at home, they would soon put matters to right. Whereupon he said "What could they do that we could not?" She said they would soon shift the house round

* *Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts*, pp. 203-5.

so that the wind would beat on the back of it; so Finn lifted the house bodily and exchanged the front to where the back was.

Her father now asked her if she would give him the bull for his herd of cows; she said the Gudeman was from home, but if he would go a-field himself perhaps the herd would give it to him; so he went away to where the cows were grazing. Meantime Gara-mac-stairn rose and by going a short cut, arrived at the cows before Finn. Finn came up to him and asked him for the bull. Gara-mac-stairn said, "No, my master is from home, and I cannot give him away." Finn—"I got permission from your mistress." Gara—"No matter, I cannot." Finn—"You must." Gara—"No." Finn now approached the bull and caught him by the horn, and was going to lead him away. The two got very wild and almost struck each other. On Gara seeing Finn catch the bull by the horn, he (Gara) caught the other one and they pulled the beast asunder.

Mapherson, of "Ossian" fame, also got a version of the *Tain Bo Chualgne*, but it is clear from the little use he made of it that his version must have been the popular and comic one. Yet the main features are there; Cuchulinn and Ferdia, are correctly enough characterised, but Meave and Ailill have strange names and stranger motives assigned them. It forms one of Macpherson's ever recurring episodes, and will be found in *Fingal*, Book II. It is, when condensed, as follows:—Ferda, the son of Damman, was a chief of Albion, who was educated with Cuchulinn in "Muri's hall" (*sic*), an academy of arms in Ulster. Deugala, spouse of Cairbar, who was "covered with the light of beauty, but her heart was the house of pride," loved Ferda, and asked Cairbar to give her half of his herd and let her join her lover. Cairbar called in Cuchulinn to divide the herd. "I went," as he tells his friends, "and divided the herd. One bull of snow remained. I gave that bull to Cairbar. The wrath of Deugala rose." She induced Ferda most unwillingly to challenge Cuchulinn to mortal combat. "I will fight my friend, Deugala, but may I fall by his sword! Could I wander on the hills and behold the grave of Cuchulinn?" They fought and Ferda fell.

Our indefatigable friend, Mr. Kenneth Macleod, found a

version of the story in the Island of Eigg, and we have pleasure in reproducing it here. The fighting "at the ford" has been a stumbling-block to the correct transmission of the folk-tale, and it presents itself here under a very strange aspect. The story of the Beam is also a well known episode of the Tain Bo Chualgne in Irish.

MAOIM-CHRUACHAN AND CUCHULINN.

Maoim-Chruachan and Cuchullin once went in part about cattle. When the cattle was divided there was one bull over. Maoim-Chruachan sent a letter to Cuchullin asking the bull, and Cuchullin, in reply, asked her to send some of her lads for it. Maoim-Chruachan sent her lads, and Cuchullin, receiving them kindly, brought them into a room and set meat before them. He then went away out of the room and began to listen at the door. Said one of the embassy, "Is it not strange that Cuchullin gave us leave to bring the bull with us so easily?" Said another, "It is as well for him, for we would bring it from him by force." When Cuchullin heard this, he at once went to the park where the bull was. He took a great heavy beam and put it as deep into the ground as he could. On the beam he wrote that none would get the bull that could not bring the beam from its roots out of the ground. Then he exchanged clothes with Laoghare, the herd, and remained himself guarding the bull. In a short time Maoim-Chruachan's embassy came, and first singly, and then together, tried to bring the beam out of the ground; but they could only shake it. Then they went and demanded the bull of the (disguised) cow-herd. "What authority," said he, "have you for demanding the bull?" "Your master's," said they. "Oh, but I would require to hear that from the mouth of my master," answered the herd. "Well, if we will not get him with your will, we will get him without your leave."

So Maoim-Chruachan's men caught one horn and Cuchullin the other, and they began to drag until they clove the bull from its head to its tail into two. Maoim-Chruachan's men carried away one half and Cuchullin the other.

When Maoim-Chruachan's men went home with only one half of the bull, what should she do but send word to Cuchullin

to give her a day of fight and battle. Cuchullin sent for Laoghare, and they both went to a great river, on the other side of which were Maoim-Chruachan and her men. They began to throw arrows at each other, but all at once the river began to rise so that those on one side could not see those on the other. "Run," said Cuchullin to Loaghare, "and see what is putting a stop on the river." Loaghare went, and who did he find but Cuchullin's own brother, stretched across the river, so that his body was putting a stop to the river. Cuchullin went, and, although he was his brother, he cut him into two halves with his great sword, and let them down the stream. All at once the river got small and Cuchullin saw Maoim-Chruachan with a fairy (leannan-sith) on each side of her. They were throwing three arrows to the two that Cuchullin and Laoghare would throw; so Cuchullin and Loaghare had to run away. They came to a great forest and took refuge in a small underground house there. They were there for a long time without any body knowing it. Maoim-Chruachan had a girl whom she had sent for seven years to the "black school." She sent for this girl and asked her to go and find out where Cuchullin was hiding himself.

On a certain day of the days Cuchullin was run short of water and he sent Laoghare out for some. On the way he met a crow, and she struck her wing on him and made him into a rock-stone (carraig-clach). She herself took upon her Laoghare's form and went into the house. Cuchullin was rising and she said to him "Isn't it you that are lazy, you without rising and they busy putting a fight and battle on the shore?" Then she went out and struck her wing on the rock-stone. The rock-stone became Laoghare again, and she became a crow. When Laoghare came in with the water, Cuchullin asked him to make himself ready and follow him to the shore, that they were putting a fight and the battle there

"Who said that to you?" asked Laoghare.

"Did not yourself come in a while ago and tell me?"

"No, I did not come in till just now."

"I saw you any way, and so we will go."

And this was how it was, but they saw no fight nor battle on shore. They waited there a while and what did they see.

coming in but a big otter (dobhar-chu). "Well," said Cuchullin, "it was told that the last exploit I would do was to kill an otter." With that he took a big stone, struck it on the otter's head and killed it. "Now," said Cuchullin, "do you see that cliff up there? I am going there, for it was told I would die there when the crow would come and spit three times on my nose unless my brother Conall would go to the wood, gather nine nines of switches, put the head of a king's son or knight's son on each and then throw them at my feet. Now you will go and seek my brother Conall and tell him 'that Cuchullin has a new house with his head reaching the spars and the big sword on his breast.' He will say to you that Cuchullin is dead. Then you will take witness of heaven and earth that he told you first, and not you him, for if you say otherwise he will kill you."

Laoghare went away and soon met Conall. "Have you any news," said he, "of my brother Cuchullin?"

"Cuchullin has a new house with his head reaching the spars and the big sword on his breast," said Laoghare.

"Cuchullin, my brother, then is dead."

"I take witness of God and earth," said Laoghare, "that it was you that told me first of his death and not I you."

"We will not quarrel just now," said Conall, "but go to the forest for the switches."

They went and soon got the nine nines of switches. They now had to put the head of a king's son or knight's son on each switch. They soon had them all filled except one. "Now," said Conall, "there is one still without a head, and as I am a king's son and you a knight's son one of our heads must go on it."

Laoghare knew that it was his own head that would go on it and he let a head slip of one of the switches and said: "There is no reason for that. I see a head lying on the ground and it will do." They put the head on the switch and went where Cuchullin was.

The crow Feannag daughter of Caladair had just come and spat three times on his nose. Conall threw the switches at Cuchullin's feet and he fell down a green mound, and there was an end to him. Conall and Laoghare went away, and I left them there.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

To the modern mind the Quest of the Holy Grail is the most perplexing and least interesting of the Arthurian cycle of romance. The ascetic ideal which the story inculcates, and the visionary character of the Quest in its fullest and latest developement, deprive it of interest and of example to a work-a-day world. The Laureate well expresses our modern attitude to the story when he makes King Arthur scold his knights for rashly undertaking the visionary vow of the Quest:—

> "What are ye? Galahads? . . . Nay, said he, but men
> With strength and will to right the wronged, of power
> To lay the sudden heads of violence flat . . .
> This chance of noble deeds will come and go
> Unchallenged, while ye follow wandering fires,
> Lost in the quagmire!"

The life of religious asceticism, of cloistered virtue with its withdrawal from the world's battle, with its seeing of visions and dreaming of dreams, is not King Arthur's ideal, nor is it ours. Yet no portion of the Arthurian romance has given rise to more literary criticism and research than this legend of the Holy Grail. It is the latest work on the subject, that of Mr Nutt,* that has given occasion to the remarks here offered.

The Holy Grail, according to the oldest literary forms of the story dating from the 12th century, was the vessel which our Lord used at the Last Supper. Given by Pilate to Joseph of Arimathea, it served the latter to receive the blood flowing from the body of the dead Christ on the cross; then it sustained Joseph miraculously during his captivity, and was after his release used by him to test the faith of his followers. It was brought to England by Joseph, say some tales, by his brother-in-law Brons, say others, but in any case it was finally confided to Brons, to be kept until the coming of the latter's grandson, or the coming of the Good Knight. Its properties in the Castle where it was kept are described thus: "And as soon as it entered the door of the hall,

* *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail*, with special reference to the hypothesis of its Celtic origin, by Alfred Nutt. London, David Nutt, 1888.

the whole court was filled with perfume. . . and it proceeded to every place in the hall. And as it came before the tables it filled them with every kind of meat that a man would wish to have."

In some cases we find the story of the Grail by itself, as condensed above, with little or almost no reference to the story of the Quest, or search after it by the Hero; and again, there are more stories about the Hero and the Quest by themselves than there are about the Grail. In fact the history of the Grail, as a Christian legend, may be looked on as independent of the story of the Quest, as we shall find. The story of the Quest may be condensed, though with difficulty, from its sixty thousand odd lines of verse to the following compass:—A widow whose husband and two sons have fallen in battle, determines to bring up her third son in ignorance of war and arms. She does so, but unfortunately the youth one day sees some knights and takes them to be angels, but they disabuse him of his idea and explain the facts to him. He must forth despite his mother's entreaties; she dresses him in coarse linen and leather and counsels him thus:—Aid ladies if asked, he must not displease them, and he is to kiss the maid who is willing, and to take ring and girdle if he can; he must not go far with an unknown traveller, he must consort with the good and pray at church and convent. Percival, for such is his name, comes to a tent in a wood and, taking it for a convent, enters, and finds a lady sleeping, who is awakened by his horse neighing. According to his mother's orders he kisses her, takes her ring, and eats of her provision. Then he rides forth. The lady's husband does not believe her story but sends her after Percival barefooted and with no change of raiment, while he swears to avenge himself on him. Thereafter Percival arrives at Arthur's court; he finds that a Red Knight has come into the court, spilt the contents of Arthur's gold cup on the queen and then rushed off with it. Percival, who makes himself somewhat ridiculous at court, follows the knight and slays him with his dart. Then he dons the Red Knight's armour after being shown how to do so. Thereafter he meets an old knight, Gonemans, who takes him to his castle, and teaches him the use of arms and knightly feats, and dubs him knight before sending him forth. He

too must give him advice. He must not be too ready to speak or to ask questions, and he must not be always quoting his mother's counsels. After a day's journey Percival comes on a town defended by a castle, but the town is deserted and in the castle he finds the damsel Blanchefleur, who becomes his love. She tells him that the forces of King Clamidez encompass the castle and how to-morrow she must yeild. Percival conquers first Clamidez' marshall and thereafter Clamidez himself, and sends them all to Arthur's Court. Then after staying with Blanchefleur a while, he starts to see his home and mother again. He comes to a river on which there is a boat with two men fishing therein. One of them directs him to a castle hard by for shelter. After some trouble he finds it, enters, and is led to a large hall, where an old man lies on a couch and around the fire some four hundred men. He is presented with a sword on which is written that it will never break save only in one peril, known only to its maker. Hereupon enters another squire bearing in his hand a lance from the head of which a drop of blood runs down on the squire's hand. Percival would have asked about this, but he remembered Gonemans' counsel not to speak or inquire too much. Then, two more squires enter, holding each a ten-branched candelstick, and with them a damsel bearing the *Grail* in her hands: it shines so that it puts the light of the candles out as the sun does the stars. Then follows a damsel bearing a silver plate. All defile past, but Percival ventures not to ask what the "Grail" was used for, and he is not told. Next morning, when he rises, the castle is empty! So he fares forth to find the people but cannot. Going on he finds a maid holding a dead knight in her arms and lamenting. She learns where he passed last night and she upbraids him for not asking what the lance and grail meant. She tells him that the fisher who directed him and his host were one and the same man; wounded by a spear thrust through both thighs, his only solace is in fishing; hence he is called the Fisher King. Now had he asked concerning the lance, grail and dish, the good King would have been made whole again. So she tells him; and, further, she informs him his mother is dead: she died of grief when he left her. She herself is his cousin. The sword he got will fly in pieces, if

he is not careful, but it can be mended by being dipped in a lake near the house of its maker, the Smith Trebucet. Percival, riding on, meets a shabbily clad woman lamenting her fate; she is the lady of the tent, whose ring Percival took. Her husband appears, and he and Percival fight, and the latter conquers and convinces the husband of the wife's innocence. He sends them both to Arthur's Court, and Arthur astonished at all the hero's deed, sets out, court and all, to seek him. Percival sees the blood of a bird on the snow and thinks of the red and white in his love's face. Arthur's knights overtake him; he tilts over several of them, including Kex, who had mocked him when he first appeared in court. Percival returns with the Court to Carlion, and there a loathly damsel on a yellow mule makes her appearance and curses Percival for having omitted to ask about lance and grail, and she further tells of the Castle Orgellous, where 570 knights with their lady loves are bespelled. Gavain undertakes to raise the enchantment of Castle Orgellous. Percival wanders about five years and forgets God and civilisation, but being rebuked for going about armed on Good Friday, he suddenly recovers himself and confesses to a hermit, who turns out to be his uncle. The uncle tells him his sin in causing his mother's death was the reason of his failing to ask about the lance and grail; he receives absolution and rides forth. After a minor adventure or two, Percival comes to an untenanted castle, in the hall of which stands a chessboard. Percival plays, is beaten, and then is going to burl the board into the moat when a damsel appears and stays his hand. She will give her love, if he bring the head of a stag that roams in the castle park, and she lends him a hound to hunt it, bidding him be sure to bring the hound back. He overtakes the stag, cuts off its head, and is bringing it back when a maid appears and takes it from him mid reproaches for having slain her stag, and she also runs off with the hound, leaving Percival to fight with the Knight of the Tomb. After many adventures he recovers both stag's head and hound, and after a few more adventures he comes to the castle of the Fisher King for the second time. He finds him on a couch as before, and now he is eager to get answers to his questions. The Grail, the bleeding lance, and a

sword broken in two are brought in. Before learning about the rest, Percival has to try and weld together the broken sword, which none but a true knight may accomplish. Percival succeeds save that a little crack remains, and then the Fisher King embraces him and hails him lord of the house. He tells him the meaning of the lance and Grail. The lance is the same that Longis pierced Christ's side with on the cross, and the Grail is the vessel in which Joseph gathered the blood. The sword belonged to Partinal, who treacherously killed the Fisher King's brother; the sword broke over the treacherous blow and afterwards wounded the Fisher King in the thigh, when he incautiously took the fragments, and he cannot be healed until Partinal is slain and his brother's death is avenged. Percival of course does slay Partinal and his uncle the Fisher King is made whole. After his death, Percival succeeds him, and during the month of his coronation the Grail feeds all with the choicest foods.

Such is the Percival form of the Grail Quest. It is not, however, the popular one, though undoubtedly it is the oldest form of the tale, as Mr. Nutt maintains and proves. The Galahad form of the Quest is the one which is well known. It also belongs to the 12th century; the heroes of this Quest are three in number, and everything turns on the chastity of the unmarried state. Its leading features are as follows. Each knight had his own seat at the Round Table, but one was always vacant, called the Seat Perilous, awaiting the coming of the Good Knight. On a certain Whitsunday a young knight Galahad, who was recognised as Lancelot's son, was brought in by an aged man and placed in this seat. After vespers when all are round the table, a clap of thunder is heard, a light shines around brighter than the sun, the Holy Grail enters covered and passes along filling the room with perfume and the table with the food each desires. Then it vanished. It was known that the Grail did this only at one place in the world—at the Maimed King's court. So on the motion of Gavain the knights vow they will go in quest of the Grail for a year and a day. The adventures of the leading knights are then told—the adventures of Lancelot, Gavain, Percival, Bors and Galahad. These adventures, unlike the honest knightly feats of the Percival Quest, consist of encounters with all kinds of tempta-

tions in personal shapes, mostly tempations in the shape of women who turn out to be but forms of the archfiend ; symbolism is rampant; and every now and then the narrative is interrupted to relate the history, from Joseph of Arimathea downwards, of some broken sword or the genealogy of some person encountered, similarly traced. Galahad, Percival, and Bors meet at length at the court of King Pelles, the Fisher King, where the Maimed King is healed and they receive the Grail. These three knights take away the Grail out of Britain—it is too sinful a place to hold it, and bring it to Sarras, whose heathen king Galahad supplants, and after a year's rule he is taken to heaven, Grail and all. Percival retires to a convent and Bors returns to Arthur. The whole story is mystic, symbolical, and nauseously ascetic ; its ideals are monkish and false—the glorification of virginity and the hermit life. It is a highly artificial production ; Galahad, the pure, supplants the honest old hero Percival in the Quest—the Quest gets an almost purely religious and symbolic meaning—several knights errant are dragged in—sins and tempations are authropomorphised and personified—pedigrees, always a sign of artificialism and afterthought, abound.

We may take it that this latter Quest is founded on the older Percival Quest. This Mr Nutt argues at length and successfully. He then sets himself to the task of explaining the rise of the Percival Quest and the Grail History, having in view the possibilility of their Celtic origin. He shows that every incident, every custom, and every piece of paraphernalia, as lances, swords, and cups of various virtues can be matched from Celtic story, more especially from Gaelic story and myth. How Gaelic should be so closely allied to Welsh tale it is easy to see ; the races were ultimately one linguistically and the connection between Ireland and Wales was close in the fourth century and onward ; the invasions of the Picts and Scots were followed by some Gaelic colonisation, the memory of which and its results were still felt in the 9th century, when Cormac spoke of "Glastonbury of the Gael ;" and curiously enough it is around this same Glastonbury that the Grail legend centres. Glastonbury was the meeting point of Gaelic, Welsh, and French influences on the story. Its Gaelic connection is further evidenced by the Gaelic

charm given in the Saxon "Leechdoms,"* volume second, the MS. of which was probably written at Glastonbury.

The incidents which Mr Nutt parallels to the Grail Legend from Celtic myth, are too many to mention, but a few points may be taken up to show his argument. The young hero, who has been brought up in rough ignorance by a husbandless mother, who suddenly shocks the king's court, and who rises into the first rank of fame, is the usual hero of mythic literature, whether Celtic or Greek or even Aryan. Finn, Cuchulinn, Perseus, Cyrus and such like are parallels. The Quest itself appears to be double; there is the portion of it which deals with avenging insult to, or death of, a kinsman and there is the actual obtaining of such a talisman as the Grail. Parallels to both are common. Campbell's tale of the Knight of the Red Shield is a close parallel to the Quest for vengeance in behalf of a kinsman and it contains also the healing-cup incident. Finn had a healing-cup, known in Gaelic as "Cuach ioc-shlaint' na Feinne, Thug Fionn Mac Cumhail e Eirionn," (the healing cup of the Feni which Fionn brought from Ireland.) His manner of acquiring the cup is variously told, but every story is agreed that he got it from an enchanter whom he worsted. Swords and lances play a leading part in Gaelic tales; swords may speak, cauldrons may bring to life, and the spear of Pezar, King of Persia, whose name was the Slaughterer, had to have its blazing fiery head kept in a cauldron of water; the champion who bore it in the fight could do any deed he pleased. We note that Mr. Nutt has made little or no reference to the tale of the Children of Turenn, which is full of parallelisms to the Holy Grail. The palace of the Holy Grail he considers to represent the other world and compares to it the palaces hid under hills and knolls where a great race of warriors are sleeping, awaiting their resuscitation at the coming hero's hands. The name Brons he connects with Bran of the Welsh, who is supposed to have been god of the dead. The failure of the hero to ask the questions necessary to break the spell on his first visit to the Grail Castle is paralleled by the *Geasa* or taboos so often met with in Gaelic folk-tales. These are some of the points which Mr. Nutt passes in clear and rapid review in his pages.

* See *Celtic Magazine*, XII. p. 236.

How did these Celtic romances hit the fancy of mediaeval chivalry? Mr Nutt answers this question. It arises chiefly from the treatment of women in Celtic hero tales. The ladies of Celtic romance have a freedom and an initiative in all matters, whether of love or war, that exactly suited the ideas and needs of the knight errantry of the middle ages; the Celts had knights and fair ladies in their old myths, models and ideals ready to hand for the mediaeval romancer, suited exactly to his position and his constituency. Mr Nutt sums up his position thus: "Such, all too briefly sketched, has been the fate of these tales, first shaped in a period of culture well-nigh pre-historic, gifted by reason of their Celtic setting with a charm that commended them to the romantic spirit of the middle ages and made them fit vehicles for the embodiment of mediaeval ideas. Quickened by Christian symbolism they came to express and typify the noblest and most mystic longings of man. The legend, as the poets and thinkers of the twelfth century fashionied it, has still a lesson and a meaning for us. It may be likened to one of the divine maidens of Irish tradition. She lives across the western sea. Ever and again heroes, filled with mysterious yearnings for the truth and beauty of the infinite and undying, make sail to join her if they may. They pass away and others succeed them, but she remains ever young and fair. So long as the thirst of man for the ideal endures, her spell will not be weakened, her charm will not be lessened. But each generation works out this Quest in its own spirit."

REVIEW.

THE HISTORY OF CIVILISATION IN SCOTLAND: Vol. IV. By JOHN MACKINTOSH, LL.D. Aberdeen: A. Brown & Co., 1888.

WHETHER it is that the subject of the present volume, which deals with the 19th century and our own age practically, makes it more interesting, or whether Dr. Mackintosh has fairly excelled himself in his crowning volume, we cannot decide, but we feel that this volume is the best of the four. Doubtless both facts

conduce to this result. In any case Dr. Mackintosh must be congratulated on finishing his History of Civilisation in Scotland. It is exactly ten years ago since the first volume was issued from the press, so that considering the nature of the work his readers have no cause to complain of any undue delay on the part of the author. It will be remembered that the first volume dealt with the history of progress in Scotland up to the time of the Reformation—the antiquities of the country, the chaotic history of Picts and Scots, the Norse and Norman invasions, the wars of the independence and the history of the Stewarts. It gave full accounts of the state of the people—their life, homes, education, literature, and religion. The second volume may be called the Reformation volume; it detailed that memorable struggle in the nation's history, and its consequences on the material, social, religious and literary position of the people. The third volume covers the period from 1603 to 1746; it finishes the political narrative. The covenanting struggle, the Restoration and Revolution, the Treaty of Union and its results, and the two rebellions which had their centre in Scotland were narrated and discussed on philosophical grounds. The social state of the people, their education, their literature and culture, their trade and commerce were vividly described. This third volume ended with an excellent summary of European philosophy in the 17th and early part of the 18th century. The aim of this summary, interesting as it was in itself, was to indicate the historical connections of the Scotch philosophy.

The fourth volume, with which we have here to deal, opens with a history of Scotch philosophy extending to 163 pages. It is in every respect an admirable summary of its subject; we believe that Dr. Mackintosh would be conferring a benefit on the young men who attend philosophy classes in Aberdeen and the other Scotch Universities, were he to publish these chapters separately in handbook form. We admire our author's method of exposition in this very difficult subject. He first tells the main facts of the writer's life, and then succinctly recounts his leading positions in philosophy. By judicious and extensive quotations he makes the writer speak as much as possible for himself. His exposition of Hume and Smith is particularly

good, and, as he says himself, he enters more fully into the philosophy of Hamilton than into that of any other philosopher, for two reasons—he considers him an abler psychologist than any of his Scotch predecessors, and, secondly, he believes that his philosophy has received but scant justice at the hands of the critic and expositor. Doubtless Mill's attack on Hamilton is one reason for his not receiving the honour and position that are his just due in the history of philosophy. It is in criticising Hamilton that Dr. Mackintosh gives us a little auto-biographical note that will be appreciated by those who know the circumstances under which these portly volumes of a History of Civilisation have been produced. In discussing the subject of attention and concentration of ideas on a matter, Dr. Mackintosh says: "In my own case the initial stage was extremely difficult; the circumstances were unpropitious to the acquisition of the power of concentrating attention, as I was almost constantly in the midst of bustle, and seldom alone. By a long course of persistent effort I gradually acquired a complete power of at once concentrating my mind, by an act of will, upon whatever subject I wished to investigate. This will be understood when I state that the whole of this history of mine was written, proof sheets revised and corrected, upon the counter of my own small shop in the midst of the clattering of a stirring street and at the same time attending to customers coming in and out. Thus though constantly interrupted, I mentally work on, unconscious of noise."

The next three chapters, pp. 164-265, deal with the literature of the 18th and 19th centuries. As a rule living writers are excluded, with an exception or two. In his criticisims, Dr. Mackintosh is very precise—we might almost say mathematical, for he makes use of the Hamiltonian terminology in describing a writer's mental calibre, and we continually come across such expressions as this: "His imaginative and reproductive faculties" were good or bad as the case might be. There is a freshness and precision about such criticisim that make it most welcome. With his literary judgments we can find little fault and much to praise. His esteem for Byron was a surprise. "In short," he says, "Byron is unquestionably the greatest poet that appeared in Britain during the last two centuries." Of Scott he says with

Hamiltonian terseness: "His reproductive and imaginative faculties were good, but his elaborative faculty and analytic powers were not of a high order." He repeats the good story about Dr. Norman Macleod and the Chartist weaver at Loudon. "The weaver with his shirt sleeves turned up, his apron rolled about his waist and his snuff-mull in his hand, vigorously propounded his favourite political doctrines. When he had concluded he turned to the minister and demanded an answer, and Norman replied thus:—'In my opinion your principles would drive the country into revolution and create in the long-run national bankruptcy,' 'Nay-tion-al bankruptcy,' said the old man meditatively, and diving for a pinch, 'Div-ye-think-sae,' then briskly, after a long snuff, 'Dod, I'd risk it'." Then follows seven chapters, pp. 256-490, dealing with the progress of the nation in science, medicine, education, mining, manufacture and commerce, architecture, painting and art. These chapters contain an immense mass of most valuable information; they should be useful to publicists and journalists. The labour and research involved in the statistics, facts and descriptions must have been enormous. We are delighted to see such a mass of valuable and authentic information brought together in so handy a compass, on subjects, too, upon which our national greatness and progress almost entirely depend.

The last chapters contain concise accounts and lucid criticism on the political and ecclesiastical movements of the present and past century. One chapter deals with the "Political and social movements," and it is marked by impartiality and unbiased discrimination. The account of ecclesiastical movements of the last century and a half is extremely well done. The author's leanings are always to the side of freedom and expansion, but he is fair to Tory and to Moderate, as a historian of civilisation should be. Nothing can be clearer than his narrative of the events that led to the Disruption in 1843. The last chapter, number 51, contains a summary of the whole four volumes; it is a most useful thing, and brings the whole force and object of the work briefly into focus. Dr. Mackintosh maintains that moral qualities are the main force in civilisation and not intellectual powers. That Scotch history appears to support his contention must be evident

in the perusal of his work; yet it would be well also to ponder and consider the position held by Dr. Crozier, the latest authority on civilization, who maintains that material and social conditions form the main element in progress and civilization.

In a final section Dr. Mackintosh discusses the present war of interests between capital and labour. The remedies proposed through socialism he rejects in the main, and he thinks co-operation may prove a palliation, if not a remedy. We close this excellent volume with the feeling that Dr. Mackintosh has deserved well of his countrymen in thus placing before them in clear narrative and incisive comment the facts and principles of their history from its commencement in the misty past to the progress and bustle of the present age.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Since the days of Scott, the most of our literary caterers in the realm of fiction (Mr Willliam Black is an honourable exeception) seem to think that, while a blunder in a quotation in any foreign language would be an almost unpardonable offence, any hap-hazard attempt at an approximation to the right statement of a Gaelic word or phrase is good enough. As we have hinted Scott was an early and an arch offender. Now, we think Highlanders have a right to expect one or other of three things; that authors in quoting Gaelic should (1) endeavour to give the words in their correct spelling, or (2) in a phonetic form convey as nearly as possible the pronunciation, or (3) leave the original alone, and give a translation. The most recent and perhaps the most flagrant instance of mutilation that has come under our notice is in an otherwise interesting article on Workers' Songs in the August number of the *Nineteenth Centnry*. The author Miss Laura A. Smith in giving typical specimens of the worker-songs of the Highlands, presents them in so incorrect a guise that they almost entirely fail of their purpose. Both their titles and the samples presented are ludicrously unintelligible, and were the Gaelic reader not abundantly aware of the fact that such songs abound in his native country he could derive but little enlightenment from Miss Smith's pages. We say emphatically this is unfair. The worker-songs of the Highlands are numerous and good, and employed as accompaniments to an almost endless variety of operations; a large number of them are available in correct forms, while others not yet honoured with publication could be easily collected and given to the world of letters. As an example of how Miss Smith has maimed the Gaelic version we give a couplet:

"Till an crodle drimean duble,
Odhar duble ceannan duble."

What is evidently meant is this:

"Till an crodh druimionn dubh,
Odhar dubh, cean-fhionn dubh."

One word of commendation, however. Miss Smith deserves thanks for calling attention to the subject. There is a good quarry to work, and she is evidently able and willing to do it. But we must have no more of the hotch-potch Gaelic of the first article.

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ROBERT MACKAY—ROB DONN.

[By Rev. John Kennedy.]

Robert Mackay, popularly known as Rob Donn, was born in the year 1714 at Alt-na-Caillich in the district called Strathmore in the county of Sutherland. He cannot be said to have inherited his poetic talent; but it may have been developed by his mother, who was remarkable for her knowledge and recital of Ossianic poems and the other ancient minstrelsy of the land.

Rob Donn was a born poet, and might apply to himself Pope's words, that "he lisped in numbers." Several of his infantile stanzas are still preserved, in one of which he reproaches the tailor for having buttoned his short frock behind, and thus prevented him from setting it on. About the age of six or seven years he was taken notice of by Mr. John Mackay of Musal, who brought him into his service and family. Here he remained till the time of his marriage, and had been treated with the greatest kindness and liberality, of which he ever retained the liveliest recollection. His principal avocations were those of grazier and cattle-dealer, and though a humble position needed no mean business talent. Frequent visits to the south of Scotland at market-time enabled the bard to gain knowledge of men and manners.

After his marriage, which proved a happy one, as Janet Mackay appears to have been of a kindred and sympathetic spirit, he first resided at Bad-na-h-achlais. By this time he had

become one of the most expert deer-stalkers in the country; for as yet this pastime might be said to be free to all. As the family of Reay desired to encourage him, they gave him some land on the eastern shore of Erribol, and engaged him to shoot as many deer as the household might require. This was congenial employment and afforded an opportunity to study and appreciate nature similar to that enjoyed by Duncan Ban.

Shortly after, the preservation of deer forests became common in the Highlands; but it was hard for the people to look on this in any other light than that of unwarrantable assumption of power, and hence the proverb—"Is ionraic a' mhèirle na féidh"—"Righteous theft is the (killing of) deer.". Rob Donn was of a like opinion, and on several occasions narrowly escaped banishment to the Colonies. One characteristic story is told of him. He was summoned to attend court on a charge of this kind. Accompanied by his wife and a neighbour, he set out and forgot not to shoulder his favourite gun. Soon a herd of deer crossed the pathway, and the opportunity having so suddenly presented itself, he fired and shot two dead. This naturally alarmed his wife beyond measure. His reply was, "Go home and send for them; if I return not you shall have the more need for them"—and then saluting her he added—"Fear not, it shall go hard with me if I am not soon with you again to have my share."

On another occasion when a similar charge was preferred against him, he waited on Mr. Mackay, factor to Lord Reay, who seemed deaf to every promise of good conduct. The bard at last asked, "Will you not accept of your own son Hugh as sufficient security?" The reply being in the negative, Rob Donn, as he took his leave, exclaimed, "Thanks be to Him who refuses not his Son as surety even for the chief of sinners."

Soon after this Lord Reay hired Robert as cattle-keeper on the farm of Baile-na-cille in the parish of Durness, where he remained for the greater part of his after life. Either before or after this he enlisted as a private soldier in the first regiment of Sutherland Highlanders, which was raised in 1759. The bard being so well-known, he was permitted many privileges, and scarcely did any effective duty. In one of his rambles he was met by Major Ross, who abruptly demanded, "To what company

do you belong?" "To every company," was the characteristic reply. He resided a short time at Achmore, near Cape Wrath, and later on the small farm of Mybig. Here his excellent wife died, and a few months afterwards the bard himself on the 5th of August, 1778, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

He was keenly alive to all that was beautiful and excellent in manners and conduct; and severely animadverted on the opposite defects. His stores of wit and humour are said to have been inexhaustible, and his social qualities were such as to render him a general favourite. His moral and religious character was of a high order, to which testimony is borne by his holding the office of ruling elder in the kirk-session of the parish of Durness.

Like Duncan Ban he was wholly illiterate and derived his inspiration from observation of the great world around him. A born poet, he continued without any extraneous aid to the end.

In another respect he resembled his two great contemporaries —Macdonald and Macintyre—for he was attached to the Stewart cause, even when serving in a Hanoverian Regiment. One explanation of this is that every branch of the Clan Mackay could at that time trace affinity with the Scottish Kings. "The Earl of Lennox, Darnley's father, was great-grandfather to Donald, the first Lord Reay, who was thus second cousin to King James the Sixth."

Unlike the fate of many poets whose last resting place is not even marked by a stone, a fine monumeent with inscriptions in Gaelic, Greek, Latin, and English has been raised by his countrymen to the memory of Robert Mackay, in the burying ground of Durness.

It is somewhat difficult to classify the songs of Rob Donn, as they are found to refer to a great variety of subjects, and cannot conveniently come under a few specified heads. There are few if any poems properly so called. There is no attempt at lengthened or sustained effort. All the effusions seem spontaneous, and the result mainly of the inspiration of the hour. There were few subjects or topics within the sphere of the poet's observation and knowledge, that did not find place in his songs or satires. In regard to the latter he is frequently neither so chaste in thought nor so choice in language as might have been desired.

Without attempting an accurate division, we may take a cursory view of—

I. The Elegies.
II. The Love Songs.
III. The Satirical Pieces.

I. The Elegies—Rob Donn excells in delicate and pathetic touches when dealing with the character of his friends, or of those who by upright and honourable conduct had won his admiration. But this characteristic of his muse is specially empasised in his Elegies. This is well seen in the "Marbhrann do Mhorair Mac Aoidh," and strikingly so in the last stanzas.

After indicating how Lord Reay followed in the footsteps of Abraham, and drew his inspiration for doing worthy deeds from the example left by worthy men of past generations, he goes on to show that true manhood is the main possession. Lord Reay might easily have accumulated wealth from his estates and by his pension, but instead of doing so he distributed liberally to the poor "on whose open faces he preferred to behold the image of God to seeing the stamp of the king on gold." He excelled all his ancestors in kindness to the needy, and it is far easier to wish than to believe that a better man will succeed him; though the poet would fain hope such should be the case, and his gloomy foreboding remain unrealised.

Songs to the dead are apt to be strained and exaggerated to produce effect, and to that extent are not expressive of the genuine feeling of the heart; but there are noble exceptions in every age and language, *e.g.*, Tennyson's "In Memoriam." There is a deep vein of melancholy prevading the productions of the Celtic muse, and these elegies illustrate this throughout.

The ode to the memory of Kenneth Sutherland is a good example of intense feeling and keen sense of loss. Not only men and women—all who ever knew this generous man—but the fields mourn for and miss him. Though they have consigned him with sorrow to the Hall of Oblivion, yet, as his body moulders into dust, his many good deeds come into view and abide. Though his kindred are still in his halls, to the poet all is a wilderness, every fellowship is broken in private and public;

and though the dead cannot be touched by praise or blame, it is some alleviation of grief to recall and relate the valour and virtue that were.

Like Macdonald and Macintyre, Mackay was a strong and patriotic, if mistaken, Jacobite, and in his ode to Prince Charlie this feeling finds expression. The Prince is compared to David in the hope that he may accomplish for Highlanders what David achieved for Israel. To him is due the benignity of the weather and the glory of the forest, field, and sea. He has somewhat in common with Abraham, Samson, and Solomon, would that George's crown were on his head, and the Highest reinstate him in his rightful inheritance!

In the ode to the memory of Mrs. Gray occur the words—

Though death descended with a cruel stroke,
Thy worth he only did enhance the more,
A few years of thee brought greater peace
Than any hundred living could restore.

In the elegy on Rev. J. Munro of Eadarachaolais, and Mr. D. Mackay, teacher, many fine passages occur, and the poet's power of versifying—of making sense and sound flow on harmoniously is seen to great advantage. For example take—

"Glacaidh tu chloinn
A mach o na bhroinn,
Mu's faic iad ach soills' air éigin;

Glacaidh tu 'n òigh,
Dol an coinnimh an òig,
Mu'm feudar am pòsadh eigheachd.

Ma's beag, no ma's mòr,
Ma's sean, no ma's óg,
Ma's cleachdamh dhuinn còir no eucoir;

Ma tha sinn 'n ar beò,
Is anail 'n ar sròn
Cuirear uile sinn fo na feich ud."

The above is addressed to Death as he snatches away children newly born, maidens on the eve of marriage, old and young, just and unjust—all fall a prey.

The bard pays a touching tribute to the memory of Rev. Murdoch Macdonald, Durness, who seems to have had some appreciation for poetic talent, and to have been capable of

sympathising with this somewhat erratic son of song at a time when the religious and the poetical thought of the time had very little in common. The parson who wrote the words of Tullochgorm felt the divergence keenly. While complimenting the minister on being deeply religious and at the same time appreciative of the "makers of verses," he cuttingly satirises, somewhat in the vein of Burns, "the unco guid," whom he compares to owls and birds that cannot bear the shining of the sun.

We can only refer to one other ode to the dead—that to the old bachelor brothers, who though moneyed, lived miserly and miserably. It illustrates the exception to the well known hospitality of the Highlands, and also throws a side-light on the belief, that when the poor are refused and summarily dismissed, their cry is heard and their curse falls upon the hard-hearted who drive them from their doors. Sir Walter Scott embodies this in the poem on the beggar. To him is attributed the making of the Highlands so popular and so much sought after by pleasure and health-seekers; but the beauty and grandeur of vales and woods, of streams and torrents, of bens and glens were long before observed and immortalised by native poets and not least of all by Rob Donn—and also customs and traditions. In this case a remarkable similarity is noted in the series of events that make up the life of these brothers. They were born the same year, they were comrades from youth, they partook of the same food, they were dressed alike, they dwelt together, they died the same week, they were borne on the same shoulders to burial, and they were laid side by side in one grave.

Similar note has been taken of others—not relatives, who were born the same year, baptised the same year, married the same year, and died the same year.

The poet beautifully points the moral of insisting on the duty and privilege of those who are in want; but fears his appeal may fall on deaf ears, as the beggar's voice fell on the ears of the brothers seven days before they died.

II. The Love Lyrics—And along with these may be put the descripttve pieces, as they are frequently suggested by phase of sentiment—personal or patriotic. When he was threatened with banishment from his beloved country on account of his occcasional

visits to the forest in quest of deet, he found consolation in describing the beauty and splendour of hills, heather and woods, in giving very freely his opinion of those who interfered with his liberty, and in predicting a time when oppression and tyranny would cease. The closing verse of the "Song of Donald of the Ears" reminds one of the "Exegi monumentum aere perennius" of Horace; for both poets forsee the permanence of their work—

"Nuair theid an t-oran cluasach so
A suas air feadh na tir,
Bidh e aig na buachaillean
A' cuairteachadh 'n cuid ni;
Bidh e 'm beul nam buanaichean,
A' gearradh suas gach raoin;
Cha 'n eil guth nach bi fuaimneach dha,
'S cha chluinn e cluas nach claon."

The "Lover's Song" is full of tender pathos and treats the past as the golden age of love, when women were more constant and not so fastidious. Wealth is more looked after than worth in the age the bard criticises. The oft repeated refrain of disappointed parents is heard—"Better she were laid in the grave than married to such a man." Who then may expect to succeed? Of course the man with broad acres and numerous herds, however inferior he may be in every other respect. And yet after all truth to tell, there are a few fair, constant and modest maidens whom nothing can corrupt.

The "Song to a Sweetheart" opens with a verse which reminds one of Leander crossing the Hellespont to meet his Hero. "I see thee sit on the further shore, pretty maiden, clothed in yellow, and though the stream were in foaming flood, I should soon be by thy side." Then the lover proceeds to prove to his own satisfaction, doubtless, that the company of his loved one can sustain him in being, quite apart from more mundane fare.

The "Cattle-dealer's Song" contains some fine imagery—He addresses his absent love—stating that his thoughts wing northward on the wind; then he recounts and revisits in imagination their various trysting places among the hills, and addresses other young men not to disturb the love of his troth-plighted maiden. A very comic piece is that addressed to a young man who forsook

his love because her parents refused to give, by way of dowry, a certain stirk on which the poor lover fixed his eye. The beauty and worth of the maiden are dwelt upon to show the baseness of the churl that preferred "the dusky stirk."

The Old Maid song is full of humour — She who rejected nine and would not look but at a learned man now moralizes on the utter improbability of getting any. She has lost a third of all her charms, a third of her age is gone, a third part of her beauty has disappeared, and two-thirds if not more of her pride. Let other fair maids beware, for soon they will not be worth a groat.

"The Dream" is a very fine and finished piece of composition. Providence is represented as on a high hill-top receiving complaints from the sons of men—and specially from two hen-pecked husbands. There is a curious and striking similarity between this conception and the graphic picture of discontent with one's lot and position drawn by Addison; and the conclusion or moral is the same. A different arrangement or re-adjustment of conditions would only make matters worse—so that the right frame of mind is to learn in whatsoever state one is, therewith to be content. The sorrows of the unequally yoked husbands are vividly portrayed. Their wives cross their purposes at every point, and compel them to pass truly miserable lives. Providence reasons with the complainers and proves the folly of fretting, when the hardship might be alleviated by adhering more rigidly to duty, the more the crook in the lot afflicts. A wife more learned and lively than the rest replies and endeavours to vindicate the sex and lay blame on the lords of creation. The concluding observation is—"Complaints were numerous, but thankfulness was very rare."—

III. The Satirical Pieces. No illustration of Rob Donn's vein as Satirist can easily surpass his satire on the Clergy. They are described as excelling in everything, save the one they are sworn to advance—merchant or mariner, dealer or factor, merry farmer, or miserly steward. Though it is not right to follow a bad example, yet who would with zest partake of the food the cook would disdain to taste? How unlike the Saviour who, to prove his sincerity, washed the feet of his servants! They deck themselves with grand feathers but cleave close to the earth; they can-

not be compared to a bird or a mouse, but to the hybrid bat. Many-coloured lies are fitly compared with the fleeting aurora borealis race.

The depreciative elegy on Robert Gray, of Rogart, is very felicitous and reminds one very forcibly of Burns' "Death and Dr Hornbrook." Satan is sad, as the dead man was so bad, he knows none fit to occupy his place. In Sutherland and Caithness, the people feel they cannot be too thankful to Death for being the first to outwit a man who had full five hundred times outwitted others. Death has stolen a march on the prince of rogues; and the old judge of evil has selected him because, on account of his long experience in dark and deadly deeds, he had the best right to this bad eminence.

A retort was composed by John, the Clever, at the instigation of the Laird of Creich, and this afforded Rob Donn the desired opportunity for attacking the rival poet with all the violence and virulence of which he was capable. He begins by pouring contempt on his person — nor is the soul within but a fit tenant of such a wretched tabernacle. No one would believe the Laird of Creich but this fawning fool, and none would praise the fool but the laird. All will agree that the fame of the bard will be heightened by the fact that he has been traduced by a man so lost and low as to flatter the Laird of Creich; a man—nay, not worthy the name, but fit to be priest for a man void of faith, to be clerk to a deceiver, to be steward to a merciless family, to be instructor to children that do not exist.

When John, the Clever, was a schoolmaster and a precentor, Rob Donn happened to appear unexpectedly in church one day, and his presence utterly upset the precentor. Then followed a satirical song, in which the poet gives full scope to his pique and animus against John, whose Christianity is said to consist in love of silver and bread, and whose Sabbath-singing was a noise that old and young abhorred.

Rob Donn is particularly happy in his short and extempore effusions. When asked by a gentleman who had the reputation of tyrannising over the poor, to make a stanza to a new dress he had just put on, Rob replied: "It fits thee well behind, and better round the chest; I should like it broad and heavy, if it would

make no loss or harm ; but there is not a button or a hole in it, for which the poor man has not paid."

One of the best known, most popular and keenly satiric essays of Rob, is "Briogais Mhic Ruaridh," composed on the way to a marriage, at which, on second thoughts, it was deemed prudent to have the presence of the bard. The incident that suggested this comic song occurred before Rob Donn arrived :—it was the inadvertent mislaying of the "son of little Rory's breeches,"—a theme that gave scope to the poet's humour. On arrival, and whenever he got seated, he started singing this song, to the great amusement of all the guests.

Perhaps this notice of Rob Donn cannot be better concluded, than by mentioning what he possesses in common with the two poets previously discussed—admirable descriptive power, which appears to best advantage in the poem on "Winter." He touches and adorns mountain, stream, and plain, with their various dwellers, and throws the gleam and glamour of his genius over the most untoward circumstances :—

"Mhios chaiseannch, ghreannach
Chianail, chainneanach, ghearrt',
'Si gu clachanach, currach,
Chruaidhteach, sgealpanach, phuinneach,
Shneachdach, chaochlaideach, fhrasach,
Reotach, rasgach, gu sar;
'S e na chaoirneinean craidhneach
Fad na h-oidhche air lar.

An t-samhuinn bhagarach fhiadhaich,
Dhubharach, chiar-dhubh, gun bhlathas.
Ghuineach, ana-bhliochdach, fhuachdaidh,
Shruthach, steallanach, fhuaimneach,
Thuilteach, an-shocrach, uisgeach.
Gun dad measaich ach cal,
Bithidh gach deat is gach miseach,
Glacadh aogais a' bhais."

A LEGEND OF MULL.*

The sun rose fair on distant Mull,
Where ocean heaves its billows high,
And o'er Lochbuy the white sea gull
Winged its way 'tween wave and sky ;
The wild pipes uttered their pibroch shrill
And clansmen came from hut and heather,
With belted kilt and waving feather
To chase the deer on the misty hill.

Maclean was there with his haughty bride
And his only boy in his nurse's arms,
And the chieftain looked with love and pride
On his infant hope and his lady's charms.
"And now," he cried, "thou'lt see what cheer
Maclean's dark hills can yield thee here.
We'll touch not now the timorous hare
That croucheth low in the shady glen,
Nor whistling plover nor bonny moor hen,
But stir the fawn from its dewy lair
And drive in herds the antlered deer."

And straight his clansmen round him were spread,
Or fleet like winds of winter sped
The ground to beat both far and near,
And drive together the startled deer,
Where the chieftain's lady with ease might trace
The gathering herds and head-long chase.

Young Ian, the pride of his native glen,
The love of maids and boast of men,
Was placed alone to guard with care
A pass that op'ed a refuge where
The deer might scape the waiting fare.

They came and swept the youth away,
As a tempest scatters the foaming spray ;

* This poem, and the one following, "The Harper o' Mull," with three others, were sent us by Mr J. P. Maclean, Urbana, Champaign County, Illinois, U.S.A., accompanied by the following note :— "I enclose four poems, I find at the end of the Pennycross History (MS.) of the Macleans. I have never seen them in print. "The Harper o' Mull" has poetic merit. No. 4, "A Legend of Mull" seems to be a favourite, theme for poets. Charles Mackay has a poem on same subject, entitled "Maclaine's Child." Thomas Nimmo entitles his, "Wild Revenge." The Marquis of Lorn simply entitles his, "Lochbuie." Of all the four, the one I send you is decidedly the best. The Pennycross MS. was written by Alexander, 3rd Maclean of Pennycross."

["The Harper o' Mull," here mentioned, is by Tannahill, not by Mr Maclean. —ED. *C. M.*]

An angry man Maclean was then
As he saw the fleet herd pass the glen,
And the youth came on with head hung low,
With shame but not with fear I trow.
"Go, seize the dog," the chieftain said,
"And tear the plume from his dastard head;
Strip his coward shoulders bare,
Why should the tartan flutter there?
Go quickly, bind and scourge the wretch,
We'll see what blood the rod can fetch;
Or whether his mother's milk in part
Still lingers about his childish heart,"
No words they spoke, but stifled sighs
Might tell what dimm'd the clansman's eyes,
And why a shudder went round and round
As fell the lash on the deepening wound.

No shriek nor groan nor stifled sigh
Was heard to come from Ian's breast,
Nor tear was seen in his fiery eye,
But pale his cheek with the chill of death.
His eye balls strained and his lips compressed,
And his nostrils bled with his labouring breath.
At length the scourge away is cast,
The thongs are cut that bound him fast,
And Ian started bleeding there
And wildly seized the chieftain's heir,
And fast away to a cliff he sped,
That far o'er the boiling billows hung;
And he waved the infant high overhead,
And laughed till the rocks around him rung.

Oh wildly looked the chieftain then
As shriek and shout filled all the glen;
And with clasped hands and bended knee,
He cried, "Oh save my only child."
While Ian danced and shrieking wild
Answered thus with fiendish glee,
"Come strip thy back and let me see
The wolfish blood that flows in thee,
And then thy gory arms may hold
This infant chief that crows so bold."
The chieftain stripped and the red drops fell,
For the clansmen urged the strokes full well;
"And now," he cried, "my infant give,
And thou, I swear in peace shalt live,"
"Aha," he shrieked, "go get thee now
And see in every clouded brow,

A blushing friend or a biting foe,
Or follow thy boy to hide thy name,
And wash thy back and brow from shame
In the boiling waves where now we go."

They rushed to the brink of the rocky steep,
But the sea had covered its bosom deep,
And they heard but the sound of the billows sweep
As they seemed to lull their charge asleep.
And the sailors still as they pass the shore
With shuddering look on cliff and sea,
And tell how oft when the wild winds roar,
And their boats on the foaming billows flee,
An infant's wail they seem to hear;
Or loud and shrill on the startled sea
The clansman's shriek and fiendish glee.

THE HARPER O' MULL.

[The last Harper in West Argyllshire was the Harper of Coll.]

When Rosie was faithfu' how happy was I,
Still gladsome as simmer the time glided by.
I played my harp cheery, while fondly I sang
O' the charms o' my Rosie the winter nichts lang;
But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,
Come simmer, come winter, it's a' ane tae me;
For the dark gloom o' falsehood sae clouds my sad soul,
That cheerless for aye is the Harper o' Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alone,
In their deepest recesses I make my sad moan:
My harp's mournfu' melody joins in the strain,
While sadly I sing o' the days that are gane.
Tho' Rosie is faithless she's no' the less fair,
And the thocht o' her beauty but feeds my despair.
Wi' painfu' remembrance my bosom is full,
An' weary o' life is the Harper o' Mull.

As slumbering I lay, by the dark mountain-stream,
My lovely young Rosie appeared in my dream;
I thocht her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest
As in fancy I clasped the dear nymph to my breast.
Thou fause fleetin' vision, too soon thou wert o'er;
Thou wak'd'st me tae tortures, unequalled before.
But death's silent slumbers my grief soon shall lull,
An' the green grass wave o'er the Harper o' Mull.

CAT BLAR GLAS.

[FROM MR. CATHEL KERR.]

BHA ann roimhe so tri nigheanan righ. Dh' fhalbh iad mach air fortan. Bha iad dol agus thainig an oidhche orra. Cha b'aithne dhoibh tigh no slighe. Mu dheireadh chunnaic iad solus agus rinn iad air. Chaidh iad stigh ach cha robh aon rompa ach teine mor ann an sin. Cha b' fhad d'ur thainig Fomhair stigh. Dh'iarr iad cairtealan oidhche. Thubhairt am Fomhair gu'm faigheadh na'n deigheadh an te bu shine dh'fhuin, agus an dithis b' oige bhleoghann nan caorach 's nan gobhar. Ghabh iad an soithichean 's dh' fhalbh iad a mach. Bhleoghainn iad na caoraich 's na gobhair, ach d' ur thainig iad air an ais bha 'n dorus duinte, 's chan fhaigheadh iad stigh no freagairt. Shuidh iad fada aig an dorus caoineadh, ach chan fhaigheadh fosgladh. Dh' fhag iad an soithichean leis a bhainne aig an dorus 's dh' fhalbh iad. Bha iad dol fad na h-oidhche sin agus an la. Cha b' fhada d' ur thainig an oidhche orra, 's cha b' aithne dhoibh tigh no slighe. Chunnaic iad solus 's rinn iad air. Chaidh iad stigh ach cha robh aon rompa ach teine mor an sin. Cha b' fhada d' ur thainig Fomhair stigh agus dh' iarr iad cairtealan oidhche air. Thubhairt e gu 'm faigheadh na'n deigheadh an te bu shine dh' fhuin, agus an te b'oige bhleoghainn nan caorach 's nan gobhar. Dh' aontaich an te bu shine, ach thubhairt an te b' oige: "Cha dealaich sinn o cheile. Nach 'eil cuimhne agad ciod e thachair dhuinn an raoir?" "An e mise dheanadh leithid sin ortsa?" arsa an te bu shine, agus mar sin bhuadhaich i oirre falbh mach. Bhleoghainn i na caoraich 's na gobhair, ach d' ur thainig i air h-ais bha 'n dorus duinte, 's cha 'n fhaigheadh i stigh no freagairt. Shuidh i fada caoineadh aig an dorus ach cha 'n fhaigheadh fosgladh. Dh'fhag i na soithichean bainne aig an dorus 's dh' fhalbh i. Bha i dol fad na h-oidhche sin 's an la. Cha b' fhada d' ur thainig an oidhche oirre. Cha b' aithne dhi tigh no slighe. Chunnaic i solus agus rinn i air. Is e bh' ann sin pailios ard ainmeil. Chaidh i stigh ach cha robh aon stigh ach teine mor air an sin, agus cat blar glas na shuidh le eallach iuchraichean mu amhaich. "Na'm bu mhi nighean an righ dheanainn suidh," arsa Cat Blar Glas. Rinn nighean an righ

so. Thug Cat Blar Glas i gu seomar mor aluinn far an robh bord air sgaoileadh leis na h-uile ni bha maith 's maiseach 's na h-uile seorsa bidh. "Na'm bu mhi nighean an righ ghabhainn biadh," ars' Cat Blar Glas. Rinn nighean an righ so. Chaidh e sin leth gu seomar coidil, agus thubhairt e, "Na'm bu mhi nighean an righ dh' fhalbhainn laighe, s' dheanainn codal." Rinn nighean an righ so. Dhuisg i 's a mhaduinn, ach cha robh aon stigh ach teine mor an sin, 's bord air a sgaoileadh leis na h-uile seorsa bidh. Dh' ith i biadh 's dh' fhalbh i. Bha i dol 's dol agus choinnich i tiodhlacadh. Ars' fear rithe, "Cul-mharcachd do nighean an righ." "Na'm bu tu Cat Blar Glas dheanainn sin," ars' ise. Dh' fhalbh esan 's thainig fear eile agus ars' esan, "Cul-mharcachd do nighean an righ." "Na'm bu tu Cat Blar Glas dheanainn sin," ars' ise. Mu dheireadh thubhairt an tritheamh fear rithe, "Ma ta 's mi." Ghabh i cul-mharcachd uaith-san, agus thug e leis i air ais gus a' phailios. Dh' innis e dhi gur h-ann aig tiodhlacadh na caillich aig an robh e fo dhruidheachd na chat bha e, 's nach bitheadh e chaoidh tuilleadh mar sin, ach mar dhuine eile. B' esan an dara h-aon b' airde anns an rioghachd agus bha nighean an righ aige-san o sin a mach.

Sin agad fortanan triuir nigheanan an righ.

THE GREY SPECKLED CAT.

[TRANSLATION OF FOREGOING.]

A certain king had three daughters, who as they were ill-treated made up their minds to go and try their fortune; so off they went, and they were going without seeing a house at which to rest for the night. At last they saw a house with light in it, and made for it, and having come to it, they entered and found a big fire there. The house was a giant's. He came in and they asked quarters, which was granted on condition that the eldest should go and prepare supper, and he told the others to go and milk the sheep and goats; so they went out to the sheep and goats and milked them, but when they returned with the milk, the doors were locked, so they could not get entrance or answer. They sat long at the door weeping but could not get in. Then they had to leave their sister behind, thinking that to be her fortune. They left the milk

vessels and were travelling all that night and the next day. The night came upon them and they could not recognise house or way. They saw a light and made for it. They entered but found no one there, but there was a great fire before them. It was not long till a giant entered; they asked quarters, and this was granted on condition that the elder girl should go and prepare supper, while the younger should go and milk the sheep and goats. The older girl assented, but the younger said—"We will not part from one another. Do you not remember what happened us last night?" "Is it I that would do such a thing on you?" said the elder, and so she persuaded her to go out. She milked the sheep and goats, but when she came back, the door was shut and she could not get entrance or answer. She sat a long time weeping at the door, but she could not get it opened.

She left the milk vessels at the door and went away, She was travelling all the night and next day. Not long was she till night overtook her. She knew not house or way. She saw a light and made for the light. What was there was a high and noble palace. She went in, but there was no one in, only there was a great fire there, and a grey speckled cat sitting by it with a bunch of keys round his neck. "Were I the King's daughter I would sit," said Grey Speckled Cat. The King's daughter did so. Grey Speckled Cat brought her to a chamber, large and beauteous where a table was spread, covered with everything that was good and beautiful, and every kind of food. "Were I the King's daughter, I would take food," said Grey Speckled Cat. The King's daughter did so. He then brought her to a sleeping chamber and said, "Were I the King's daughter, I would go to bed and sleep." The King's daughter did so. She woke in the morning but there was no one in, save that there was a big fire there and a table spread, covered with all kinds of food. She ate food and then went away. She was going, and she met a funeral. Said a horseman to her, "Come, ride at my back, King's daughter." "If you were (a) Grey Speckled Cat I would do so," said she. He passed and another came and said, "Come, ride at my back, King's daughter." "Were you (a) Grey Spekled Cat I would do so," said she. At last the third man that offered said, "Well, yes I am." She accepted his offer of riding behind him, and he

brought her back to the palace. He told her that the funeral was that of the carlin that bespelled him, and henceforward he would be as other men. He was the next highest in the kingdom, and he had the King's daughter from that time forth.

These are the fortunes of the three King's daughters.

THE MACLEODS OF RAASAY.

(By Alexander Mackenzie.)

(*Continued.*)

IX. John Macleod of Raasay, who acquired his greatest distinction for his entertainment of Dr Johnson, during his tour through the Western Isles in 1773. It will be remembered that his father, Malcolm joined Prince Charles in 1745 with a hundred of his followers (all of whom except fourteen returned to Raasay), leaving John at home, after having conveyed the estates to him, so that whatever might be the result of the Rising the property might remain in possession of the family. John was, however, a thorough Jacobite at heart, and he afterwards took an active part in securing the escape of the Prince, whom he entertained in Raasay after his father, Malcolm, had left the Island and gone to Knoydart, then belonging to Alexander Macdonald of Glengarry, whose brother, Angus of Scotus, Malcolm's mother, Catherine of Bernera, married as her second husband. Prince Charles, after leaving Kingsburgh, accompanied by Captain Roy Macdonald, met "Rona," —young Macleods designation during his father's life time, at Portree. John at once volunteered to conduct the Prince to Raasay, where he would have him concealed, while he sent a messenger to his father, whom, he said, he was quite sure would be glad to run any risk, and would welcome any opportunity to serve His Royal Highness in his distress. Murdoch Macleod, who was at the time residing with his sister at Totterome, was communicated with. He entered with alacrity into his brother's proposals to get the Prince across to Raasay, declaring that he would once more risk his life to serve him. A small boat was soon got ready, and rowed by the

two brothers across to the Island, where they found their cousin, Malcolm, who had been out with them in the recent Rising. Malcolm strongly urged upon young Raasay to keep clear of the Prince, as he had done hitherto, and that he and Murdoch, both of whom had already publicly drawn the sword in the Jacobite cause, should take charge of the Royal fugitive and secure his escape. John, however, insisted upon rendering all the assistance in his power, should it, he said, even cost him his head.

The party then crossed, and landing about half a mile from Portree, Malcolm and another went in search of the Prince, and soon found him. Captain Roy Macdonald, who was along with him, introduced Malcolm as one who had served and held the rank of Captain in the Jacobite army. Proceeding to the boat, John and his brother Murdoch were introduced, whereupon His Royal Highness would not permit the usual ceremonies of respect, but saluted them as his equals. They soon crossed the channel between Skye and Raasay, and landed at a place called Glam, opposite the village of Portree. They led the Prince to a shepherd's hut, where he was regaled on roast kid, butter, cream, and oat cake, after which he slept soundly on a bed of heather specially prepared for him in old Highland fashion—the stalks being placed upright with the bloom uppermost.

The party remained here for two days and a half, during which time two men were always kept on the watch, while John, Murdoch, and Malcolm made matters as pleasant for the Royal fugitive as it was possible for them in the circumstances to do. The party again crossed, on the third day, to Skye, where young Raasay and his brother parted with him. Murdoch, who was still suffering from a wound by a musket ball, which had passed under the skin from one shoulder to the other, at Culloden, did not proceed any farther with the Prince, but his cousin, Malcolm, accompanied His Royal Highness to Strath, Charles being disguised on the route as Macleod's servant. From Strath, where he parted with Captain Malcolm, the Prince crossed to Knoydart, and there we, for the present, part with him, his after history being too well known to need recapitulation here. A few days after parting company with His Royal Highness, Malcolm was apprehended in Raasay, taken to Portree and con-

veyed to Applecross, where he was placed on board the "Furnace" sloop of war. He was ultimately, on the 1st of November, 1746, conveyed to London, where he was detained, along with Donald Macleod of Gualtrigill, in the custody of William Dick, a messenger, until July, 1747. He was ultimately able to show that he had surrendered, with his men, in terms of the Duke of Cumberland's proclamation after the battle of Culloden, and he was then permitted to return home, in the same post-chaise as Flora Macdonald and Neil MacEachainn.

On the death of his father, John Macleod succeeded to the estates and became head of his house. In 1773, during the famous tour to the Hebrides, Raasay was visited by Dr. Johnson and his friend Boswell. Leaving Mackinnon's house at Corrichatachan, they were met by the Rev. Donald Macqueen, minister of Snizort, and our old friend Captain Malcolm Macleod with "MacGillechallum's carriage"—a good, strong Norwegian-built open boat, manned by four stout rowers, who soon landed them in Raasay. Boswell describes Malcolm as, "now sixty-two years of age, hale and well proportioned,—with a manly countenance, tanned by the weather, yet having a ruddiness in his cheeks, over a great part of which his beard extended. His eye was quick and lively, yet his look was not fierce, but he appeared at once firm and good humoured. He wore a pair of brogues; tartan hose which came up nearly to his knees and left them bare; a purple camblet kilt; a black waistcoat; a short green cloth coat bound with gold cord; a yellowish bushy wig; a large blue bonnet with a gold thread button. I never" he continues, "saw a figure that gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman. I wished much to have a picture of him just as he was. I found him frank and polite, in the true sense of the word." To this excellent pen picture, Boswell adds that while he and Dr. Johnson rode to the boat Malcolm walked with graceful agility. On the journey several Gaelic songs were sung, Malcolm singing "Tha tighinn fodham eirigh," the Rev. Mr. Macqueen and the whole crew joining in the chorus. The boatmen also sang with great spirit, and when they landed the singing of the rowers was taken up by the reapers on shore, who were working with a bounding activity. Dr. Johnson was struck

with the beauty of the Bay, by the appearance "of a good family mansion," which was built soon after 1746, and its surroundings. They were met as they walked up to the house, by Raasay himself, his brother Dr. Murdoch Macleod, Norman (afterwards General) Macleod of Macleod, Colonel Macleod of Talisker, Alexander Macleod of Muiravonside, and several other persons of quality.

Boswell, describing the reception, says—"We were welcomed upon the green, and conducted into the house, where we were introduced to Lady Raasay, who was surrounded by a numerous family, consisting of three sons and ten daughters. The Laird of Raasay is a sensible, polite, and most hospitable gentleman. I was told that his Island of Raasay, and that of Rona (from which the eldest son of the family has his title), and a considerable extent of land which he has in Skye, do not altogether yield him a very large revenue; and yet he lives in great splendour; and so far is he from distressing his people, that in the present rage for emigration, not a man has left his estate." Immediately on their arrival, Johnson, his friend, and the company were served with brandy, "according to the custom of the Highlands, where a dram is generally taken every day." They were then provided with a substantial dinner and a variety of wines, finishing up with tea and coffee. A ball followed, at which Raasay danced with great spirit, and Malcolm bounded like a roe; while Macleod of Muiravonside exhibited an excessive flow of spirits. The Doctor was delighted with the whole scene. Thirty-six persons sat down to supper at which "all was good humour and gaiety, without intemperance." Boswell describes Raasay as having the true spirit of a Chief and as being, without exaggeration, a father to his people.

Raasay's eldest daughter, who married Colonel Muir Campbell, afterwards Earl of Loudon, Boswell describes as "the queen of our ball," and as "an elegant well-bred woman, celebrated for her beauty over all those regions by the name of Miss Flory Raasay."

The island at the period of Dr. Johnson's visit had abundance of black cattle, and a good many horses which were used for ploughing and other works of husbandry. There were no roads;

most of the houses were on the shore; the people had small boats and caught fish, and there were plenty of potatoes. Blackcock were in "extraordinary abundance," as also grouse, plover, and wild pigeons. There were no hares or rabbits. "It is a place where one may live in plenty, and even luxury. There are no deer;" but Macleod was to import some.

A curious arrangement existed between the Macleods of Raasay and the Macdonalds of Sleat for generations, by which when the head of either house died his sword went to the head of the other family. John Macleod of Raasay had the sword which belonged to Sir James Macdonald when Dr. Johnson was in the Island. The two families were always on the most friendly terms.

John Macleod of Raasay was appointed by the Court of Session, tutor-dative to his nephews, Charles and Lachlan Mackinnon, and succeeded in securing the restitution of Mishnish in Mull, and Strathaird in Skye, from the heir of provision for young Charles, eldest son and heir of John Mackinnon, attainted for his share in the Rising of 1715 and 1745. Strath had been sold privately by Mackinnon of Mishnish to Sir James Macdonald in 1751. Raasay attempted to get this sale set aside, but failed; and the principal estate of Mackinnon went out of the family. The inventory taken by Macleod, on assuming his tutory, is dated 1757.

The great Dr. Johnson himself, with all his philosophy, was completely carried away by the generous and elegant hospitality which he experienced at Raasay House, and he describes it in the following glowing terms:—

"Our reception exceeded our expectation. We found nothing but civility, elegance, and plenty. After the usual refreshments, and the usual conversation, the evening came upon us. The carpet was then rolled off the floor, the musician was called in, and the whole company was invited to dance; nor did ever fairies trip it with greater alacrity. The general air of festivity which predominated in this place, so far remote from all those regions which the mind has been used to contemplate as the mansions of pleasure, struck the imagination with a delightful surprise, analogous to that which is felt at an unexpected emersion from darkness into light. When it was time to sup, the dance ceased, and six-and-thirty persons sat down to two tables in the same

room. After supper the ladies sung Erse [Gaelic] songs, to which I listened as an English audience to an Italian opera, delighted with the sound of words which I did not understand. The family of Raasay consists of the laird, the lady, three sons, and ten daughters. More gentleness of manners, or a more pleasing appearance of domestic society, is not found in the most polished countries."

John Macleod during a visit to London, afterwards called upon Dr. Johnson, who gave a fashionable entertainment in his honour.

He married Jane, daughter of Mr Macqueen with issue—

1. James his heir and successor.
2. John.
3. Malcolm, a Captain in the Indian army.
4. Flora, who, in 1777, married Colonel James Muir Campbell of Lawers, afterwards fifth Earl of Loudon, with issue —an only daughter, Flora-Muir, who, on his death, on the 26th of April, 1786, succeeded her father as Countess of Loudon in her own right. She was born in August, 1780, and on the 12th of July, 1804, married Francis, Earl of Moira, afterwards on the 7th of December, 1816, created first Marquis of Hastings, and Governor General of India. She died on the 8th of January, 1840, leaving issue—(1) George-Augustus-Francis, second Marquis of Hastings, born in 1808. (2) Flora-Elizabeth, lady of the bed-chamber to the duchess of Kent, who died on the 5th of July, 1839, unmarried. (3) Sophia-Frederica-Christina, who, on the 10th of April, 1845, married the late John, second Marquis of Bute, who died on the 28th of December, 1859, leaving issue— John Patrick, the present and third Marquis of Bute, who was born on the 12th of September, 1847, succeeded to the title on the death of his father on the 18th of March, 1848, and on the 16th of April, 1872, married the hon. Gwendoline-Mary-Anne, Fitz-Alan-Howard, eldest daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop, with issue. (4) Selina Cónstance, who on the 25th of June, 1838, married Captain C. J. Henry, and died in November, 1867. (5) Adelaide-Augusta-Lavinia, who on the 8th of July, 1854, married Sir William Keith Murray, 7th Baronet of Achtertyre, and died on the 6th of December, 1860.
5. Isabella, who married Major Thomas Ross, R.A., with

issue — two daughters, the eldest of whom, Elizabeth-Jane, married, as his second wife, Sir Charles D'Oyly, the celebrated amateur artist, and died, without issue, on the 1st of June, 1875. Lady D'Oyly was brought up in Raasay, and afterwards accompanied her aunt, the Marchioness of Hastings, to India, where she made the acquaintance of her future husband and there married him. While in India, she had an elegant set of pipes, "of peculiar workmanship," made for Mackay, the famous Raasay piper. These she presented to him, and, in acknowledgment, he composed in her honour, "Lady D'Oyly's Salute,"—so well known to the best pipers of our own day. Isabella, the second daughter of Major Ross, married Captain, afterwards Sir Walter R. Gilbert, of the H.E.I.C.S., when she became Lady Gilbert, with issue—a son and two daughters—one of whom married a son of Admiral Codrington.

6. Janet, who married Archibald Macra, Ardintoul, with isssue—three sons and six daughters—(1) Sir John Macra, K.C.H., Lieutenant-Colonel of the 79th Cameron Highlanders. He served through the Peninsular War and eventually became Military Secretary to his relative, the Marquis of Hastings, when Governor-General of India. (2) The late Alexander Macra of Hushinish, with issue. (3) James, a surgeon in the army; died without issue. (4) Isabella, married Major Macrae of the 78th Highlanders. (5) Jane married John Macrae of Achtertyre. (6) Anne married Captain Valentine Chisholm. (7), Mary, who married Dr. Stewart Chisholm, of the Royal Artillery, who died at Inverness, in 1862, having attained the rank of Deputy-Inspector General of Army Hospitals. He was present at Waterloo, at the capture of Paris, and took part in the suppression of the Canadian Rebellion in 1837. Two of the sons got Commissions in the army as a reward for their father's services, namely Captain Archibald Macra Chisholm of Glassburn, in the 42nd Royal Highlanders Black Watch; and Loudon, in the 43rd H.E.I.C.S. The latter was killed on active service in the Burmese War in 1853. (8) Flora Macra of Ardintoul; and, (9) Christina, both of whom died unmarried.

7. A daughter, who married Colonel John Macleod of Colbecks, son of an eminent Jamaica planter, also John of

Colbecks, who died on the 12th of May, 1775. Colonel John, who is described as "married, with several children," registered arms in the Lyon Office in 1783. In 1809, Barlow, only son of Colonel John Macleod of Colbecks died.

8. A daughter, who married Rev. Dr. Patrick Campbell of Kilninver, with issue—(1) The Rev. John Macleod Campbell, so well known in ecclesiastical circles as the hero of the Row Heresy Case in connection with which he was deprived of his parish by the General Assembly. He died in February, 1872. (2) Archibald, an eminent mathematician, who wrote extensively on scientific subjects, and died early from over study. (3) A daughter, who married Mr. MacNab, a wealthy civilian in India, and afterwards resided in London, with issue. (4) Isabella, who married the Hon. Colonel Dalzell, son of the Earl of Carnwath.

9. A daughter, who married Olaus Macleod of Bharkasaig, with issue—four daughters, Jane, Margaret, Flora, and Mary, who married respectively, Colonel Barrington, Charles MacSween, Dr Baillie, and Dr. Martin.

10. A daughter, who married her first cousin, John Macleod of Eyre, a Captain in the Royal Navy, and son of Dr. Murdoch Macleod of the 'Forty-five, without issue.

11. A daughter, who married Charles MacSween.

12. A daughter, who married Mr Martin, Renetra, with issue —Bell, who married Martin Martin, Tote, brother of the late Dr Nicol Martin, without issue; and Jane, who married General Morin, one of Napoleon's General Officers, with issue—one daughter.

13. Anna, who married Donald Mackenzie of Hartfield, a Captain in the 100th Regiment of Foot, fourth son of Thomas Mackenzie VI. of Applecross and IV. of Highland with issue— John, Thomas, and Elizabeth, who died unmarried; Flora Loudon, who married General Sir Alexander Lindsay, H.E.I.C.S; Jane, who married James Macdonald of Balranald, with issue —Alexander Macdonald, now of Balranald, and Edenwood, Fifeshire, and five daughters; Anne, who married Christopher Webb Smith, B.C.S.; Isabella Mary, who married Dr. Lachlan Maclean; and Maria, who married the late famous piper, John Mackenzie, the "Piobaire Bàn," with issue. She died

only a few years ago at her son's house, in Liverpool.

On the 16th July, 1779, John registered arms, in the Lyon Office, Edinburgh, when he describes himself, with slight genealogical inaccuracies, as "John Macleod of Raasay, Esquire, eldest son and heir of Malcolm Macleod of Raasay, by Mary, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie of Applecross, which Malcolm was only son of Alexander Macleod of Raasay and Florence [should be Catherine], daughter of Sir Norman Macleod of Bernera, which last Alexander succeeded his uncle [should be his cousin], John Garve Macleod of Raasay, who died without issue; which John Garve, who succeeded his brother [should be his father], Alexander Macleod of Raasay, was son of Alexander Macleod of Raasay, which last Alexander succeeded his father Malcolm [Garbh] Macleod of Raasay, who was son and heir of Alexander Macleod of Raasay, who was son and heir of Malcolm Garve Macleod of Raasay, in whose favour [the reversion was in favour, not of this Malcolm, but of his grandson, Malcolm Garbh], the lands and barony of Assynt, the lands, island and barony of Lewis, and the lands and island of Waterness were granted by Royal Charter under the Great Seal, dated 14th February 1571, failing the heirs male of Torquil Macleod, to whom the Charter was granted, son and apparent heir of Roderick Macleod of Lewis which Roderick was descended in a direct male line from Leodius of Lewis, a younger brother of Magnus, the last Norwegian King of Man."

John Macleod was succeeded by his eldest son,

X. JAMES MACLEOD, who made several improvements on the estate and rebuilt the Mansion House in its present extensive and elegant proportions. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of the first Isle of Skye Regiment of Volunteers, one of two regiments raised in the island in 1803, and numbering 517 men. He married Flora Ann Maclean, with issue—

1. John, his heir and successor.
2. James, who died without issue.
3. Loudon, married with issue—one daughter, Charlotte, who married Duncan Macrae, Faracabad, New South Wales, with issue—one son and two daughters.
4. Francis, who married, with issue—two sons in Australia, the

eldest of whom, on the death of his uncle John XI of Raasay without male issue, became representative of the family.

5. The Rev. Malcolm Macleod, minister of Snizort, father of the late Rev. Roderick Macleod, Free Church minister of the same parish, who was Moderator of the Free Assembly in 1863.

6. Hannah-Elizabeth who on the 21st of November 1833, married Sir John Campbell of Ardnamurchan (who died on the 18th of January 1853) with issue—Sir John William Campbell and present Baronet, and several others. She married, secondly, Henry Maule of Twickenham, and died on the 4th of November 1873.

James died in 1824, when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

XI. JOHN MACLEOD, an officer in the 78th Highlanders. He married Mary, daughter of Sir Donald Macleod, a distinguished military officer in the Indian Army, and son of Macleod of Bharkasaig, with issue—an only daughter. Having got into difficulties, the estate was in 1846 sold by his creditors to George Rainy.

On John's death, the eldest son of Francis, youngest son of James Macleod X. of Raasay, residing in Adelaide, Australia, became representative of the family.

[THE articles on The Macleods, which have been appearing in the *Celtic Magazine* during the last three years, have been revised, and very much extended, and are now being printed in the form of a handsome volume, of between four and five hundred pages, uniform with the author's Histories of the Mackenzies, the Macdonalds, and the Camerons. To the contributions which from to time appeared in this periodical will be added the Sketches which have of late been published by the same author in the *Scottish Highlander*, such as those of the old MacLeods of Meidle and Glendale; the MacLeods of Gesto; the MacLeods of Bernera and Muiravonside; of Hamer; and of Greshornish. Interesting historical and genealogical accounts of the Macleods of Talisker, Rigg, Drynoch, Assynt, Geanies, Cadboll, and other branch families will appear in the *Scottish Highlander* from week to week, all of which, when finally corrected and completed, will form part of the forthcoming "History of the MacLeods," to be published by subscription, by A. & W. Mackenzie, High Street, Inverness, who should be early communicated with by parties desiring to possess copies, or who wish to have their families noticed in the work. It will be observed that the names of several of John MacLeod, IX. of Raasay's daughters are awanting in the preceding article; but we hope to be able to procure them before the account of the Raasay family is reached in the separate volume. Any information on this point, or others, connected with any other branch of the Macleods, will be much esteemed and thankfully acknowledged by the author.—*A. M.*]

WHO DESTROYED THE SPANISH ARMADA?

[By John Whyte.]

During the past few months there has been a re-echoing of the patriotic and religious exultation which took place three hundred years ago at the destruction of the Invincible Armada of Philip the Second of Spain, which was to have overturned the English Throne and Constitution, and crushed out of existence the infant Reformation. A good deal of public oratory and literature has been set free to refresh the historical knowledge and to warm the pious gratitude of the people of this country on account of the signal deliverance of that great occasion. Among the literary contributions there have appeared two—one in the *Nineteenth Century* for September, by the Marquis of Lorne, and another in the *Globe*, evidently from the same hand, or at least pointing to an identical source—both dealing in a very interesting manner with the story which our Highlands had to tell—an eventful story if we could only know it all—of the discomfiture and destruction of that proud and magnificent expedition. The outstanding facts and circumstances of the event are known to all students of history; how the squadrons of England under Howard and Seymour and Drake began the work which the winds and waves and the rocky coasts of Scotland and Ireland so satisfactorily consummated. The history of the equipment, the departure, and the fate of the Armada is full and accessible enough up to the point at which the superhuman agencies intervened; after that it is, as might be expected, meagre and fragmentary. Like the remains of the expedition itself it comes in scattered morsels from the northern coasts of Scotland and Ireland; in several cases rendered definite and tangible in the form of some material relics of the catastrophe. Besides frequent statements in the despatches and State Papers of the time, the chronicles and traditions of the country are full of references to the fate of the Armada. The Irish "Annals of Loch Cé," under the year 1588, give the following brief but vivid picture:—

"Sbainnig do theacht co h-Erinn loinges adbhail mor, ocus do baithedh a h-ocht no a naoi do na longaib sin a Mumhain ocus a Connachtuib ocus an méid nar baith an muir do lucht na long sin do baithed, do marbhatar Saxanaigh iad; ocus ni

h-eidir arimh no a innisin gach ar baithed ocus gach ar marbad san loinges sin ar a méd, ocus gach a frith don edáil, dór ocus dairged ocus do gach maithes arcena."

["Spaniards came to Erinn, a very great fleet; and eight or nine of those ships were wrecked in Mumha and Connacht; and Saxons killed all who were not drowned of the crews of those ships that were wrecked; and it is not possible to reckon or tell all that were drowned, and all that were slain in that fleet, on account of their number, and the quantity of spoils got of gold and silver and of every kind of treasure besides."]

Somewhat similar evidence might have been furnished by the Highlands of Scotland, but alas, unlike the Annals of Loch Cé, a large share of the history of our lochs and glens is lost through the want of "masters" to chronicle it when it was fresh, or it has become hazy and even mythical in course of transmission through the medium of tradition. We can however point, as has been done by the Marquis of Lorne, to at least one undoubted relic of the Spanish Armada lying at the bottom of the sea in Tobermory Bay. Of this fact there is abundant historical evidence, and there are said to be several pieces of ordnance as well as fragments of timber from the submerged hulk to attest it. In his "Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, 1577-1603," David Moysie says—

"In the beginning of October [1588], one of these great ships was drove in at the Mull of Kintyre [? the Island of Mull], in which there were five hundred men or thereby; she carried threescore brass cannon in her, besides others, and great store of gold and silver. She was soon after suddenly blown up by powder, and two or three hundred men in her, which happened by some of their own people." —*Chambers's Domestic Annals*, Vol. I., p. 188.

The presence of a number of Spaniards in the Island of Mull at that time is borne out by the fact that we have it complained to the Privy Council that—

Lauchlane McClayne of Dowart "accompanied with a grite nowmer of thevis, brokin men, and sornaris of Clannis, besydes the nowmer of ane hundreth Spanyeartis come, bodin in feir of weir to his Majesteis propir ilis of Canna, Rum, Eg, and the Ile of Elennole, and eftir thay had soirned, wracked, and spoiled the saidis haill Illis, thay tressonablie rased fyre, and in maist barbarous, shamefull and cruell maner, brynt the same Illis, with the haill men wemen and childrene being thair intill, not spairing the pupillis and infantis, and at that same tyme past to the Castell of Ardnamurchin, assegeit the same, and lay about the said castell three dayis, using in the meantyme all kynd of hostilitie and force, baith be fyre and swerd that mycht be had for recovery thereof"—*Privy Council Register (Scot.)*, Vol. IV., pp. 341-2.

The said Lauchlane was, in consequence of this raid, "denounced rebel." In March, 1588-9, he was, however, granted

remission under the Privy Seal, and in this deed of pardon he is specifically credited with "art and part plotting of felonious burning and blowing up by sulphurious gunpowder of a Spanish ship and of the men and provision of the same near to the Island of Mull."—Marquis of Lorne, in *Nineteenth Century*.

Martin, writing about the year 1695, has a different version of the destruction of the ship, but his account may have been largely derived from floating tradition. He says—

"One of the ships of the Spanish Armada called the Florida perished in this bay, having been blown up by one Smollet of Dunbarton in the year 1588. There was a great sum of gold and money on board the ship, which disposed the Earl of Argyll and some Englishmen to attempt the recovery of it; but how far the latter succeeded in this enterprise is not generally well known; only that some pieces of gold and money and a golden chain was taken out of her. I have seen some fine brass cannon, some pieces of eight, teeth beads, and pins that had been taken out of that ship. Several of the inhabitants of Mull told me that they had conversed with their relations that were living at the harbour when this ship was blown up; and they gave an account of an admirable providence that appeared in the preservation of one Doctor Beaton (the famous physician of Mull), who was on board the ship when she blew up and was then sitting on the upper deck, which was blown up entire and thrown a good way off, yet the doctor was saved, and lived several years after."—*Western Islands of Scotland*, pp. 254-5.

Still another account of the destruction of the so-called "Florida" is given in excellent Gaelic by the late Rev. Dr. Macleod of St. Columba's, Glasgow. It also is evidently in some measure based on the traditions of the district, with which Dr. Macleod must from his early boyhood have been familiar. I translate an extract for the benefit of the non-Gaelic portion of the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*—

"The Florida made for Tobermory in the Island of Mull, as safe a harbour as is to be found in the whole world. There was at that time peace between Scotland and Spain so that the people of the ship and those of the district were on terms of cordial and open friendship. Not a day came but it brought gentry from every quarter of the Highlands to see the ship, and they were received with all the hospitality and kindness that the Spaniards could show them. The Queen of England hearing how matters stood, succeeded, by one of the most diabolical inventions that ever entered the brain of man, in destroying this great ship. A Scotchman named Smollet accepted a bribe to set fire to the ship. Disguising himself as a drover and dressed in the Highland garb, he came to the country and while one day visiting the ship he surreptitiously concealed on board an infernal machine designed to set on fire and destroy the ship. He thereupon quickly conveyed himself ashore and set off for England without delay. He had not been more than about six miles away when he received abundant proof that his infamous purpose had

succeeded. The place is pointed out to this day where he stood when he heard the noise of the explosion by which the ship was burned and blown asunder. Almost all who were on board, soldiers, crew and visitors perished. A portion of the ship's upper deck went ashore, and it is said that six men who had been standing upon it were saved."—*Teachdaire Gaëlach*, Vol. II., pp. 135-6.

The Marquis of Lorne favours the story by which the explosion is attributed to Donald Glas of Morven who had been sent on board by Maclaine of Duart to demand payment for provisions supplied to the crew, and who, being about to be carried away by the Spaniards, found his way to the powder magazine and blew up the ship. One point which his lordship seems to have established is that the "Florencia," and not the "Florida," was the name of the ship.

Several attempts have been made to secure whatever treasure was on board, the first being in the year 1641. It does not appear however, that much of value was recovered. Some pieces of ordnance, as already mentioned, a few coins, and portions of the wreck itself, seem to be all that ever came to the daylight, though the report of the country has it that a Spanish war-ship did come in the beginning of the eighteenth century, with a number of divers on board, who reported that they had found the hulk of the ship, but declined to say what of treasure they had secured. They never returned to Spain, however; the supposition being that they had gone to France, there to enjoy the fruits of their diving. Pennant says that he himself was presented with a piece of the wreck "by an old inhabitant of the place, to be preserved in memory of this signal providence, so beautifully acknowledged by Queen Elizabeth, in the motto of the medal struck on the occasion: 'Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur.'" Part, also, of the wood of the vessel was presented by Sir Walter Scott to His Majesty George IV., on the occasion of his visit to Edinburgh. So far, authentic history, or what might possibly be authentic history, with regard to the Invincible Armada, its contact with the Highlands, and the fate of the "Florencia," and her crew in the Bay of Tobermory.

Far be it from me to withhold one tittle of the honour and glory due to Howard, and Seymour, and Drake, the gallant commanders of the fleet of good Queen Bess, or to make little of the deliverance which the country experienced through the destruc-

tion of the galleons of Philip of Spain. It is but right, however, though it is three hundred years late, to relate the current belief in Mull and the Western Isles, with regard to the real agents in the destruction of the Armada, in order that their memories should now receive tardy justice at the hands of their countrymen.

From time immemorial, Mull has been famed as the nursery and home of a race of witches, known in the language of the people as "doideagan" ("frizzled ones"). Maclean by name, they regarded themselves as retainers of the family of Duart, swearing fealty to, and claiming the protection of the Chief of the Clan Maclean. The tribe was indigenous to the place. Mull being an island, it was impossible that they could have come into it from any other quarter, for we have it on the highest authority—

"A runnin' stream they daurna cross,"

and anyone who has sailed along the Sound of Mull will acknowledge that there is not such another "running stream" in all broad Scotland. Be it known, then,—and I can cite Macalpine of the Dictionary (*vide* the word, "doideag") as one authority for my declaration, — that the ships of Phillip's Invincible Armada, were one and all sunk by one of these Maclean witches. In these degenerate days, the bare suggestion of such a thing is apt to provoke a smile, but no one can surely have the temerity to question the opinion of one of Scotland's most distinguished legal authorities. Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, in his treatise on the "Laws and Customs of Scotland in Matters Criminal," says, page 42, "That there are witches, divines cannot doubt, since the word of God hath ordained that no witch shall live; nor lawyers in Scotland, seeing our law ordains it to be punished with death." By an extension of this principle of reasoning, if the law courts of Scotland declare any specific acts of witchcraft proved, it follows, as a matter of course, that the persons charged with them did really possess the power ascribed to them. To put it shortly: if the law of Scotland punishes witchcraft with death, there must be such a thing as witchcraft; and if the same law finds a person guilty of an act of witchcraft, that person is infallibly a witch and deserves to be put to death. To establish, then, a presumption in favour of the

power claimed for the Maclean witches of 1588, all that is necessary for my purpose is to ascertain whether such acts were proved in other cases. Nothing was commoner among witches than the infliction of punishment by means of types; the usual method being the preparation of a clay or wax image of the person to be operated upon; "and when the witches prick or punse these images," I am quoting Sir George Mackenzie, "the persons whom these images represent do find extream torment, which doth not proceed from any influence these images have upon the body tormented, but the Devil doth by natural means raise the torments in the person tormented at the same very time that the witches do prick or punse or hold to the fire these images of clay or wax." We are very fortunate in having the assistance of a person so competent to deal with the *rationale* of the subject as Sir George. Again following the line which he here lays down, all we have to do is to discover whether the criminal records of Scotland supply any thing applicable to ships similar to the expedients used in administering chastisement to offending persons. So far from a scarcity of available instances there are frequent references to the application of these fiendish practices to ships at sea. Arnot, in his "Criminal Trials," tells of a lady called Euphan Mac Calzeane, who was burned alive after trial for, among other things, "raising storms to hinder King James's return from Denmark," whither he had gone in quest of his bride; an event which naturally created alarm in the dominions of the Prince of Darkness. Better to my purpose, however, is the case related by Scott, in his "Demonology," of one Elizabeth Barclay, in Irvine, whose *modus operandi* was substantially that which tradition ascribes to the Mull witch who destroyed the Armada. An eye-witness of Barclay's cantrips gave evidence that he saw herself and an accomplice proceed to "mould a figure of a ship in clay," which figure they cast in the sea, "after which the sea raged, roared, and became red like the juice of madder in a dyer's cauldron." Of course she was found guilty and put to death. The patriotic dame of Mull doubtless knew of the projected invasion by King Phillip, and must have been laughing in her sleeve at the alarm which took possession of all and sundry, in anticipation of the arrival of the fleet—knowing

full well, that in her own secret laboratory she had all the means necessary to bring about its complete and speedy destruction. No sooner were the ships announced as having entered British waters then she set about raising a storm by the plan so well known to the witches of Norway, time out of mind, or more recently to "Stiné Bheag o' Tarbat," immortalised in Hugh Miller's "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland." Then taking with her the clay image of a ship, she went to the sea shore. Placing her model in the water, she kept whirling it about, and as often as it sank, down went one of Philip's invincible men-of-war. Well might it be said of her, as was said of a sister in the art, "lang after kent on Carrick shore," that, in the exercise of her vocation, she "perished mony a bonnie boat."

Her modesty prevented her from claiming any share of the honour due to her patriotism; or perhaps it was her fear of the statute of Queen Mary, which enacted that "nae person take upon hand to use ony manner of witchcrafts, sorcery, or necromancy, nor give themselves furth to have ony sic craft or knowledge thereof . . . . under the pain of death." I cannot help thinking if King James the Sixth knew to whom and to what agency he and the Queen of England owed their deliverance from the Spanish Armada, he would never have entered upon the ruthless and brutal crusade against witches, which disgraced his own subsequent reign and that of his successors, down to the year 1727, when the last witch who suffered in Scotland, was burnt on the Links of Dornoch.

Singularly interesting in its bearing on the universal tradition regarding the existence, and the alleged performances of the Maclean witches of Mull, is the history, so well told by Mr William Mackay in the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," vol. ix., of a colony of Macleans from Mull, who had been for ages prior to the year 1662, settled as kindly tenants on The Chisholm's estates in Strathglass. Whether their repute followed them, or whether anything in their conduct gave rise to the charge, a number of them were, in that year, accused of witchcraft, and after the application of sundry cruel tests—such as pricking their flesh with long brass pins—The Chisholm of the day made application to the Privy Council for a Commission to

try them, and put them to death. The application was granted, and there is every probability that they would have been all cruelly put to death but for the unexpected and providential interposition of the Chief of their Clan, Sir Allan Maclean of Duart, who presented a petition to the Privy Council, demanding justice for them, the result being that the former order was suspended, and the trials departed from,—not, however, before some of the poor people who had been "pricked," died in prison.

"In the annals of our country," observes Mr Mackay, "there is perhaps no case which illustrates better than the one now under consideration, the strength of that cord of care and confidence which, in the olden times, bound together the Chief and the Clan, and which the more conservative of our Highland Chiefs still strive to preserve; nor do I know of any incident that more vividly reflects the best features of the old Clan system. In this present age of boasted 'progress' and cold, calculating, and distant dealing between the high and the low, it affords the student of the past no small pleasure to stumble upon such kindly deeds as the exertions of Sir Allan Maclean, the Knight of Duart, to shield from injustice his 'kinsfolk and friends' . . . . the poor witches of Strathglass."

The Island of Mull does not appear to have benefited much by the alleged treasures brought by the big ship to the Bay of Tobermory. It is said, however, that to the enforced visit of that ill-fated ship, the island owes its breed of active, nimble-footed ponies. A number of horses are said to have been on board when she arrived, which were put ashore to graze, and thus escaped the destruction which overtook the ship and its crew.

One more Highland tradition of the "Florence," to conclude this rambling paper. I translate it from the article by the late Rev. Dr Macleod, already referred to. It is a singularly beautiful story, and no less felicitously told by the revered editor of the "Teachdaire Gaelach":—

"In the ship," says he, "there was one of the princesses of Spain. Her body was found, and she was buried with the honours becoming her high rank in the churchyard of Morven, where the stone chest in which she was laid, is shown to this day. It is related in the ancient history of that district, that a ship was sent from Spain, to carry her body home to her own land. It is also said that some of the joints of her hand were lost; and according to the superstitious belief of the country, the ghost of this royal maiden may still be seen about the shore, in the pale moonlight, searching for the missing bones."

HERO TALES OF THE GAEL.

X. THE LAY OF CONLAOCH.

WE shall end the story of Cuchulinn with a rendering of the ballad of Conlaoch It was already stated that Cuchulinn learned his martial education in Skye, and that there he had fought with a princess named Aife, whom he conquered and compelled to marriage. Soon thereafter Cuchulinn left Skye, not knowing that Aife was to be the mother of a son. This was Conlaoch. Aife, who was a warrior queen, educated her son in all warlike accomplishments possible, save only the "gae-bolg." She then sent him to Ireland under "geasa" not to reveal his name, but he was to challenge and slay if need be the champions there. She secretly hoped in this way that he would kill his father Cuchulinn, and so avenge her wrongs. He landed in Ireland, demanded combat, and overcame everybody. He lastly overcame and bound Conall Cernach, next to Cuchulinn, the best champion of Erin. Then Conchobar sent for Cuchulinn; he came—asked Conlaoch his name, but he would not divulge it. Conlaoch knew his father Cuchulinn, and though Cuchulinn pressed him hard, he tried to do him no injury. Cuchulinn, finding the fight go against him, called, as in his exremity he always did, for the Gae-Bolg. He killed Conlaoch. Then follows a scene of tender and simple pathos, such as not rarely ends these ballads of genuine origin. The story is exactly parallel to that of Soohrab and Rustem in Persia, so beautifully rendered in verse by Matthew Arnold.

The following version of the ballad is translated from the Dean of Lismore's Book. There are many obscure verses, though the modern ballads, such as Gillies' version, are fairly good. Miss Brooke's copy of the ballad is longer than the Dean's and agrees with it only in about a dozen verses. The Dean gives the poet as Gilliecalum Mac-an-olave, "G., son of the Doctor." He was probably a poet of the 15th century.

I heard from the days of old
A tale that should cause us sorrow;
'Tis time to relate it sadly,
Although it will fill us with grief.

Rughraidh's race, unhasty in judging,
Under Conchobar and under Connal,
Had all their youth a-field
On the low-land of Ulster province.

Whosoever came among them,
With all the heroes of Banva there,
Had one more combat to undertake
By orders of Clan Rughraidh.

There came upon them the warrior fierce,
The dauntless champion, Conlaoch,
On the voiceful beauteous sea,
From Dun-Skaith to Erin.

Then spoke Conchobar to the rest :
" Whom shall we get to go to the youth
To discover his mind and his story,
Without returning with refusal from him

Then Connal went, nor weak his arm,
To discover from the young man his story
As a proof of the hero's mettle,
Connal was prisoner bound by Conlaoch !

The hero did not stop his exploits,
The wrathful valiant Conlaoch ;
He prisoners bound a hundred of the people,
Wonderful and even sad it is to tell.

To the Hound's Chief was sent a message
From Ulster's high king, the wise,
To Dundalk, sunny and fair,
The old hospitable fort of the Gael.

From that fort, 'tis so we read,
Came forth the daughter of Forgall ;
The tale of the heroic deeds done
Was told to the hospitable king of the land.

To discover the state of green Ulster's people,
Came Cu, the hero of the Red Branch,
His teeth like yearl, his cheek like berries ;
He refused not to come to help us.

" Long," said Conchobar to the Cu,
" Wast thou in coming to our help,
And Connal, who loves ramping steeds,
Is in bonds and a hundred of our folk."

" Sad is it to me that in bonds is he
Who would succour bring to friend,
But not easy is it to enter the lists
Against the man who has bound Conall."

"Do not think of not attacking him,
Prince of the dreaded dark-blue swords;
Thou whose arm was faint 'gainst none,
Think of your foster-father and him in bonds!"

Cuchulinn, of the tried sharp weapons,
When he heard the plaint of Conall,
Then moved, in the might of his strength,
To take of the youth account.

"Tell us, now that I am before you,"
Said the Cu, "Thou who refusest not fight,
Thou, fair thy side and black thy eyebrow,
Tell us news of thy name and where thy country is."

"I am under prohibition, since leaving home,
To strangers to tell my tale;
But were I inclined to tell it anyone,
To you, such your look, I would tell it first."

"Combat with me thou must undertake,
Or tell thy tale like to a friend;
Take thy choice, thou soft-haired one,
But dangerous to thee will be the fight."

"But did I refuse the fight,
Thou leopard Cu of Erin,
Thou brave-handed hero in strife's full front,
My name and fame thou wouldst have for nought.'

Then they drew near one another,
Nor was it the conflict of women;
The young hero met his death-wound
From the sharp, cruel spear.

A hard conflict that was to Cuchulinn,
He was that day under discomfiture,
For he slew his only son,
That free, brave branch, gentle, fair.

"Tell us now," said the Cu of the feats,
"For thou are now at my mercy,
Thy country and name at once—
Hide them not from us in death."

"I am Conlaoch, son of the Cu,
Rightful heir of Dundalk;
It was I thou leftest unborn
When at Skaith thou wert being taught.

Seven years was I in the East
Learning brave feats from my mother;
The feats by which I have fallen now,
Were all I still wanted to learn.

*Ill didst thou understand my fight,
O noble, high-minded father;
For I hurled the spear weakly,
Not straight, and also end-ways."

When Cu saw his son was dead,
And his colour and form were changed,
Thinking of the generous heart of the youth,
He lost both memory and reason.

His soul from the body of Cu
With grief was nigh-well severed,
At seeing as he lay on the earth
The hero of Dundalk.

Miss Brooke, Kennedy and the MacCallums give a number of verses, purporting to be Cuchulinn's lament over his son. Some of them are very touching, but most are merely a catalogue of the heroes of the time, introduced thus :—" Well for Loegaire the Victorious that he had not slain thee, well for Conall, &c., I should have avenged thee!"

UNPUBLISHED PROVERBS.

Tha iomaadh dòigh air cù a mharbhadh gun a thacadh le im. There are many ways of killing a dog without resorting to choking him with butter.

Mo thruaigh fear gnn rud aige,
'Nuair thàirngeas gach fear a chuid thuige

Woe to him that has not when each one claims his own.

B' fhearr leam na nì air Domhan omhan air deur fuar. Before anything on earth I would prefer froth on a cold drop. The application seems obscure. Some special circumstance may have given the phrase its origin.

Ged tha thu buidheach na bris do shoitheach. Though you have had enough do not break your dish.

Bidh an ciontach gealtach. The guilty is always in terror.

Buille mu seach, buille gun dreach. Stroke about, stroke without effect. Applied to rowers who do not keep stroke.

Cha chuir bean-tighe ghlic h-uibhean uile fo aon chire. A wise house-wife will not set all her eggs under one hen.

*This verse is not in the Dean's version.

REVIEWS.

THE BOOK OF NOODLES: STORIES OF SIMPLETONS, OR FOOLS AND THEIR FOLLIES. By W. A. Clouston. London: Elliot Stock, 1888.

MR. CLOUSTON has already, by his work on "Popular Tales and Fictions," established himself in the fore front of our best folk-lorist, and his present volume not only leaves secure the position he has made but even still further advances him, so that it would be hard, we should say, now to find his equal in the department of folk-lore that deals with the migration of popular tales and their literary history. He believes that popular tales, as a rule, started each in one definite place and spread from there, per meating through the contiguous nations and, being adopted and borrowed by them, passing on to nations still further away. Another process was that of transference which was mostly done by travellers and merchants, pilgrims and traders, who visited the lands where the tales originated. Mr. Clouston looks to India as the ultimate source of many, indeed, of most of our folk tales. It must be said that he considerably strengthens his position by the "Noodle" stories presented in the volume before us. We say this, despite the fact that, of all classes of stories, jests and jokes are the most easily and most commonly re-invented.

We cannot enter here upon the difficulties we find in largely accepting the "borrowing" theory of the diffusion of folk tales, but we cannot pass over a remarkable example of two independently originated folk tales, just to hand. The story of the mermaid caught by the young fisher when her sealskin is off, taken home to be his wife, who afterwards leaves him on the discovery of her sealskin, is a common one on Gaelic ground. Now in the September number of the *Archaeological Review* there is an exactly similar story from the New Hebrides, told by two natives from two different islands. The remarkable similarity of Gaelic folk tales, and especially the Noodle stories in Campbell's volumes, to those of the Norse and of the Italians, Mr. Clouston thus accounts for: "The identity of Noodle stories of Europe with those in what are for us their oldest forms, the

Buddhist and Indian books, is very remarkable, particularly so in the case of Norse popular fictions, which there is every reason to believe, were largely introduced through the Mongolians; and the similarity of Italian and West Highland stories to those of Iceland and Norway would seem to indicate the influence of the Norsemen in the Western Islands of Scotland and in the south of Europe." It may be pointed out that Professor Bugge holds Norse mythology to be but a broken-down reminiscence of Christian and South European legend, filtered through Irish sources during the Norse occupations, quite a contrary theory to Mr. Clouston's. The subject is a very difficult one: the similarity between the tales in Campbell, Dasent, and Grimm is so close as at times to make it impossible to believe that the one can be but borrowed from the other at a time not very remote.

But such a discussion is only incidental to Mr. Clouston's work; his main purpose is to record, compare and trace Noodle stories. He begins with ancient Greek Noodles, then he enters on the Gothamite drolleries, to which he devotes three chapters out of the seven of which the book is composed. Then come stories of the "Silly Son"—simple Simon who went a-fishing for to catch a whale, and the like. Thereafter are detailed the stories of the "Four Simple Brahmans;" while the last chapter deals with the "Three Great Noodles," the work concluding with an appendix on Jack of Dover's Quest of the Fool of All Fools. Mr. Clouston has done his work admirably in every way; the reading is pleasant, the stories are excellently told, and the science is kept in the back-ground. We know few books that can be read at the same time with so much profit and genuine amusement. Many Highland specimens are given, and we can do no better here than add one or two further.

There is a well-known Gothamite jest about the man who put a sack of meal on his own shoulders to save his horse and then got on the animal's back and rode home. It is thus told in a 17th century translation from the French: "Seeing one day his mule charged with a verie great Portmantle, [Gaulard] said to his groome that was upon the back of the mule, thou lazie fellowe, hast thou no pitie upon that poore Beast? Take that portmantle upon thine owne shoulders to ease the poore Beast." This story

is also in our time told of an Irishman with a keg of smuggled whisky. To these instances brought forward by Mr. Clouston, we have to add the oldest version of all. Aristophanes, in his "Frogs," introduces Dionysus and his slave Xanthias, the latter of whom is mounted on an ass, and he carries on his shoulder the luggage of both. His continual complaints of feeling the weight and the arguments whereby Dionysus proves that Xanthias does not carry the luggage since he is himself carried are extremely funny. We had thought that the following story, which we had heard told of a Glen-Urquhart woman, was founded on facts till we met with it in Mr. Clouston's book. The scene is a lykewake; the husband is lying dead in the room and the widow, amidst many lamentations and continual references to the likings and desires of the departed, finds that the fire is somewhat low. "O, curibh tuilleadh teine air," says she. "Is ann leis fhein bu toil an teine. Teine siorruidh gum biodh aige!" (O, heap on more fire. It is himself that liked the fire. May he have eternal fire!) Mr. Clouston's story from *Archie Armstrong's Banquet of Jests* is as follows: "Sitting over a cup of ale in a winter night two widows entered into discourse of their dead husbands, and after ripping up their good and bad qualities, saith one of them to the maid, 'I prithee, wench, reach us another light, for my husband (God rest his soul!) above all things loved to see good lights about the house. God grant him everlasting light!' 'And I pray you, neighbour,' said the other, 'let the maid lay on some more coals or stir up the fire, for my husband in his lifetime ever loved to see a good fire. God grant him fire everlasting!'"

We have heard, tagged on to the end of the foregoing Glen-Urquhart story, though oftenest independent, the following ludicrous incident. The scene is a lykewake as before, and the widow is recounting midst a profusion of tears the good qualities of her dead husband, whose corpse was lying in the room. The latter part of her lament went thus: "A' chiad uair a chunna(ic) mi mo ghaoil, is ann am bala dannsaidh. Thug mi suil air 's thug e suil orm, 's tha cuimhne agam gus an latha an diu am port bha aig an fhidhleir: 'Di-doud-didil-doud-lum etc.'" (The first time I ever saw my love, it was at a dancing ball. He looked at me and I looked at him. I mind well till this day the tune the

fiddler was playing: Di-doud-didil etc.,) and she proceeded to "diddle" and dance the tune. Space forbids us to quote further from this fascinating book, otherwise we should like to have combined pleasure with science in showing how Mr. Clouston follows the fortunes and the changes of such a story as the Scotch ballad tells in the "Barring o' the door," tracing it from Europe to Asia through its many ramifications. The book is also beautifully printed and got up, belonging as it does to the "Book-lover's Library," which is edited by Mr. Wheatley.

EARLY CHRISTIAN ART IN IRELAND: By Margaret Stokes. London: Chapman & Hull, 1887.

This book is published under the direction of the Committee of Council on Education, and is one of the South Kensington Museum Handbooks. We have never seen so much excellent archaeologic and artistic matter bearing on Gaelic Antiquities and Art, brought together before in so concise and so clear a manner. The book contains only some two hundred pages, and yet there are over one hundred illustrations and scarcely a point of archaeologic importance is overlooked. The artistic side of the subject has the largest attention paid to it, but the chapter on building and architecture, for example, begins with the rude stone monuements and ends with the exquisite architectural buildings of the 11th and 12th centuries. Miss Stokes has the latest and best views on all points of archaeologic dispute. The earth-houses, whether of Scotland or Ireland, she maintains to have been store houses. The remains of raths and dunes, with their thick ramparts and stone huts, are attributed to the early Gaels. The Ogham character is declared to have prevailed in Ireland at the transition period from Paganism to Christianity in the third and fourth centuries, and this agrees well with the undoubtedly archaic character of the word-forms that appear on old Ogham monuements. The book is everything that one could desire in a handbook on its subject.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES IN IRELAND ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO. SELECTIONS FROM THE WURTZBURG GLOSSES. Translated by Rev. Thomas Olden, A.B. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co., 1888.

THOSE who wish to understand what the old Irish and Gaelic Church believed and wrote in regard to the Epistles of the New Testament, and particularly the Pauline doctrines, will find Mr. Olden's book exactly what they require. It forms as complete a body of old Gaelic doctrine as we can get. All the verses upon which comments are made are quoted in full. The translation of the Irish commentary only is given. Mr. Olden discusses, in a preface, the views and sources of the commentary, and in a learned and excellent appendix he details the life and opinions of the fathers and writers whom the commentators used. The Irish Church was extremely Catholic in its opinions: the commentators quote the views of orthodox and heretic writers with equal approval when they appear to them right. The heretical Pelagius is actually the commentator most quoted from. Perhaps the reason for this was that Pelagius was himself a Scot or, at any rate, a Briton. Was he Morgan or Murdoch in a primitive form? For, of course, his name is translated into Latin from the British or Gaelic as was the custom in those days, and Pelagius means "marine, sea-faring." Students of the history of the Celtic Church can hardly do without Mr. Olden's scholarly work.

NOTES AND NEWS.

We are glad to observe that the "Poems of Ossian" have found place among the "Canterbury Poets." This is a series of neat pretty volumes issued by Mr. Walter Scott of London, and edited by Mr. William Sharp. As the volumes are but pocket size, and some three hundred pages, of course only the chief and best poems of the author's works are in each case given. The volume devoted to "Ossian" is edited by Mr. George Eyre-Todd. Of the twenty-three poems comprised in the 1762 and 1763 editions, Mr. Eyre-Todd publishes eighteen. He rejects Temora and its weary eight books, and with it Berrathon, Battle of Lora, and Conlath and Cuthon. Temora was given as a complete poem in 1762, in one piece, which now forms book I. of the "Epic." This first part is founded on a genuine tradition—the Ballad of Oscar: the other seven books are absolutely Macpherson's own. The Battle of Lora is founded on the Ballad of Ben Edin. Mr. Todd has therefore

rejected two poems founded on the old ballads. He also maintains the authenticity of Macpherson's work, to the proof of which he devotes 69 pages of an introduction, but we miss in it any reference to the critical onslaughts of the last twenty years.

THE Education Department is fast developing into a reasonable state of mind towards Gaelic, and we may hope soon to find bilingual teaching recognised to the full as well as means for training teachers. This is how the latest Report of the Department speaks of Gaelic:—"The Code now recognises Gaelic as one of the specific subjects; but advantage has been taken of this opportunity only to a very limited extent. We consider it a paramount duty to secure for all children in these districts a familiar knowledge of English; but we should be glad to do anything which can be held to facilitate this by using the Gaelic language as a subsidiary means of instruction, and especially by encouraging a supply of teachers, fully qualified in other respects, who can give such instruction. The Code also recognises Gaelic as one of the subjects for the entrance examination in training colleges, and we should be glad if this increases to any considerable extent the number of Gaelic-speaking students in these colleges."

THE numbers of the *Archæological Review* for September and October contain articles of special interest to Highlanders. Dr Masson sends to the September number some "Notes from the Highlands," wherein he discusses the following topics:—The colour element in Gaelic place names; a Megalith at Bennetsfield, Avoch; the Curse of Culchalzie; and an old Gaelic prophecy concerning Iona, which is further continued in the October number. The most important contribution yet made to Celtic scholarship in the columns of the *Review* is Mr Alfred Nutt's article in the October number on "Celtic Myth and Saga—A Review of Recent Literature." In this paper Mr Nutt reviews, criticises and condenses the views of the following publications:—Professor Rhys' Hebbert Lectures; Professor Zimmer's Celtic Studies, No. 5; the *Revue Celtique*, Vol. IX., 1-3; and the "Hero Tales of the Gael" in the *Celtic Magazine*. He maintains the non-historical character of the Cuchulinn and Ossianic cycles of Gaelic hero story as against Professors Zimmer and Windisch. It is a most interesting and important article.

TO THE READERS OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

WE regret to intimate that this will be the last number of the *Celtic Magazine* which is to be issued for the present. During the last few years, the subscribers have fallen off to such an extent that the revenue therefrom is not sufficient to meet the cost and trouble of publication. The Magazine was established in 1875, by Mr Alexander Mackenzie, who continued to conduct it for the first eleven years of its existence. For the last two years it was ably and learnedly edited by Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., one of our foremost Celtic scholars. From, and after this date, the *Celtic Magazine* will be incorporated with the *Scottish Highlander*, which is edited by Mr Mackenzie, the proprietor and for eleven years the editor of the most successful Celtic periodical ever published in this country. The same class of contributions which for many years made the *Celtic Magazine* so popular will, as far as possible, be continued in the *Scottish Highlander*. All unpaid subscriptions and accounts are payable, as hitherto, to Messrs A. & W. MACKENZIE, PUBLISHERS, HIGH STREET, INVERNESS, from whom most of the back numbers, either in bound volumes or in separate monthly issues, can be procured. A. & W. M.

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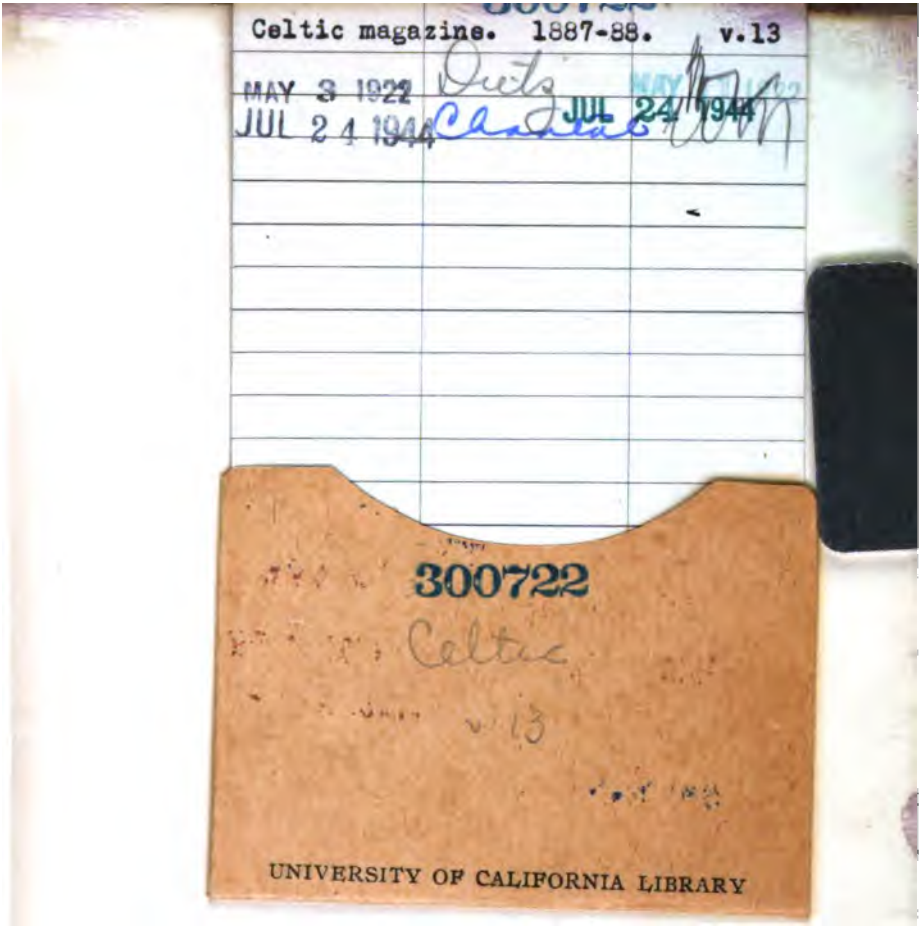
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